Collier's

AUGUST 6, 1949
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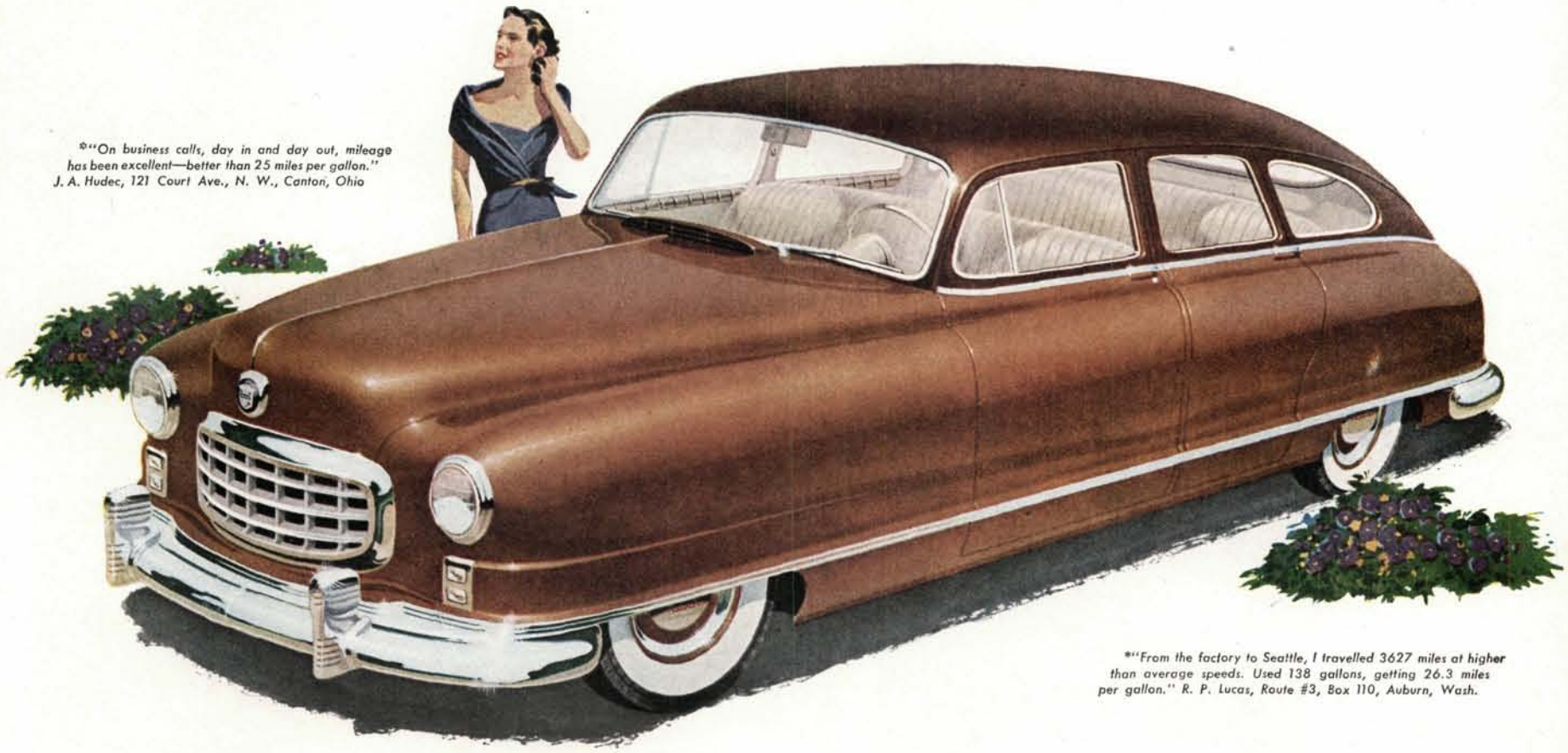

*"On business calls, day in and day out, mileage has been excellent—better than 25 miles per gallon." J. A. Hudec, 121 Court Ave., N. W., Canton, Ohio

*"From the factory to Seattle, I travelled 3627 miles at higher than average speeds. Used 138 gallons, getting 26.3 miles per gallon." R. P. Lucas, Route #3, Box 110, Auburn, Wash.

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Nash Airflyte

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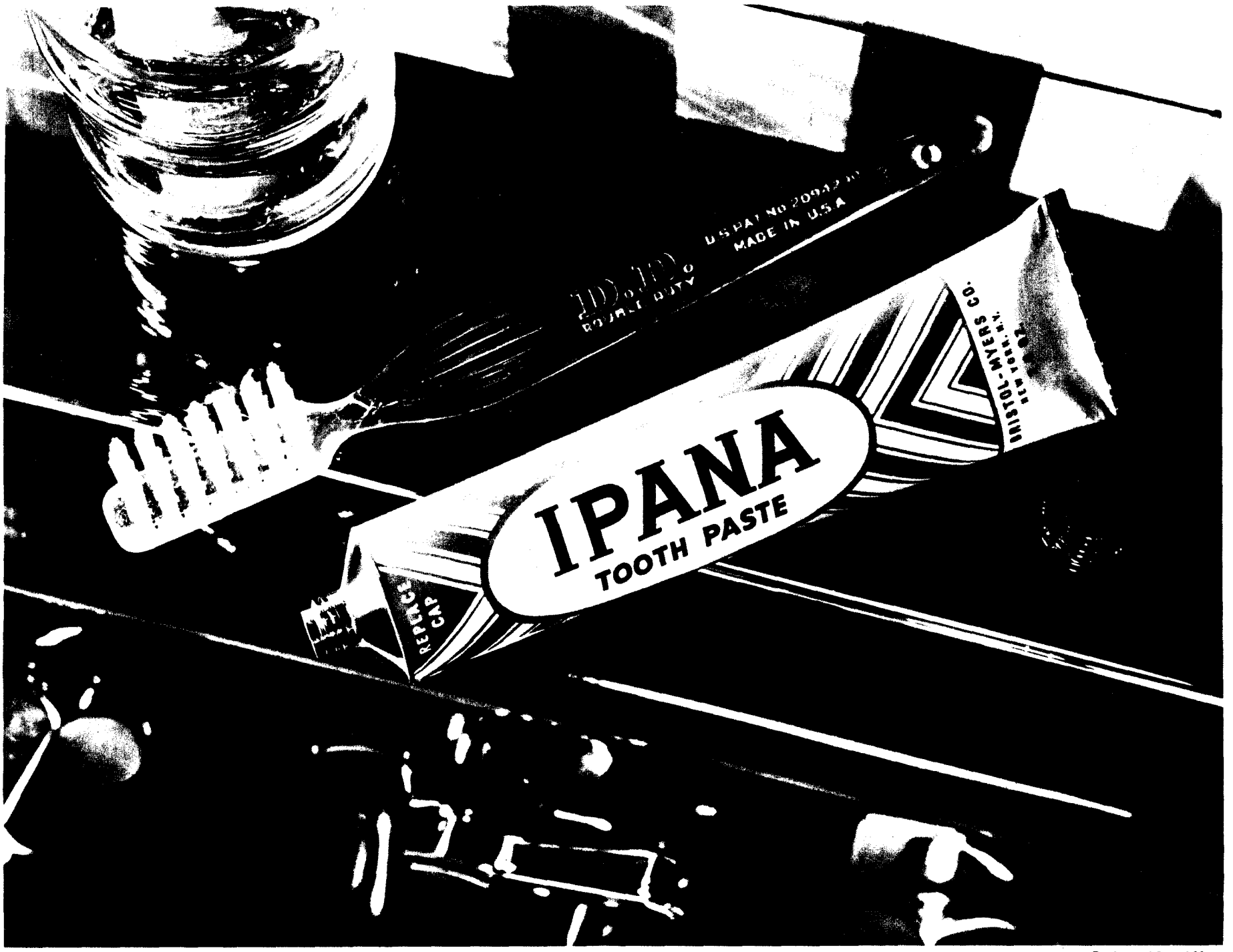

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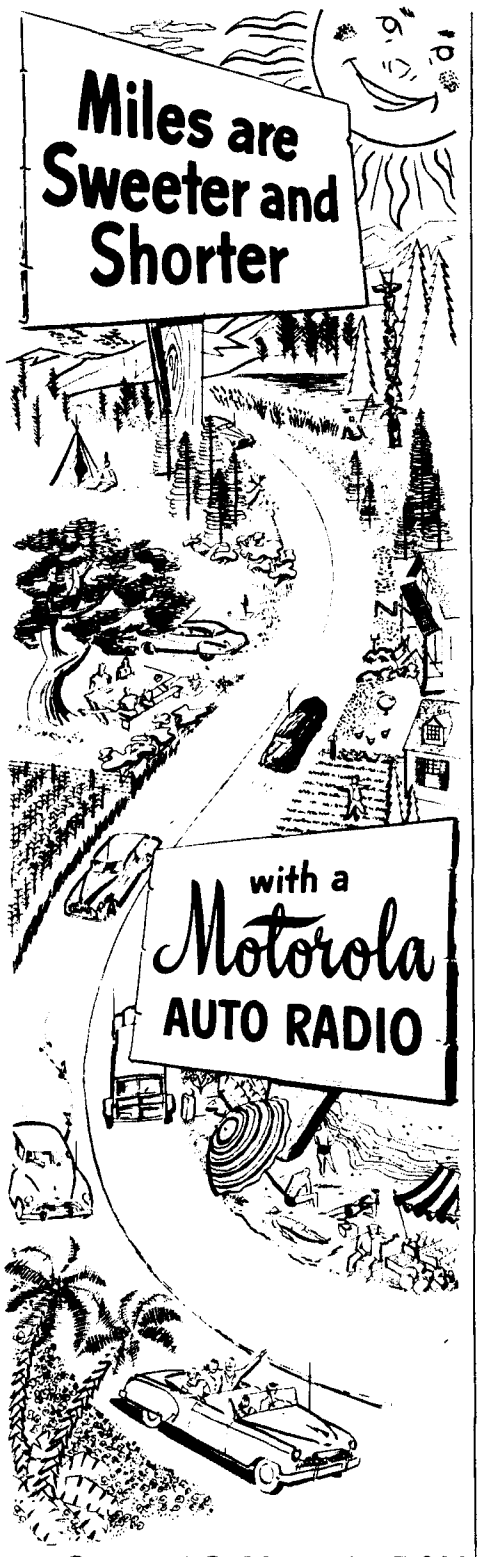

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Week's Mail

Tuckers & Cords

EDITOR: I just finished reading The Fantastic Story of the Tucker Car (June 25th) and want to tell you what my husband said when we first saw the Tucker auto ad in one of the local papers a couple of years ago.

He told me that some of the ideas had merit but that they wouldn't come all at once. The industry isn't going to be "revolutionized." Such radical changes take time and have to be made by an established company that can afford to make the extensive tests and take the loss if the ideas should fail.

MRS. GEORGE E. PAYNE,
San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Many a former Cord owner and admirer remembers that the standard Cord developed 115 B.H.P. (not 90) and the supercharged model produced in 1937 developed 175 B.H.P. The same transmission was used in both Cords and was strong enough to take anything any Tucker engine had to offer, if properly installed.

M. CONNOR, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Lester Velie may be correct in regard to the Tucker car. He doesn't know a damn' thing about a Cord automobile.

He states that the Cord has only 90 horsepower. Please notice the enclosed folder stating the specifications of the Cord, which says quite clearly that at 3,500 r.p.m. it develops 125 hp.

Lester Velie can knock the Tucker as much as he wants, but let's leave the Cord alone, unless you have an *expert* on the subject.

SAMUEL F. ROSE, Reno, Nev.

. . . I know the Cord was 135 horsepower in the unsupercharged models and 160 horsepower in the supercharged models. It follows then that the transmissions would be strong enough for the 150 hp. Tucker and the statement by Mr. Velie is false.

B. F. WOMBLE, Fort Smith, Ark.

Though Messrs. Connor, Rose and Womble insist that 90 hp. is wrong, they can't seem to get together on what the horsepower really was. Incidentally, Mr. Velie got his 90 hp. figure from Tucker engineers.

. . . Just read the most interesting article on the Tucker car—I'm a stockholder. Think I'll frame my certificate and caption it "Prize Sucker for Tucker." Then I'll place it in the most conspicuous place in my home for everyone to gaze upon.

LEANDER J. SMITH, Baytown, Texas

. . . Thanks for the enlightening article on Preston Tucker. His efforts to produce a revolutionary car have been accorded too much sympathy by a gullible American public—including myself.

ROBERT L. HORNE, Raleigh, N. C.

. . . I (and several of my engineer and designer co-workers) am very unhappy!

We thought Preston Tucker really had something, and we were pulling for him in what we thought was his fight against the Big Three. We respected him as an engineer and designer.

After reading The Fantastic Story of the Tucker Car we walk with heads bowed in humiliation. So once again our respect turns to Messrs. Kaiser and Frazer who did create something new in the automobile field, and made it stick.

CARL P. LINKE, Houston, Texas

. . . I disagree with the fantastic tale Lester Velie wrote about the Tucker car. In the first place, if the car was put together as carelessly as the writer said, neither you nor he could make any sensible person believe that Mr. Velie would ride in it at 80 and often 90 miles an hour, as he claims he did.

If Mr. Preston Thomas Tucker is smart enough to fool government agencies and

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READY FOR SCHOOL?

Very real progress has been made in protecting the health of America's school-age children.

The present mortality rate for children, who are 5 to 14 years of age, is only about one fourth of what it was in 1900. For example, since that date, the death rate for measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, and diphtheria *combined* has been reduced about 95 per cent.

While these achievements are noteworthy, there is still much to be done in improving child health. As an illustration, some authorities have found that about one child in every 25 of those they have examined has poor hearing, one in every 8 has a defect in vision, while 8 out of every 10 have some tooth decay.

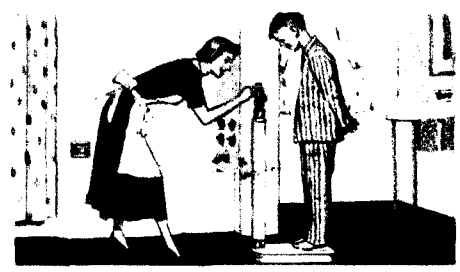
Such impairments often handicap a child at school, and may lead to lower marks and unhappiness. As physical defects may go unnoticed by parents, it is wise for children to have thorough medical and dental examinations before school starts.

These examinations may help reveal conditions requiring corrective treatment, and may also provide information as to the child's general level of health. As a result, the doctor may make various suggestions to help the child to keep in the best possible physical condition throughout the school year.

Children need a nourishing diet with plenty of "building foods" such as milk, fruit, vegetables, meat, and eggs, for growth and for strong bones.

Sufficient sleep is particularly important. Most children, between the ages of 5 and 12 years, should have about 12 hours sleep every night.

Regular exercise, out of doors if possible, helps develop muscles, improves posture, and stimulates the functioning of all parts of the body.



As either underweight or overweight may affect good health, it's wise to try to keep a child's weight about normal for his age and build.

Parents can do much to help make the school year healthier and happier for their children by understanding the physical condition of each of them, and encouraging a daily routine of health habits in accordance with the doctor's suggestions.

Other information about the health of children may be found in Metropolitan's booklet, 99C, entitled "Common Childhood Diseases." To get your free copy, just fill out and mail the coupon at right.

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- Tomato Sauce
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Del Monte Catsup
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thousands of people in all walks of life, I think he should have a place at the peace table.

I believe that he would get results that would astound even the writer of your article and the other car manufacturers.

LEE W. CROUCH, Norfolk, Va.

Nothing scares the intrepid Mr. Velie—not even 90 mph. in a Tucker!

. . . I wonder if it has occurred to your impeccable editors that not once in the whole course of 5,000 words has Lester Velie made even the slightest attempt to explain why or how it was that Tucker was held back from his objectives?

LAWRENCE E. CATLIN, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . I am one of the many who, disgusted with the big ugly lumps automobile manufacturers were turning loose on car-hungry Americans, bought some stock in the Tucker Corporation and put in an order for one of the company's cars. Still disgusted with the heavy, unwieldy, garish things, I drive a little British car. My money is gone; I'll consider it in the cost of getting an education.

WILLIAM H. RODGERS, Ossining, N. Y.

Sorry, Wrong City

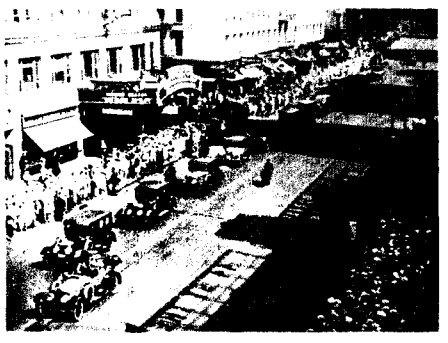
EDITOR: In The Actor Who Won't Stay Dead (July 2d) you have erroneously captioned a photograph as having been taken in Los Angeles in 1926.

In reality, the scene is New York City, on Broadway between Forty-ninth Street and Fifty-third Street, looking north. The procession is southbound on Broadway. Notice the tracks of the old Sixth Avenue el, which used to cross Fifty-third Street till they joined the Ninth Avenue el tracks. Also the underground third rail of the old New York City Transit Lines streetcars.

The Los Angeles streetcar lines have an overhead trolley wire, and also use narrow-gauge rails.

Having lived in New York City until 1942, when I came to Los Angeles, I am familiar with both cities.

HORACE SIRUGO, Pomona, Cal.



Broadway? Well, darned if it isn't!

Can't Say Good-By

EDITOR: I am not willing to bid farewell to the Widow Duck, B'r Charlie, Uncle Henry and the rest of the folks of Little Bee Bend.

These characters have become immortalized and are as real to a lot of us as people who have actually lived. They should not be allowed to pass on so untimely.

Surely there is some writer amongst your host of contributors who could take up the thread where Roark Bradford dropped it and carry on, if such procedure would not be out of order in the field of literature.

I have read so many of these stories and become so well acquainted with these characters that I could almost do it, though I have never published a story.

Why don't you assign somebody the task? There are still lots of catfish in Little Bee Bend.

JOE E. DEUPREE, Oklahoma City, Okla.

After seeing stories from a small host of would-be successors, Collier's is forced to conclude that there is only one Roark Bradford. However, followers of the Little Bee Bend stories will, we hope, be interested in a story by James Ross, called How to Swap Horses, in next week's issue.

Comments on Editorial Commen

EDITOR: I read with very great satisfaction the editorial comment in Collier's on The Snake Pit (Hollywood's Wrong Whatever It Does, June 25th).

It is very heartening to see a magazine as important as Collier's give recognition to the effort of Hollywood producers to make thought-stirring pictures. Ours is an entertainment industry basically, but we are always ready to use our medium for more serious purposes. Rarely, when we do, are our efforts supported by editorial opinion, and it is very heartening to find your magazine giving us this needed support and encouragement.

We are glad to know that you not only liked The Snake Pit but recognize it as a manifestation of Hollywood's desire to make pictures which seek to advance the public welfare.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK, Beverly Hills, Cal.

. . . I wish to express my appreciation of your editorial, What Collier's Stands For (June 18th). I have found that "kidding" is more effective than arguing.

I wish we could have more kidding cartoons. Those pictorial caricatures are more effective than hours of debate.

Your cartoons are more than worth the price of the magazine. Keep up the good work.

MRS. W. T. GARVEY, Sioux City, Iowa

Long Ladder & Large Look

EDITOR: In your issue of May 21st I stumbled over . . . a long and steep ladder!

In Keep Up with the World, Freling Foster mentions the Swiss hamlet of Albinen which, he says, is on top of a mountain and can only be reached by a steep ladder 600 feet high. This matches perfectly the widespread idea of Switzerland as a land of cows, chalets, yodelers and awe-inspiring peaks.

You *will* find all of it, all right, and the Albinen ladders are no fake, either. But let me tell you that (1) Albinen is not on *top* of the mountain, but on its slope, just above a very steep part of it; (2) that a mule trail goes all the way up from the valley to the village, and (3) that Albinen has a railway station in the valley with five trains daily in each direction.

As for the ladders, they have served their purpose for many years, before the trail existed. Today they are mostly an attraction for tourists.

It isn't as dangerous as it looked from the distance, is it?

MRS. H. A. SARASIN, Zurich, Switzerland

. . . In the June 25th issue Freling Foster claims a person can stand on the inside of a glass globe and see the entire surface at one time.

Such a feat could only be performed by my former eighth-grade teacher, who was able to see in all directions at once. She must have had radar eyes, but I don't believe other persons are similarly equipped.

RAYMOND KAY, New York, N. Y.

Dangerous Killers

EDITOR: Your article Bug Killers Can Kill You (June 25th) was fine. It rightfully placed the emphasis on possible damage to the health of human beings through the reckless, indiscriminate or excessive use of powerful new herbicides and insecticides.

Now, let's think about having one of your staff writers do a similar article on the actual or potential damages to recreational resources such as fishes, birds and mammals. You can tell about the very real danger to beneficial insects through overuse of insecticides.

How is DDT to discriminate between harmful aphids, for example, and the extremely valuable honeybee?

WILLIAM VOIGT, JR., Executive Director, Izaak Walton League of America, Inc.

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"But what's wrong with giving Cupid a little nudge?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"GIVING CUPID A LITTLE NUDGE, she says!" mimicked Elmer, the bull. "Woman, you've been THROWING your old school chum at that widower's head ever since he arrived in town!"

"Don't exaggerate, dear," smiled Elsie, the Borden Cow. "I've just been trying to keep a stranger in our midst from becoming lonesome."

"Does that include asking him and your friend to MY party?" stormed Elmer. "Why are women always matchmaking?"

"Maybe," answered Elsie, "it's because we believe that life's more fun when you share things. You know how much more fun *you* get out of, say a *Lady Borden Ice Cream*

treat when you share it with Beauregard and Beulah and me."

"Why drag Lady Borden Ice Cream into this husband-stalking marathon?" raged Elmer.

"Because," giggled Elsie, "I still believe that delicious food is a pretty good way to a man's heart. I have yet to meet up with the man who could resist Lady Borden Ice Cream. It's the smoothest, creamiest ice cream that you ever closed lips on."

"I'd give you a *gallon* as a present," boomed Elmer, "if I thought it'd close *your* lips on the word *Borden's*."

"Oh," said Elsie airily, "I'd find time to rave about

Lady Borden between every delicious bite. It's really wonderful ice cream, dear. Made with the choicest ingredients, rich, golden cream—"

"COME DOWN TO EARTH!" bellowed Elmer. "Or have you forgotten that I invited a raft of folks for tonight—and that you've asked two Cupid-bitten guests yourself?"

"No, indeed," answered Elsie. "I'm going in to fix the iced *Borden's Instant Coffee* now!"

"It *would be* Borden's Instant Coffee," groaned Elmer.

"But, *certainly*," said Elsie. "You just can't top Borden's Instant Coffee for taste, especially *now* that it's made by the marvelous new *'Flavor-Peak' process!*"

"Look, Mrs. Matchmaker!" pleaded Elmer. "You've got *me* — hook, line and sinker. Don't impress *me*."

"But everybody is impressed," enthused Elsie, "with Borden's new *'Flavor-Peak' process*. As you know, it captures Borden's special, 100% pure coffee taste *right at the peak of its satisfying goodness*. And *safeguards* that taste for *you* as carefully as a jealous lover safeguards his love."

"I've had enough of loves and lovers—and Borden's Instant Coffee!" snapped Elmer.

"But you *can't* get enough of Borden's Instant Coffee!" teased Elsie. "It's so deliciously *good*, hot or iced—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

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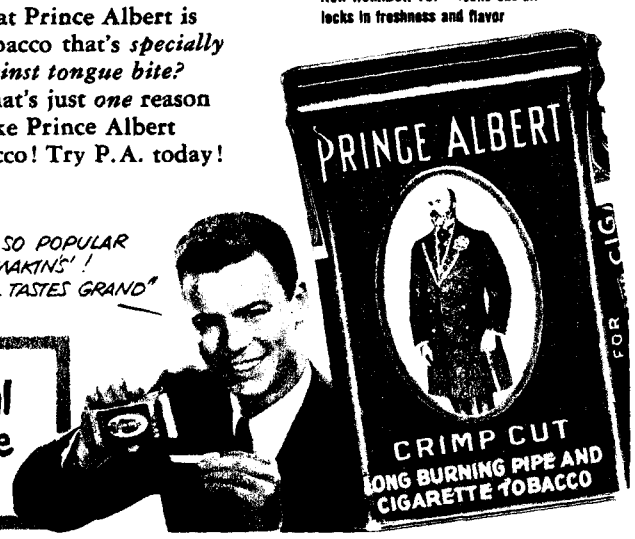
He'll have a happy trip ... he's got P.A.*

● Of course he'll be popular with the ladies! He has Pipe Appeal, the ultra-masculine charm of the pipe-smoking man! And with Prince Albert smoking tobacco in his pipe, he's headed for real smoking joy and comfort. P.A. is rich-tasting, mild, and easy on the tongue!

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
*P.A. means Prince Albert

● Did you know that Prince Albert is choice crimp cut tobacco that's *specially treated to insure against tongue bite?* That's right! And that's just *one* reason why more men smoke Prince Albert than any other tobacco! Try P.A. today!

New HUMIDOR TOP—locks out air—locks in freshness and flavor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Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

During the 1890s in this country, burlesque shows had become so bawdy that their casts were frequently arrested and fined, and the theaters lost numerous patrons who no longer dared be seen entering them. To remedy these two annoyances, many a burlesque house built secret entrances and exits in the alley and installed a signal system with which a lookout who was posted in the doorway of a near-by store could warn the manager when he saw a group of policemen coming down the street.

* * * * * * * * *

In 1930, the band instruments of the British army, which had been pitched at 450 vibrations a second for 77 years, were supplanted by new instruments pitched a half tone lower, or at 440 vibrations, the international pitch that had been adopted by most of the world. The switch had long been opposed because the cost seemed too great for the modification which was so slight that it could only be noticed by persons highly sensitive to musical sounds. However, about 4,500 instruments of some 150 military bands were replaced by new ones at a cost of approximately $400,000.

* * * * * * * * *

Few suicides have created a furor like that which followed the death of a nineteen-year-old Tokyo girl, Kiyoko Matsumoto, who leaped into the Mihara volcano on Oshima Island, on February 12, 1933. Her act started the greatest suicide wave in Japanese history, as it incited, in the next two years alone, 1,521 others to attempt the same jump, 313 of whom were successful. Moreover, the intense interest in the mania not only financially enriched many firms and individuals like transportation companies, concessionnaires and guide services, but also caused thousands of the curious to spend hours at "Suicide Point" in the hope of seeing someone plunge into the seething crater.

* * * * * * * * *

A preposterous swindle that took place in Paris in the 1860s was made possible only by the meeting of a clever forger, Vrain Lucas, and a perfect sucker, Michel Chasles, a famous mathematician and member of the French Academy of Sciences. When Lucas told Chasles that he owned and was willing to sell letters written by any historical personage, Chasles began to order, and Lucas began to forge them, at the rate of 53 a week. Before being exposed, he had produced 27,340 of these notes for the gullible Chasles and had been paid some $30,000 for them, despite the fact that they were written in excellent French on modern French stationery. Among the lot were supposed letters from Alexander the Great to Aristotle, the resurrected Lazarus to St. Peter, a Gallic physician to Jesus Christ, and Judas Iscariot to Mary Magdalene.

* * * * * * * * *

An unexplainable fact—that the ratio of girls to boys is higher in multiple births—was brought to light by a study of nearly 21,000,000 infants born in the United States during a recent eight-year period. While there are 94 females for every 100 males in singly born children, the number of girls increases to 97 per 100 boys in twins, jumps to 101 in triplets and to 156 in quadruplets.

* * * * * * * * *

Lizards have an amazing variety of physical characteristics. Among the 2,500 species, the smallest is the seven-inch chameleon and the largest the ten-foot monitor. Only two species are venomous—the Gila monster of the U.S.A. and the beaded lizard of Mexico. Some are born alive, others are hatched from hard-shelled or soft-shelled eggs. Although the majority live on land or in trees, a few live in the water. Many feed exclusively on insects, others on plants and some on smaller animals. Two or three species can "fly" or glide between the branches of trees, others can move each eye independently and a number can change the color of their skin at will. Some have no legs, others have two, but most species have four, the latter lizards being the only four-legged creatures that, when scared, rise and run on their hind legs.

* * * * * * * * *

Although deaths resulting from a single sting of a bee or wasp are rare, two such cases were reported recently in Switzerland. In one, a man aged 33 was stung in the hand by a bee; and in the other, a man aged 39 was stung in the forearm by a wasp. Both victims immediately became violently sick, passed into a coma and died in approximately 50 minutes.

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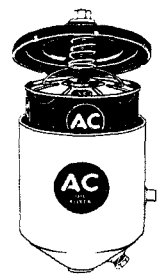

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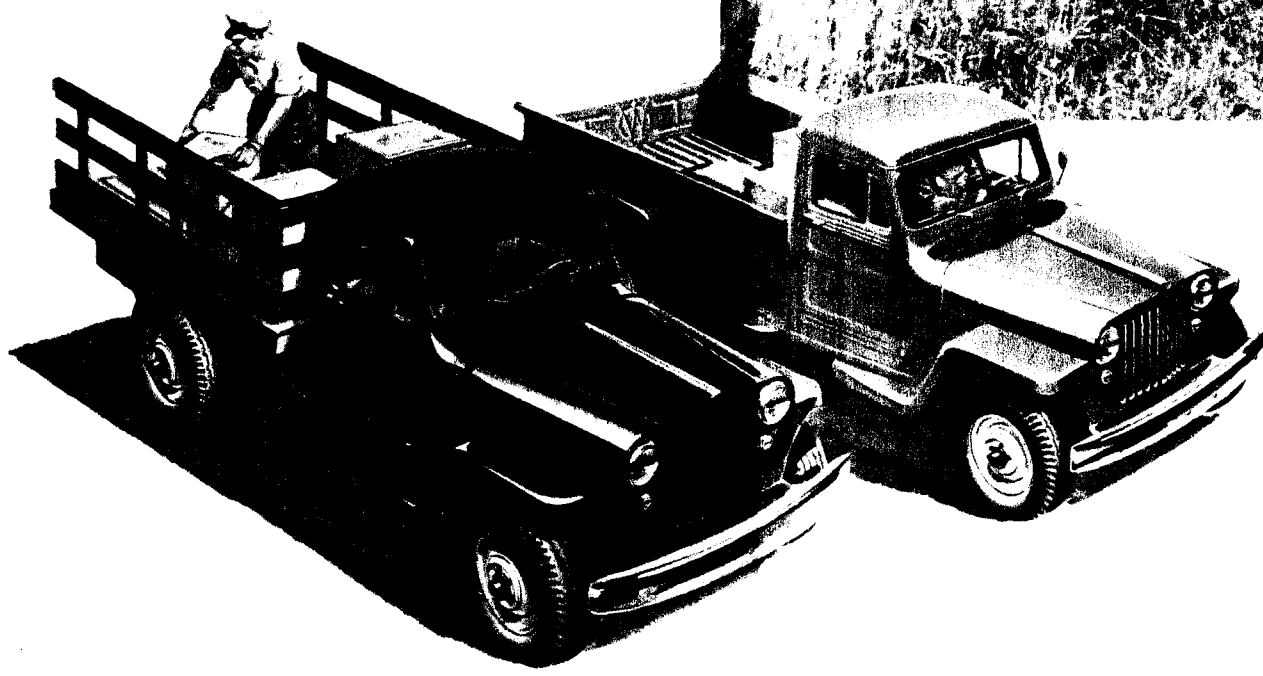

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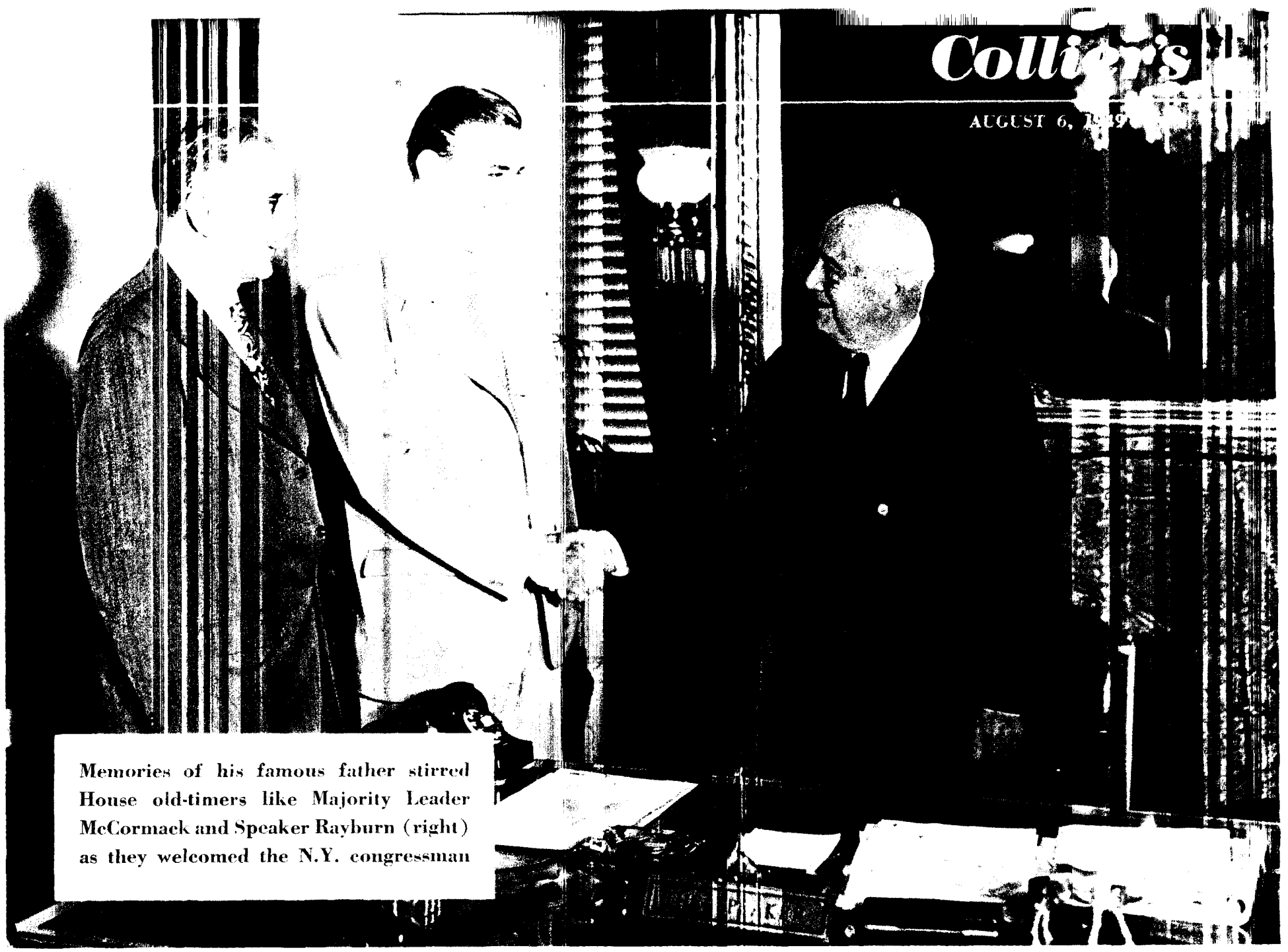
Collier's
AUGUST 6, 1949



Memories of his famous father stirred House old-timers like Majority Leader McCormack and Speaker Rayburn (right) as they welcomed the N.Y. congressman

F.D.R. Jr.'s own story of his first political victory

HOW WE WON

By FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, Jr.

ON APRIL 12, 1949, a New York tabloid carried a story about the coming election to fill the late Sol Bloom's seat in Congress. This newspaper, which had also "elected" Tom Dewey to the Presidency in November, said that "Roosevelt has virtually no chance to win" and would "perhaps end up last" in a four-way race. One month later the voters of New York's Twentieth Congressional District went to the polls and voted this way:

Roosevelt (Liberal and Four Freedoms party)	41,146
Shalleck (Tammany Democrat)	24,352
McIntyre (Republican)	10,026
Rubinstein (American Labor party)	5,348
	80,872

How did we win?

That question has been put to me almost incessantly since the May 17th election. There are two general answers to it. First, I think we were right on the issues. Second, I think our campaign was an effective one that took advantage of a coming revolution in American politics.

After Sol Bloom's sudden death early in March, Governor Dewey called a special election for May 17th. For 27 years, Mr. Bloom had represented one of the nation's most populous districts. As a congressman, he had won widespread affection and respect. His record as chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee was particularly distinguished.

The district which Sol Bloom represented covers a substantial chunk of Manhattan's West Side. Almost half a million people, all told, live there. Most of them can hear the wailing of tugboats and the booming of the giant ocean liners that tie up along the Hudson River piers near by.

Pennsylvania Station is in the district which skirts Times Square, moves westward through the Hell's Kitchen area and runs up Broadway to Columbia University at 116th Street. It is bounded by Central Park on one side and the Hudson on the other. A cross section of America lives here in homes that range from slums through average apartments to luxury dwellings. In make-up, the district is strongly Jewish and Irish, and has sub-

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

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ACME

Nine years ago, Franklin, Jr., was on the rostrum with his father at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., when the President delivered the closing speech of his successful third term campaign

stantial groups of Italians, Greeks, Puerto Ricans, French, Polish, Negroes and native white Protestants.

Normally the district is overwhelmingly Democratic. Almost without exception the state and city officials representing the 20th are Democrats. Yet there is a strong record of independent voting. Many of the 138,000 registered voters had crossed party lines before. During the thirties and early forties when they were voting for the Democratic New Deal in national elections, they were also voting for the local fusion administration of Fiorello H. La Guardia.

Shortly after Sol Bloom's death, a number of people asked me to run for his seat in Congress. One of the district's 11 Democratic Club leaders, Robert B. Blaikie, was among those whose urging carried the most weight with me. Alex Rose, vice-chairman of the Liberal party, also made a forceful case for my making the race. As a lifelong Democrat, and as an advocate of the Fair Deal program, I naturally would have preferred to campaign as a Democrat. When the Tammany bosses refused to give me the Democratic nomination, I had to make a difficult choice.

Should I accept their rebuff and in the name of what they called "party loyalty" drop out of the race? Or should I campaign as the candidate of the independent anti-Tammany Democrats and the Liberal party? For reasons I will elaborate on later, I decided to make the race.

Tammany Hall, with the strongest organization in the district, picked a popular local leader, Municipal Court Judge Benjamin J. Shalleck, as its candidate. The Republicans nominated William McIntyre, an insurance man who had never before run for office. The left-wing American Labor party named a school principal, Annette Rubinstein, as its candidate.

An Appraisal of Political Assets

The initial advantages in the campaign were obviously with Shalleck and McIntyre, particularly the former. They would be listed on the first two lines of the ballot—the traditional places for the Republican and Democratic parties. They had strong, year-round, local political clubs. Both were older men who had lived for many years in the district and who could count on support from many friends, colleagues and acquaintances. To a lesser extent Miss Rubinstein shared these assets.

My major opponents hoped to benefit from the fact that this was a special election. Normally, many independent voters regardless of party registration do not vote at such times. We knew that the long-standing party organizations of the other three candidates would have a terrific edge if interest in the campaign were low.

Nor was this all. Early in my life I learned that politics is no game for the thin-skinned. There would be plenty of billingsgate, plenty of personal abuse if I made the race. Here's a summary of the sort of thing that was later shouted by the street-corner speakers representing our opponents:

"Junior (that was the part of my name they seemed to prefer) is an irresponsible young playboy running on his father's name and reputation. He doesn't live in this district and doesn't know its problems. He's running just because he's a sorehead and was turned down by his own party. What has he done to deserve election to Congress? Why, he didn't even take the trouble to vote in the last election! His coming in here is like a person taking up residence in Florida or Reno to accomplish a specific purpose. Do we want a congressman or a 'Master of the Foxhounds' on Tenth Avenue?"

Our side had answers to all of these and had plenty more to say besides. Here, on these same "personal" matters, was what our people replied:

"As proud as he is of his parents, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., is running in this campaign on his own record. That record includes five years of naval service overseas, a year as a member of President Truman's Civil Rights Committee, the chairmanship of Mayor O'Dwyer's Committee on Unity. For four years, F.D.R., Jr., has campaigned for adequate housing at prices people can afford to pay. He is co-chairman of the National Veterans Housing Conference.

"It is true that he moved into this district only recently, but what of that? The Constitution specifically permits the election of a congressman who lives outside the district. On civil rights, on foreign policy, on a national housing program, on federal aid to education, on Social Security, F.D.R., Jr., has a record of public service and commitments which the other candidates do not match.

"As for his party affiliations, they are no secret. He is and always intends to be a Democrat. F.D.R., Jr., is a party organization man—so long as the organization remains responsible to the people. But the present Tammany clique has no claim on the loyalty of good Democrats."

These "sample speeches" were in my mind long, long before they were ever made on the street. I thought of these arguments in trying to decide whether or not to make this race. A number of prominent Democrats—former Governor Herbert H. Lehman, ex-Democratic National Chairman Frank C. Walker, Mayor William O'Dwyer, Rob-

Collier's Applauds Bossism's Defeat

Collier's has always fought the kind of politics represented by Tammany Hall. Over the years this magazine has campaigned vigorously against the bossism and bad government typified by Tammany wherever it flourished. We have been delighted when bad bossism took a licking, and glad for anything that Collier's could do to help destroy Tammany tigerism in any part of the country.

Therefore we salute Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., who has just upset the plans to send another Tammany congressman to Washington. We trust that this feeling is shared alike by those Republicans and Democrats who saw in Mr. Roosevelt's election another step in the gradual decline of boss-ruled political machines throughout the United States.

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ert F. Wagner, who has since resigned as U.S. Senator—all had said publicly that they thought I would make a good congressman. Many friends had come forward and offered their support. The groups which finally combined to win the election already had announced for me. In view of all of these things and, above all, because of the chance to dramatize the Fair Deal program and clean, local party organization I decided to make the race.

That was "my" last independent decision of the campaign. From that moment on, it was "our" campaign, with the emphasis on the thousands of swell New Yorkers who pitched in on their favorite side—the underdog's.

Some of the post-campaign wiseacres attribute our success to the "Roosevelt" name, or to sentimental attachment by the voters to my parents. The fellows who are most certain that it was the name that carried the day are almost universally people who were not in the district during the campaign. The same goes for people who think we won because of mythical and fabulous amounts of money that were spent. They're just singing themselves political lullabies.

Of course we were helped by the fact that my name is Roosevelt. There were many voters, no doubt, who felt like the gracious chap who told one of our canvassers, "If I walked into a polling booth to vote against a Roosevelt, this hand of mine just wouldn't do it." But there were others, many of them, who had a far different view.

Against Father, Against Son

"Me vote for young Roosevelt?" shouted one voter to canvassers. "Listen, I voted against the old man four separate times for the Presidency, and it'll be a pleasure to vote against his son."

True, there were probably more voters who had been for my father than against him. But the 20th is as independent as all get out. Its voters are unusually well-informed. Believe me, they were interested in the issues. The vast majority of them, I am convinced, voted our way for the same reason most Americans voted for Harry Truman last November. They were convinced that we were right on the issues and that I would make a good addition to the Fair Deal team in Congress.

Probably the most important function of the Roosevelt name in this campaign was to arouse interest. And that can't be underestimated, because Tammany or the Republicans would probably have won if voters had considered this "just another special election."

As for money, the kind of people who won this election for us don't go into politics for money or for jobs. The voters knew our canvassers were working out of deep conviction and they respected us for it. But all of that came later.

We began with nothing more than promises of support from a variety of groups. First and most important, we had to forge a hard-hitting, cohesive organization. With that organization—and it seemed it would take a miracle to build it in the four weeks we had—we would carry the word into every home in the district that there was a special election on May 17th. And, of course, we would try to persuade them to mark the Liberal party line on the ballot—or the independent Four Freedoms party line we had decided to try to place on the ballot, too.

"We ought to have another line," Bob Blaikie said very early in the game. "There may be Democrats, Republicans and ALPers who'll vote for us, but not for the Liberal party. Besides, two lines with the name Roosevelt on them'll be a lot better than one."

Alex Rose and his Liberal party colleagues agreed, even though it meant that their workers would have to spend precious time and energy building up what might become (it didn't) a rival line in the future. To get an independent line on the New York voting machines, you must have the "valid" signatures of 3,000 registered voters in a district where an election is to be held. Right then we made what I think was the wisest decision of the campaign—to get not 3,000 signatures but 25,000.

WIDE WORLD

It's the same name, the same features, and the same Roosevelt victory smile, as F.D.R.,Jr., waves to his happy supporters following his election as New York congressman last May

Our reasons were simple. That tricky little word "valid" had proved the end of many efforts by independents to get lines in elections. There are a lot of little quirks in the election law about the way a married woman has to sign her name, and about the precise way in which the petition has to be filled out and notarized. We guessed—and rightly—that Tammany would move to throw our petitions out on some technicality or other. But it would be awfully hard for them to throw out enough signatures if we came into court with 25,000.

I have been using the all-important first person plural—"we, us, our." The best way to describe the "we" of this campaign is to describe the four headquarters which we set up.

Headquarters 1, in the northern end of the district, was Bob Blaikie's Regular Democratic Party Club of the Seventh Assembly District. This was the only established base we had and the only part of the regular Democratic organization which was with us.

Headquarters 2, our main headquarters and show place, was in the Hotel Greystone, about 15 blocks south of Blaikie's club, at Broadway and Ninety-first Street. Here, on the second floor, was my own campaign office and the office of my campaign manager, Charles Horowitz, an old hand at West Side political races. We also put our publicity and speakers bureau offices here, along with our administrative staff.

But the heart of what we called "the Greystone operation" was a vast ballroom on the street level. Here we set up our files (with plenty of security arrangements) and tables for our canvassing supervisors.

The bulk of the Greystone's campaign workers belonged to Americans for Democratic Action, the nonpartisan Liberal group. But there were other organizations, too: the Democrats for Roosevelt; the young, anti-Tammany Fair Deal Democrats; the political arm of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen; a Puerto Rican Committee which worked among Spanish-speaking voters; a Greek-American group; and a New Americans Committee which concentrated on voters who had not been in the country very long.

But many, many of the Greystone's workers were average citizens who just came in off the street "to see if we can help out."

Headquarters 3 was the Hotel Alamac about 20 blocks south of the Greystone. This was the main headquarters for the *(Continued on page 66)*

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"You are better than your advance notices," she said. "You may turn out to be a likely candidate. How old are you? What are your vices? Have you any unpleasant habits?"

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Attractive Nuisance

By IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN

He was a lawyer, and he was supposed to be suing for her money—not for her hand in marriage

THE well-rutted road wandered up the green Vermont hillside like an aimless boy in midsummer. Standing on the empty bed of a rickety hay wagon, the old farmer let his horses find their leisurely way up the slow ascent. Beside him, Milton Ramsdell gripped the reins post with one hand and supported the neat Homburg on his head with the other. In this gentle slumbering countryside, Milton irresistibly felt himself a serpent in paradise.

The practice of the law invariably adds the final sour touch of civilization, he thought sadly; a lawyer is a sticky blot on this primeval landscape.

The old farmer at his side drew a deep breath and said, "Mather place is just around the next bend."

"Ah," Milton said. "It was mighty nice of you to give me a lift. Do you know the Vincent estate?"

The old man nodded. "Summer place."

"I'm visiting Mrs. Vincent."

"Thought so." The horses stopped for a breath and the driver let them stand. "New York lawyer, I hear."

Milton winced. "That's right."

"Barbara's a nice girl," the old man said.

"Barbara?"

"One you're goin' to see. Barbara Mather."

"Oh, yes," Milton said stiffly.

The old man was silent for a moment. He must have been over seventy, yet his face retained a sense of youth.

"Going to marry Mrs. Vincent, are you?" he said.

"What? Oh. Well, yes. That is to say, we're engaged."

"That's what I heard." The old man clucked at his horses and they plodded ahead. "Rich woman, Mrs. Vincent."

"I suppose you could say so," Milton said.

"Heard she was."

The wagon pulled up before a trim little farmhouse perched perilously close to the edge of a steep slope.

"Probably find Barbara out back," the old man said. "Heard she was digging a new well."

"Herself?"

"Got to. No man on the place, you know."

Milton felt an obscure reproach in the way the old man gave him this intelligence. He climbed down from the wagon, carefully holding his Homburg.

"I'm buyin' some hay from Barbara," the old man said. "You'll find me down't the barn when you're ready to go back."

Milton thanked him and walked around to the back of the farmhouse. His brief case felt heavy in his hand. Entrance of Simon Legree, he thought bitterly; a lawyer's lot is not a happy one.

He approached a pile of loose earth up a slight rise behind the farmhouse and discovered a large hole in the ground beside it. Peering in, he could just make out a blond head. He leaped back suddenly as a shovelful of earth flew from the hole, narrowly missing him.

Milton cleared his throat and said, "Miss Mather?"

The blonde in the hole scrambled up a short ladder and sat on the edge of the well. "So you're the lawyer," she said. "Well, take off your trick hat and tell me what the beef is."

Give or take a few pounds of dirt, Milton thought, she was the loveliest blonde he had ever seen. Kathy Vincent had said, "You'll find her attractive, in a rustic way," but she had typically understated the case.

"I'm Milton Ramsdell, attorney for Mrs. Vincent," he said automatically. "I didn't know you were expecting me."

"Heard you were coming," she said. Her eyes were a deep shade of blue, Milton noticed. Beneath her baggy sweat shirt and jeans he saw the outlines of a trimly rounded figure. It was with some effort that he rallied his legal poise.

She said, "You're well-formed, Milton."

"How's that?"

"You're better than your advance notices," she said coolly. "It's good that you have blue eyes, too. You may turn out to be a likely candidate."

"Miss Mather," Milton said carefully, "I'm not sure that I understand you entirely. Be that as it may, I have come to inform you that Mrs. Vincent is bringing suit against you for maintaining an attractive nuisance."

"We'll get to that later," the blonde said. "First tell me about yourself. How old are you? What are your vices? Have you any unpleasant habits, beside being a lawyer?"

Milton took a moment to clear his throat. "I don't see how that can possibly affect the case," he said. "Miss Mather, due to your negligence, Mrs. Vincent's son Broderick fell into your well and broke his arm."

"Frankly, it was no better than the little stinker deserved," Barbara said. "I am digging the well deeper, as you will notice. With luck, his next invasion of my property will be fatal."

"I'm afraid you don't understand. By failing to put up a protective device to keep children away from your well, you are guilty of maintaining a nuisance, in the legal sense. An attractive nuisance, so called, because it attracts children."

"Listen, Milty," she said, "legal double-talk will get you nowhere. Little Broderick was trespassing and got his just desserts. I am a poor woman alone and Kathy Vincent has been trying to buy me out for two years. If she thinks she's going to drive me out with a gimmick like this, she's got another think coming."

Milton felt solid ground under his feet for the first time since his arrival. "I cite you the case of Brown versus the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company, 135 Ky 798, the classic case in the doctrine of attractive nuisance. The court held that the railroad was liable for injury to young children who were not prevented from trespassing on the company's property and from using its turntable as a merry-go-round. It is also known as the Turntable Doctrine and is well established."

The blonde scrambled to her feet and brushed off her hands on her dusty jeans.

"You have a pleasant speaking voice, Milty," she said, "and you may have a point there. However, I could point out to your shame that you wouldn't try a sneaky trick like that if I had a man to defend me—preferably one who can milk a cow. Which brings me to an interesting point . . ."

LOOKING into her deep blue eyes, Milton found himself inordinately moved by her plight. "I had no idea you were all alone," he said. "However, that will hardly alter the law."

"Speaking of law," she said, "and seizing on any gambit to break into your spate of words, what do you know about Mendel's law?"

"Mendel's law? I'm afraid I'd have to look it up. I—"

"Law of genetics. Formulated by one Gregor Mendel, Austrian monk, 1822 to 1884. It has to do with breeding."

"Oh. Well, that's hardly in my province."

"You underestimate yourself, counselor. You see, I need a husband and some sons to help me run this place, but I am cursed with an agricultural-college background. The thing has got to be right genetically. It doesn't make sense to breed my cows better than myself, now does it?"

"I should think not," Milton said absently, then started convulsively. "Now just a minute—"

"I'm glad I've aroused your interest," she said, "because frankly you have done the same to mine. If you would care to step behind the cow barn, we could smoke some corn silk and I'll tell you all about it." Disregarding his protests, she took his arm and led him into a patch of shade behind a large rickety barn. She lighted cigarettes for both of them and sat on the ground.

"Now then—" she said.

"Miss Mather," Milton said weakly, "we are suing you for $5,000."

"Okay, okay," she said testily. "Let's have it at ease here. Now then. While your physical attributes seem quite positive, Milt, I'm not at all sure of your moral fiber. You're marrying Mrs. Vincent for her money and connections. Right?"

"Now see here—"

"However, I think I see beneath that dudish exterior the worn fabric of some sterner stuff." She regarded him kindly. "Did you ever think of striking out for yourself, Milty?" *(Continued on page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NORTHCROSS

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COOL READING for

AT 30 degrees or more below zero, only mad dogs and Americans go outdoors. The Eskimos stay home. They know what to do and what to be afraid of in cold weather; they have nice caribou fur garments, tailor-made by Eskimo ladies, and a lot better than our best woollies, but at 30 below they cuddle up in a snug igloo and wait for the mercury to rise.

When it's that cold in Alaska you can throw away your hot-water bottle, for by bedtime it will be solid ice anyway, and hard as a football.

At breakfast your hot cakes will be frozen on top and burned underneath, your egg yolks round and craggy to the teeth and, in the words of Rear Admiral Richard Byrd, they will glower "like baleful eyes" from the whites. Nothing you can do will flatten them.

Your 86 proof whisky and your aftershave lotion will alike degenerate to alcohol with pieces of floating ice. I once heard of a priest—Father Jean Louis Coudert—who tried manfully to get himself a hot meal. It was steaming in the cookhouse all right, but as he carried it the 100 feet to the mess hall, he watched it turn to ice.

If a haunch of beef is left outdoors and then taken inside where it is relatively warm, the beef will thaw out unevenly. The best way to defrost it is to put it into an electric icebox. It takes longer, but the transition from cold to warm is less violent and the result much better for the stomach. That is why the Quartermaster Corps is shipping refrigerators to Alaska and, by the same token, frozen food.

Cocktail parties are easy to give in Alaska, for the ice never gives out. Water-filled ice trays are put out of the window for a few minutes, and presto, there are the cubes. The laundry arrives in a chunk; you set it by the stove and after a few days you are able to pry loose a handkerchief or a pair of socks. No one ever throws a bucket of water into the snow—not when the temperature is 60 below. If he did there would be a kind of explosion. "Ten thousand firecrackers will go off in your face," says Russell Owen, a newspaper correspondent, describing the sudden effect of the water freezing.

Nothing is normal. Flashlights won't work because the batteries freeze. The only way to keep one functioning is to snuggle it against your skin beneath shirts, sweaters, coats and parkas. Ordinary stable lanterns go out because the kerosene solidifies to jelly and won't mount the wick.

Four Steps in Lighting a Fire

To get a fire in Alaska, you go through four stages: First you light a match, then a candle, then a gasoline lamp, or stove, and finally a blowtorch. You train the torch on the wood or the coal and after a time you have your fire.

If you live in anything like a conventional house in northern Alaska it is important to knock off the icicles as they form on the roof. Apart from the chance of your own sudden death from a falling icicle, their weight will pull the roof lopsided and eventually drag it clear off the walls.

A dial telephone sticks at the first number. If you are rough with wire, it breaks. Bert Brandt, a press photographer, told me that during an assignment in the North the wire of his flash lamp snapped in two like a bread stick. A piece of well-seasoned wood will not take a nail, nor can it be sawed or planed. Strike it sharply with an ax, however, and it shivers into splinters.

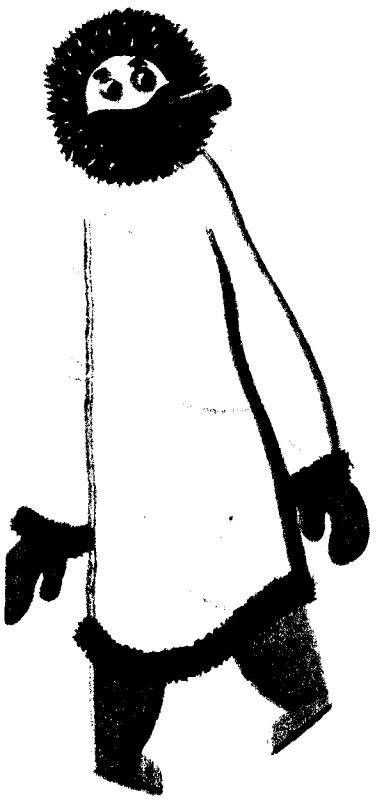
All metal becomes brittle. If you hit a zinc pail with a hammer, you'll have only pieces—pieces of hammer and pail. John Daly, a radio newscaster, told me of a man who tried to chop down a tree. First the ax handle shattered, then the ax, then another ax. The tree, however, had to come down, so he shot it down with a machine gun. Guns, by the way, suffer too. The barrel shrinks, the bullet shrinks, the oil hardens. The bigger the gun, the greater the trouble.

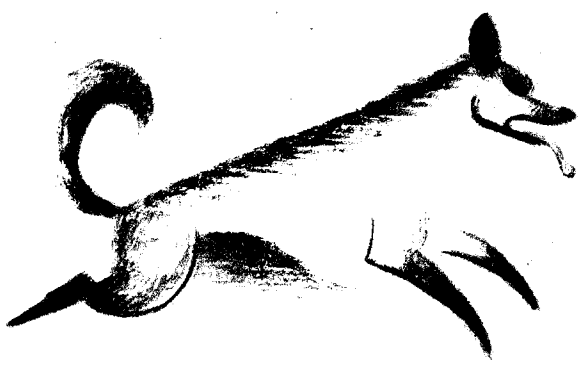
The troops in Alaska, during and after the war, learned a great deal about how to survive in these eccentric conditions. About how to get from place to place while the Eskimo stayed snug they learned a great deal more. Strange things happen to automobiles in cold weather. If you get a nail in your tire, for instance, you don't worry, because tires get so hard you can knock off pieces with a hammer, and the ice seals the hole itself.

Changing tires at 30 below is murder. It is said that human efficiency goes down 2 per cent for every degree under zero. Ordinarily, it takes a good man with a jack between 10 and 15 minutes to change a tire. Up yonder, doing it in an hour and a half is a record. You are working, remember, with mittens. Perhaps with two pairs.

The nuts are covered with ice and frozen fast to the threads. If you drop a nut, picking it up out of the deep, sandlike snow with your fingerless gloves is something like bobbing for apples at Halloween. Without gloves your hands would freeze, and if you touched them to steel they would glue there and burn. Richard Neuberger, the author and newspaperman, tells this story about a man trying to screw a small nut on the engine of an airplane:

"With his face muffled in scarves against a 56-below wind, he would warm the nut at the heater of a near-by jeep so that it would not stick to the flesh. Then he would hurriedly pull off his heavy mittens, run up the ladder to the engine and try to start the nut in place. But his fingers would freeze to immobility too soon. Eighteen times he





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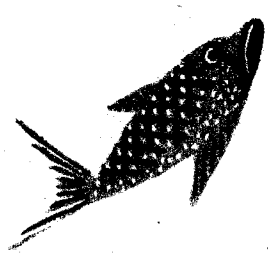

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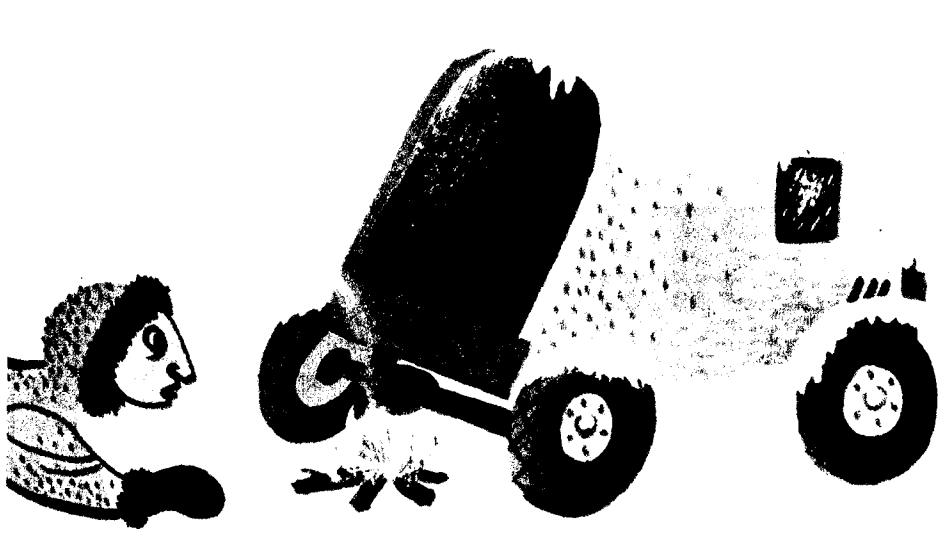
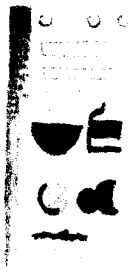




August

By GEORGE KENT

repeated the procedure, warming his hands over and over again at the jeep engine. On the nineteenth attempt he was able to get the nut started before his fingers stiffened."

Funny things happen. Antifreeze, for example, freezes solid and soldiers often use blowtorches to thaw it. Neuberger watched men warming a drum of it over an open fire.

Describing what can happen to motor oil in such temperature, a hard-boiled Army sergeant once said, "I can pour oil on the ground when it's 40 below and come back in a little while and beat a man to death with it." Drivers keep their engines running when they park. But even this fails when it gets really cold, as trucks have been known to freeze while moving in low gear. Hydraulic brakes don't function because the fluid turns to ice, and such things as self-starters, windshield wipers and radios, of course, are things of another age.

Soldiers stationed in Alaska have learned to start trucks by building bonfires under the differentials; waving blowtorches over the spark plugs and cylinder heads. During the war, roaring fires under bulldozer treads and engines were a common morning spectacle. Sometimes a convoy would include a small donkey engine to provide steam for spraying on frozen motors.

How to Thaw Out a Plane Engine

Warming up airplanes is far more complicated. George A. Walker, former chief of the Air Force Cold Weather Test Detachment, followed this amazing procedure:

"First you thaw out a Handhill heater with a blowtorch. When you get this heater going you use it to warm up a Herman Nelson heater. After this starts, you pipe hot air from it, which thaws out your engine. If you're lucky, it begins to show life in about 45 minutes."

This doesn't apply to jet engines. The F-80s get off the ground in 10 minutes.

Humans sometimes seem to function better than their machines in the polar regions. Once adjusted they get along all right. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the great authority on the North, believes that cold is something to respect, not to fear. Certainly, the air is free of germs and no one *catches* cold. A trunk of clothes, or even a bundle of mail from home, will give off bacteria. Only then will you start coughing and sneezing.

A man's auditory perception, due to certain atmospheric conditions, becomes much keener. You can hear someone stamping his feet two miles away in the arctic. The sound of chopping carries ten miles. Dr. Vern O. Knudsen, physics professor at the University of California, showed that the human voice, audible only 100 yards in a Western desert, can be heard 20 miles in an icy waste.

But when the weather goes below 30 degrees no human can have much fun. An hour of exposure is about the limit. You can't keep warm by taking violent exercise: Deep breathing would cause ice to form in your lungs or bronchus, and the perspiration you would create would freeze against your skin and destroy your slender sheath of body warmth. This would lead to fatal results. Old polar hands will risk stripping and changing clothes the moment they begin to perspire. The late Rt. Rev. Peter Trimble Rowe, Episcopal Bishop of Alaska, once changed his shirt at 70 below. Eskimo women will lay their babies naked on a skin in the open. But in no case should such exposure last more than a minute or two.

The wise man spends most of his time changing his clothes, trying to adjust them to his body so that he is neither too warm nor too cold. Fridtjof Nansen, the explorer, once perspired so copiously that his frozen clothes became like plates of armor. The edge of his sleeve cut his wrist and left a scar which he carried all his life.

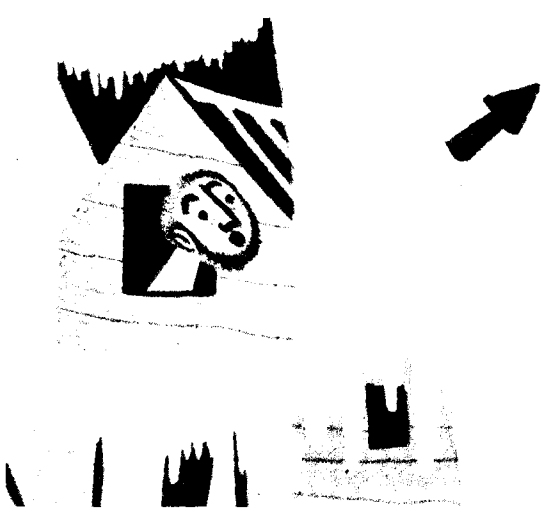
Incidentally, making records and pictures of any expedition brings a mass of trouble. Even writing home is a major operation. If you try it when it's chill enough to keep Eskimos indoors, it is, to quote Theodore Strauss, former New York Times reporter, "like the writing of a dead man." What's worse, you can't read it the next day. The shutter of your camera doesn't like the cold and it moves with sickening slowness over the aperture. Flash lamps glow dim and blue and go out.

The Ingenuity of Admiral Byrd

"I had a devil of a time with the weather instruments," wrote Admiral Byrd, after his second antarctic expedition; "the traces became horribly blotched, the pens stuck, and the instruments themselves stopped without rhyme or reason. But one way or another, I usually managed to contrive a cure. I learned how to thin the ink with glycerin to keep it from freezing, and how to cut the oil in the instruments with gasoline, and rub the delicate parts with graphite which wasn't affected so much by the cold . . ."

All of our techniques and materials for combating the cold are being put to a practical test by the Army, both in the field and in special laboratories. In Washington and Philadelphia clothing and shelter are being tested by the Quartermaster Corps; in Chicago, high-calorie rations suitable for cold weather are being tried out; and in Lawrence, Massachusetts, doctors are studying how the soldier as a human being behaves in arctic weather.

Some 4,500 men and technicians are involved in this program. At Lawrence, men sit, stand, lie down *(Continued on page 73)*



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The BIGGEST BLAST of them

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

WHEN the elite 509th Composite Bomb Group assembled at Wendover, Utah, to begin its secret tests of the atomic bomb, "Spike" Birdzell, the mayor of Wendover, was ready and waiting. He didn't know who they were, or what they were, but he was determined to go out of his way to do something for the boys.

"After all," Spike said, "the boys went out of their way to come to Wendover."

And so they did. It would be hard to imagine anyone going farther out of his way. Wendover, population 165, was significant only in its monumental insignificance. Parched and treeless, 125 miles from anywhere, it sat disconsolately at the edge of a vast salt desert and tried desperately to think of a reason for being there. That was the irony of it. For eight critical months, Wendover, without knowing it, was the center of the universe.

The secret of the atomic bomb came to Wendover in the early fall of 1944. It slumbered quietly at first in three mysterious boxcars on a railroad siding, gradually came to life in an air-conditioned building far out on the salt flats, lurked in the bomb bays of 15 heavily guarded airplanes, and rode on the fins of a roaring dummy test bomb months before the first explosion at Alamogordo. It went away sometimes to be modified at Los Alamos, or Hanford, or Oak Ridge, but it always came back to the 509th Bomb Group at Wendover. In a way, the Secret belonged to the 509th, because the 509th taught it to fly.

Much, much later—when it was time—the 509th quietly moved closer to Japan, and the Secret was put in boxes. It nestled in the laps of special couriers flying out over the Pacific in darkened transport planes, rode on the deck of the doomed cruiser Indianapolis, was sealed in a beautiful metal case on the island of Tinian, obediently blew up two Japanese cities, and then laughed in the faces of perplexed Jap scientists who could have sworn they saw it coming down at them on parachutes. The men of the 509th didn't say it did, and they didn't say it didn't. The war over, they simply put the Secret back in its boxes and brought it home.

That is the story of Operation Silver Plate, a story that is told here in the hope that it will explain some of the strange things that went on in the shadow of the atomic bomb.

The beginning of Operation Silver Plate was simple and straightforward, the way all beginnings are before the complications set in.

By midsummer, 1943, development of the atomic bomb by the Manhattan Engineer District had reached the point where, it was felt, attention should be given to means of delivery. Major General Leslie Groves, chief of the MED, discussed the problems with General H. H. (Hap) Arnold, head of the Army Air Forces, and it was agreed that (a) the weapon would be an aerial bomb, and (b) it would be delivered by a B-29. It had to be that way. There was nothing on the sea or in the air except a B-29 that could carry it and deliver it to its target.

General Groves was not overly explicit. He simply suggested that the Air Force modify three B-29s to form a combat element, and then get going in whatever direction seemed indicated. The possibility was that it would be a double operation, performed on Germany and Japan at the same time.

The machinery clanked and groaned a little at first, but by the end of 1943 tests were under way at Muroc, California, to determine the ballistics of the bomb, and special bombing tables and handling

AIR FORCE PHOTO

Col. Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., won the DSC for piloting the B-29 that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima

equipment were under scrutiny at Wright Field and near-by Vandalia, Ohio.

Early in 1944 it became apparent that the Secret was getting precocious. At Muroc, for example, the testing program had suddenly outgrown the available facilities to such an extent that the safety of the whole project was endangered. In addition, it was now becoming more and more urgent that a special B-29 group be formed for immediate atom bomb training, inasmuch as General Groves had issued a broad directive asking that everything be in readiness by the end of the year. General Groves was in a hurry.

Accordingly, one afternoon in July, a young flying colonel named Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., was summoned to the telephone at his base at Grand Island, Nebraska. The late Major General Uzal G. Ent, then commanding general of the 2d Air Force at Colorado Springs, was on the line.

"I have a job for you that's going to take you overseas," he said. "Can you be in my office in the morning?"

"What time?" Tibbets asked.

"Ten o'clock," Ent said.

Reluctantly, Tibbets promised, "I'll be there."

The prospect of going overseas was not a particularly joyous one to Tibbets, who had already completed a tour of duty in Europe and was engaged at the moment in the infinitely more pleasant task of running armament evaluation tests on stripped-down B-29s.

However, the selection of Tibbets to organize and train the secret group had been arrived at almost as a matter of course. He had demonstrated fighting qualities as a B-17 combat leader in North Africa and Europe; he had already carried off one important secret mission when he flew General Mark Clark to the latter's rendezvous at Gibraltar with the submarine that took him to North Africa for his historic meeting with French officers before the Allied landings; and he was an ace B-29 pilot, familiar with the new type of skeleton bomber that would carry the atomic bomb. Tibbets had compiled an impressive record. He was obviously a natural.

When he walked into General Ent's office promptly at ten, it was like being pushed into the spotlight at a police line-up. General Ent mumbled introductions. Captain William S. Parsons, a Navy ordnance expert who had come up from Los Alamos, peered at Tibbets with interest. Professor Norman Ramsey, the contact man for Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the atomic scientist, did likewise. Jack Lansdale, an agent from the Manhattan District, consulted a brief case. Finally, Lansdale spoke up.

"I'd like to ask you a question, Colonel."

"Sure," Tibbets answered.

"In here, please," Jack Lansdale said, nodding toward an adjoining room.

One Question About an Air Raid

Alone with the colonel, Lansdale produced a thick file, a dossier on Tibbets going back to his grammar-school days. Then Lansdale asked the question: Had Tibbets, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1943, said anything to a certain doctor concerning an air raid in Europe in which he, Tibbets, had participated?

Tibbets struggled to recall the incident and finally it came to him. He had indeed mentioned the raid, but it had been nothing more than a casual remark of no significance whatever. Perhaps, he ventured, the doctor had elaborated on the remark in passing it along. Things like that had happened before. Lansdale nodded and led Tibbets back into Ent's office.

"I'm satisfied," he said.

The interview with Captain Parsons and Professor Ramsey lasted about 40 minutes. First, Ramsey asked Tibbets if he knew anything about nuclear physics.

"Not much," Tibbets admitted.

"Well, we are making an atomic bomb," Parsons said bluntly. "Do you have any idea what atomic energy means?"

"I read somewhere that it could drive an ocean liner around the world," Tibbets said.

"It can do more than that," Parsons replied.

Sitting in his plane several hours later on the way back to Grand Island, Tibbets suddenly sat bolt upright.

"My God!" he said.

The men who came to the 509th Bomb Group had precisely the same reaction when they first saw Wendover. One look and they all said, "My God!"

Wendover, code name "Clear Creek," had been chosen as the base for the atomic bomb group over such other possible locations as El Paso, Texas, and

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all and the untold secrets behind it

By COLLIE SMALL

The Weather
The Washington Post
WASHINGTON: TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1945
Single Atomic Bomb Shakes Japan
With Force Mighti
Of TNT to
Transition to Dramatic Age Ushered in on July 16 Before Tense Group of Scientists at New Mexico Proving Grounds
SINGLE URANIUM ATOM
The Detroit News
THE HOME NEWSPAPER FOR MORE THAN 71 YEARS
MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1945
ATOMIC BOMB
JAPAN!
Blue Streak
THIS WORLD TODAY
San Francisco Chronicle
THE CITY'S ONLY HOME-OWNED NEWSPAPER
Official Report on Atom Bomb Raid:
60 Per Cent of Jap City Destroyed
Results of the First Assault
Four Square Miles of Hiroshima Razed;
Single Missile Knocks Out Major Targets
60% WIPED OUT!
LIKE A SETTING SUN
f TNT

Blythe, California, both of which had been considered. However, a fighter school was moving out of Wendover and the engineering facilities for producing model atomic bombs were as good as could be expected in view of the fact that nobody knew exactly what was needed. A special weapons group testing buzz bombs at the base would help mask other activities there, take-off and landing conditions were adequate for the giant B-29s, and, best of all, Wendover was smack in the middle of nowhere.

For the most part, even those who worked at Los Alamos did not know of the existence of the 509th Bomb Group. Wendover, Utah, was simply "K" on a telephone line from Los Alamos. Likewise, no more than a handful of men in the 509th was aware of a place called Los Alamos; Los Alamos existed only as "Y" at the other end of the line. Charles Sweeney, a B-29 pilot in the 509th, lived with the bomb for ten months and delivered it personally to Nagasaki, but he never even heard of Oak Ridge until he read about it in newspapers, after the war.

All this had to have a name, of course. Accordingly, two Air Force colonels coined the phrase, Operation Silver Plate. The code name was designed to co-ordinate the various phases of the project under a single title, but it was a curious choice, nonetheless.

Although Silver Plate was represented in telephone conversations as a special Pullman car being built for the use of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, and thus presumably could disguise itself successfully, there was already *another* Operation Silver Plate, and it had nothing to do with atomic bombs. It referred to the Lend-Lease program. The title had been duly assigned as a code name by Army G-2 Intelligence, the agency in charge of such matters.

Unfortunately, the two colonels were not able to consult G-2 when it came time to give the atomic bomb project a code name; the project was too hush-hush, even for G-2. The result was two "Operation Silver Plates," neither of which was remotely aware until the war was over that the other had ever existed. Remarkably, the two projects successfully maintained their separate identities without a single crossover, although, as an officer in the Pentagon said later, "It's a wonder we didn't drop a crate of pineapple juice on Hiroshima and send the atom bomb to Buckingham Palace."

As the nucleus for the new atomic bomb group, General Ent reached out and detached the 393d Bomb Squadron from its parent B-29 organization, the crack 504th Bomb Group at Geneva, Nebraska, and handed it, squirming but intact, to Tibbets for a starter. Tibbets was delighted, but the 393d was not. The men had liked it where they were, and they were not at all sure they were going to enjoy either Wendover or Tibbets, particularly since Tibbets showed no inclination to tell them what they were doing at Wendover in the first place.

The shining reputation of the 393d notwithstanding, Tibbets took no chances with strangers when it came to filling key spots in the new group. He immediately sent for such old and trusted friends as Tom Ferebee, an outstanding bombardier, and Theodore Van Kirk, an equally outstanding navigator, both of whom had served with him in Europe. He asked Hazen Payette, his old intelligence officer, to join the new outfit, and Payette, like the others, came on the run, even though he had no idea what he was running to.

To build the group up to the required strength of some 1,750 officers and men, Tibbets had to kidnap other men from other organizations without explanation. At first, he simply dispatched telegrams to other Air Force units, asking for "fully qualified" personnel for Operation *(Continued on page 40)*

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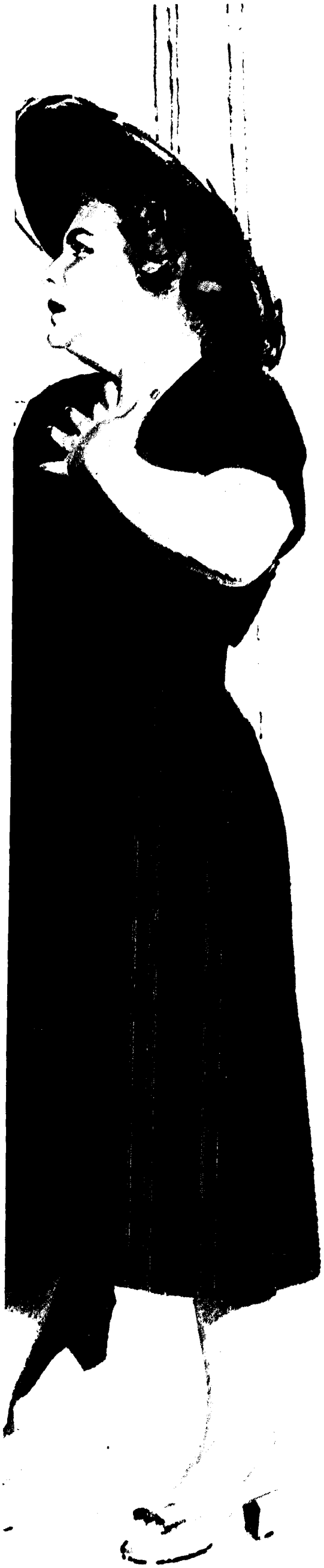

The Legal Bride

By ROBERT CARSON

CONTINUING THE HILARIOUS LOVE STORY OF A MAN-SHY LADY LAWYER AND A MOVIE COWBOY WHO WASN'T SHY OF ANYTHING

The Story: ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL—sometimes called A.J. by her friends—was working on the first case she had had since she became a lawyer. Abigail wore rather prim clothes and thought of herself as a plain girl. But in spite of the primness, and in spite of the fact that her father was the late Vincent Furnival, a famous criminal lawyer, the law firms were reluctant to take on a girl attorney; and Abigail had been eking out a living as a notary public with a little office in Beverly Hills, California. MR. GRAVES, a business manager for celebrities who had an office across the hall, asked her to handle a legal matter for one of his clients. The client was BEN CASTLE, a cowboy movie star and notorious Hollywood playboy. Abigail met Ben at his home in Bel Air. She was charmed by his debonair good looks and humorous manner, but on her guard because of his reputation with women. Ben explained that he owed a sixty-thousand-dollar gambling debt to HARRY KALLEN, a hard-boiled gambler with underworld connections. The debt was legally uncollectible; but Kallen had threatened Ben with violence —possibly death—unless it was paid. Abigail agreed to fly to Las Vegas, Nevada, with Ben to try to talk Kallen into accepting payment on the installment plan. Abigail's roommate, a beautician named ALICE NORMAN, solemnly warned her to keep the cowboy at his distance on the trip; and Abigail and Ben left for Las Vegas in a private plane piloted by JACK HALL, an old hand at flying the actor on his pleasure jaunts. After checking in—with separate rooms—at a hotel, Abigail and Ben meet Kallen and RICKY, one of his aides, in a restaurant. At first, Kallen refused to deal with a lawyer; but after hearing it emphasized several times that Abigail's name was A. J. Furnival, Ricky urged Kallen to accept Ben's proposal and deal with her on the gambling debt.

PART TWO OF SIX PARTS

KALLEN'S eyes were still on Abigail, but he nodded at Ricky's suggestion. "All right," Kallen said. "I'll talk to her." He finished off his coffee and liqueur. "I'm building a hotel here," he said to Abigail, "and I got to go out right away to see my architect. There's nothing but trouble in that joint, and they all beef to me. Come to the Pastime about three o'clock, Miss Furnival. Then we'll be able to talk in peace."

He nudged Ben in the ribs, and Ben stood up. Abigail arose and allowed Ricky to slide past her. Kallen departed without looking back and with no formal good-by. Ricky followed him. Abigail and Ben sat down again.

"Food is always poison to me," Ben said. "I'm sober."

"That's too bad," Abigail said. "Why don't you leave well enough alone for the rest of the night?"

"Nothing is too great a sacrifice for my dear attorney," Ben said, "but you're going to find it damn' dull."

"You know something?" Abigail said. "What that taxi driver said to you gave me pause. I keep forgetting that you're a public figure. Ben, you owe a lot of folks a sort of an obligation—it sounds silly, but they must look up to you. You could do worse than play the parts in real life that you play on the screen."

Abigail could see that Hall was looking grimly at Ben. "I'd like to talk to you outside," Hall said

"My stomach is full; don't upset me."

"I mean every word. I saw you in a movie not long ago—Danger Pass it was called, wasn't it?"

"I don't know," Ben said. "They all seem the same to me. What did I do in it, side with sheepherders or the cattlemen? Or did I sing and play my guitar and fall in love with the rancher's daughter?"

"You played and sang and fell in love," Abigail said. "A railroad was going through, and you kept the badmen from stealing the land that belonged to the settlers. You won with your fists, too, not by killing anybody. You didn't drink or smoke or use bad language. And in the end you never even kissed the rancher's daughter."

"I did later," Ben said, "in a night club. Yes, I remember Danger Pass. I was a good, revolting, all-American kid."

"Ben," Abigail said, "you're too bright for cheap cynicism. It's bad taste to bite the hands that feed you. How can you play those parts so well, when you don't believe them at all?"

"Darling," Ben said, "because I'm just a dandy actor."

"Listen, you can't tell me seriously that underneath you don't believe honesty, sobriety and thriftiness are the best means of living. You can sneer at them all you want, but I know you can't feel in your heart that what you're doing is anything more than serving yourself up as a kind of burnt offering because you're angry and disappointed and confused."

"You know what?" Ben said. "I'm going to increase the scope of your job with me. You are hereby appointed my spiritual as well as legal adviser."

"You know what?" Abigail said. "I could probably do a good job on you. You may have been shot in the chest, but it's your head that's out of whack. Perhaps you're dramatizing yourself too much. You may simply be another case of war shock—"

The smile that had started on his lips abruptly stopped, and his lineaments grew angry and stiff. "That's eyewash!" he said. "And I'm sick of hearing it. Let's change the subject."

"Okay," Abigail said. "Shall we discuss your pal Harry Kallen? What are you going to do if I don't reach a compromise with him?"

"Select a reliable undertaker and give one last big party. You're invited, angel."

"Are you honest, Ben? Do you actually believe Kallen would kill you?"

"Not Kallen himself," Ben said, "but somebody. Ricky might do the chore for him."

Abigail laughed. "Poor little Ricky! You're in a most romantic mood."

"You might be interested to know," Ben said, "that Ricky has done one stretch in prison for killing a man, and missed several other prisons by the skin of his teeth. I'm not so sure as you are that Ricky won't be the guy who finally finishes what that Jap started." *(Continued on page 56)*

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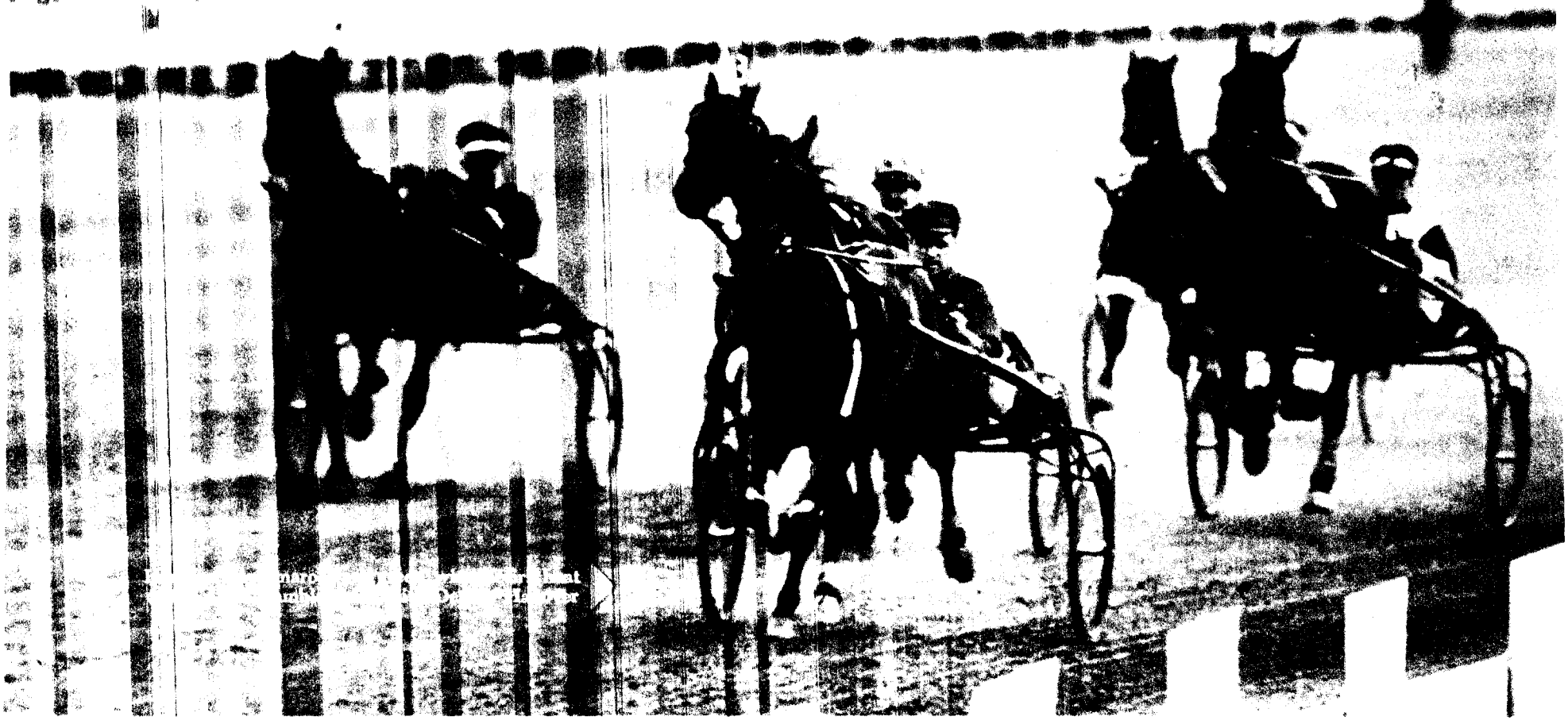

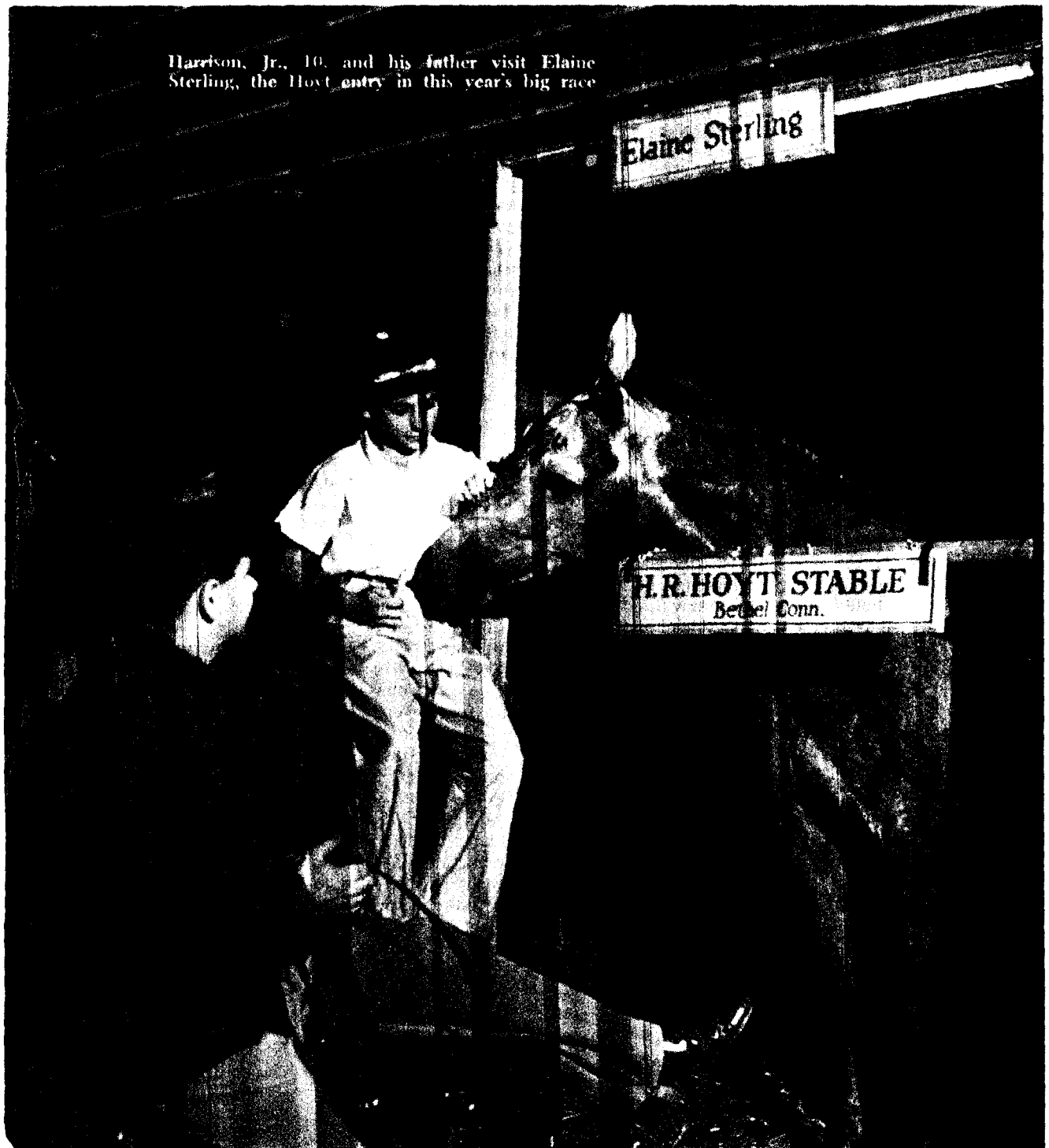

Harrison, Jr., 10, and his father visit Elaine Sterling, the Hoyt entry in this year's big race

HOYT

By DAN PARKER

FOR years it was a commonly accepted fallacy in the harness-racing world that only after a lifetime of training, when *rigor mortis* was setting in, was a man competent to sit in a sulky and handle the reins of a fast-stepping trotter or pacer. This hoary hunk of hokum was exploded like a loaded stogie in August of last year at Goshen, New York, at the $60,000 Hambletonian Trot, the Kentucky Derby of harness racing. It was burst by a thirty-eight-year-old amateur named Harrison R. Hoyt of Bethel, Connecticut. With a scant four years' driving experience behind him, Hoyt showed up the pick of the country's trotters, drivers and trainers by winning the classic in straight heats behind Demon Hanover, a trotter he had bought as a yearling for $2,600 and trained himself.

Harrison Hoyt is the third of his line to manufacture hats in Bethel, birthplace of P. T. Barnum, but he's the first Hoyt ever to pull a golden horse out of a fedora. His victory in the Hambletonian marked the first time an amateur driver had ever won the Hayseed Derby. The week of August 8th the Mad Hatter of Bethel will be pitting his best three-year-old trotter against the favored Guy Ambassador, a contest which will have an added interest because both horses are the offspring of former Hambletonian winners.

Elaine Sterling, the gray filly that Hoyt will be driving in the Goshen classic, was sired by Bill Gallon, one of the great trotters of this era, who won

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...f the Hambletonian

A mad young hatter won 1948's Hambletonian, upsetting the tradition that only old sulky drivers can win. Now he's out to make it two in a row

the Hambletonian in 1941. Her dam is Fay Sterling, a mare sired by the great Volomite. Elaine Sterling, who won six of her 14 dashes last season and finished out of the money only twice, shaped up so well in her efforts in the early part of this season that she dropped from 25-to-1 to 12-to-1 in the winter book. Should Hoyt come through again in this year's Hambletonian, next year he would be in a position to go after the hat trick—three in a row—and what more could a hatter ask?

Everyone in the trotting world was surprised when Hoyt, the greenhorn driver, won the Hambletonian last year—everyone, that is, except Hoyt himself and the home folk back in Bethel, a typical, sleepy New England village, little changed by the passing years. Veterans of the harness-racing sport shook their heads sadly at the thought of a sure thing being ruined by a young whippersnapper who thought he could drive.

Some of Hoyt's critics didn't spare his feelings as they bluntly demanded to know why he didn't hire an experienced driver instead of messing up things by trying to drive, himself. But every Bethelite who could scrape up a few extra bucks pridefully tossed them into the home-town pool to be bet on Demon Hanover. The home folk had blind faith in the man they had watched ever since, as a kid in knee breeches, he had upset his father's horse-drawn sleigh while trying to defy centrifugal force on a sharp turn at full speed and was pitched head first into a snowbank.

There's a heap of David Harum in Harrison Hoyt and more than a dash of Peter Pan. Those who haven't had dealings with the old-time New England Yankee type are likely to sell Hoyt short. He doesn't talk big or try to create an impression, but one senses that the piercing dark eyes of this boyish-looking, chunky man of thirty-nine are boring right through you and reading your mind.

Hoyt definitely has a way with horses. They have been part of his life since he was twelve when his hat-manufacturing father bought him an old, gray sway-back to drive around hitched to a buggy. The Yankee-Doodle boy, combining business with pleasure, formed a partnership with a lad of his own age named Arthur Culhane, who also owned a horse. Hitching the ill-matched pair to a box wagon, the two youngsters went into business as ash removers. For a dollar a load they would cart away the accumulated ashes of Bethel householders. One day a shrewd housewife demanded a contract price instead of the usual rate.

"Here's where I outsmart her," said young Harrison, the business end of the firm. So, sizing up the ash pile quickly and estimating that it contained three loads, he said, "We'll be glad to remove the pile for $5. ma'am." The alacrity with which she accepted the offer caused Hoyt some misgivings.

By noontime of that long Saturday, when they were removing the 17th wagonload, the reason for her eager acceptance was all too obvious. Tall grass had grown over the *(Continued on page 45)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID AND HY PESKIN

Hoyt, the Demon, and the Hambletonian cup they won

The new-style winner of the trotting classic sits between former champs Tom Berry and Ben White, a four-timer

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There

By Lieut. Col. CLARKE NEWLON

Streaking through the stratosphere at 600 miles per hour, the first transatlantic jet ferrying mission blazed a trail that could become a life line

THERE is no static seven miles up, and the voice was loud and clear in the Very High Frequency channel. It said, "Red Three to Fox Able. Red Three to Fox Able. I am five minutes off the coast of Greenland and there's an iceberg at nine o'clock, just under my left wing tip. Use it as check point. Weather: Ceiling and visibility unlimited. Letting down on course."

Red Three instead of Red Leader was showing the way into Greenland because he had arrived at the airfield first. He was Colonel Dave Schilling, fighter ace, and I was riding in the back seat of his two-place jet fighter plane—the first transatlantic jet passenger.

Red Three let his plane drop from 35,000 feet to 5,000 as we crossed the coast and went inland toward the icecap. On this leg of the trip, we had been in the air an hour and 50 minutes. The fuel gauge gave us possibly 15 more minutes of air time.

Sugarloaf Mountain was ahead, a little to the left. We dropped to 3,000, coursed up a fiord and banked to the right. The field was beneath us. We circled twice and landed. Our tanks held only enough fuel for another seven minutes of flying. The strike had to be perfect the first time.

Thirty minutes later the 14 other jet fighters had check-pointed on the friendly iceberg—continued on course and landed.

This was Flight Fox Able, the first ferrying mission of jet aircraft across the Atlantic. We were at mountain-encircled Bluie West One Air Force Base, Greenland, with the third leg of the flight behind us. The planes were bound from the 56th Fighter Group at Selfridge Air Force Base, Michigan, to become replacement aircraft for the 36th Fighter Group at *Fürstenfeldbruck, Germany.*

It was a pioneering flight, designed to demonstrate that ferrying short-range jet aircraft from the United States to Europe is faster and more economical than sending them by ship, partially or totally dismantled. It was also a foretaste of things to come.

According to my log our air time between Michigan and Germany was less than 10½ hours. You've probably slept that long at a stretch.

Our wing-tip tanks carried just enough fuel to keep us in the air for two hours—or a little longer—at one time. Our flying time over five of the seven hops was within minutes of two hours.

There wasn't much of a margin of safety, but we increased what we had by always flying over 30,000 feet—usually from 32,000 to 36,500. (The jets consumed less fuel at these altitudes.)

Our ground speed ranged from four to six hundred miles an hour, depending on wind and altitude,

The author photographed his pilot, Colonel Dave Schilling, from the rear seat of a TF-80 jet when they were nearly seven miles above the Atlantic

Collier's for August 6, 1949

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they were! JET HOP TO EUROPE

and we flew over a circuitous 5,000-mile course. Most aviation experts predict that regular jet passenger service will come within 10 years—perhaps nonstop over a 3,000-mile course between the U.S. and Europe. Breakfast in New York, lunch in London.

This first ferry flight was superbly successful in blazing a route that hundreds of planes might follow if war came. Fifteen jets took off from Selfridge; 15 jets landed safely at Fürstenfeldbruck. These jets carry two compasses and a radio set as their only navigating instruments. On the majority of the seven hops of the trip they landed with only minutes of fuel to spare. But it wasn't just happenstance that they hit seven out of seven targets on the nose.

Weeks of planning and infinite precautions preceded the flight. This was a first. Every facility had to be set up in advance. We waited several times between hops when the weather was "marginal." Almost tedious precautions were taken to eliminate the possibility of pilot error, mechanical failure or weather hazards.

In a more urgent period, when haste is important, complete facilities will be available at every leg of the trip, and the 5,000-mile Atlantic crossing will become as commonplace as a flight from New York to California.

When the flight started at Selfridge AFB, it consisted of 11 single-seater Lockheed F-80 Shooting Star jet fighters, four two-place TF-80 jets, one B-29 weather ship and three cargo ships—one C-54 and two C-47s.

The 15 jets flew in three flights of four—Red, White and Blue—and one of three, Green. Red Flight, the first, was made up of the four two-place jets. Newer and with more powerful engines, they are faster.

Red Leader, and leader of the entire Fox Able flight, was Lieutenant Colonel Irwin Dregne, stocky commanding officer of the 56th Group at Selfridge. On his wing flew Major Sam Blair, Red Two and operations officer.

Red Three, Colonel Schilling, had left his Washington office to play counsel for the mission. He was thoroughly familiar with the route. Dregne led and Dave stood by—unless things got critical. I rode with Dave. The other back seats were empty.

Red Four was Captain Frank Klibbe, maintenance officer and our wingman. He had served with Dave when Schilling commanded the 56th in England during the war. Oddly, all four of Red Flight were Middle Westerners—Dregne, Viroqua, Wisconsin; Blair, Minneapolis; Schilling, Traverse City, Michigan, and Klibbe, Anderson, Indiana.

The author is a veteran newspaperman and served during World War II as chief of the Eighth Air Force's news division. He is now military deputy of the News Division, Office of Public Information of the National Military Establishment

Each of the seven point-to-point hops followed the same rigid pattern. "Houn'dawg," the B-29 weather ship, took off at least three hours in advance of the jets. It had enough navigation apparatus and fuel to plow through anything. Aboard was Captain R. B. Westfall, a jet pilot. He knew what our planes could do. It was Westy's job to get over the next landing point and either beckon us on or wave us back. His word was law as he sent back information on the strength and direction of winds, height of overcast en route, icing conditions, types of clouds and their density over the target. Also out ahead was one of the C-47s with refueling personnel.

When Westy beckoned, the jets scrambled. The four ships of Red Flight would take off first and the other three flights would follow at five-minute intervals. From Selfridge we went to Dow Air Force Base at Bangor, Maine, a simple, overland hop. As closely following as their slower speeds could make it were the second C-47, carrying maintenance crew chiefs, and the C-54 with spare parts.

When everyone was safely assembled at Bangor, Houn'dawg went on. Here we picked up two Search and Rescue B-17s, which became part of the flight pattern for the four overwater hops that came next. They followed the B-29 out. Strapped to their bellies were big lifeboats which could be dropped for an emergency rescue. The first went one third of the way and circled over a given spot on the course. The second went two thirds of the way and circled. Like the B-29 they had half a ton of navigation instruments aboard and were there not only in case of trouble to the jets but to help them stay on course. The B-17s were code-named respectively "Duckbutt One" and "Duckbutt Two."

Red Flight Hits the Overcast

When Westy radioed the weather en route and over Goose Bay, Labrador, Red Flight scrambled. We took off in pairs and hit the overcast at 3,500 feet. The "soup" was blinding white. Klibbe was so close to our wing I could almost see the color of his eyes, though 50 yards away he would have disappeared completely.

It was still hazy when we broke out at 33,500. We went on up to 35,000 feet and entered the strange, unpopulated atmosphere almost seven miles above the earth. There is no lonelier place. What had been an overcast on the ground was now an undercast—a strange, white, turbulent floor, treacherously unreal-looking.

And above us—nothing. Just tremendous, unlimited space, a brilliantly clear, blue and white vastness.

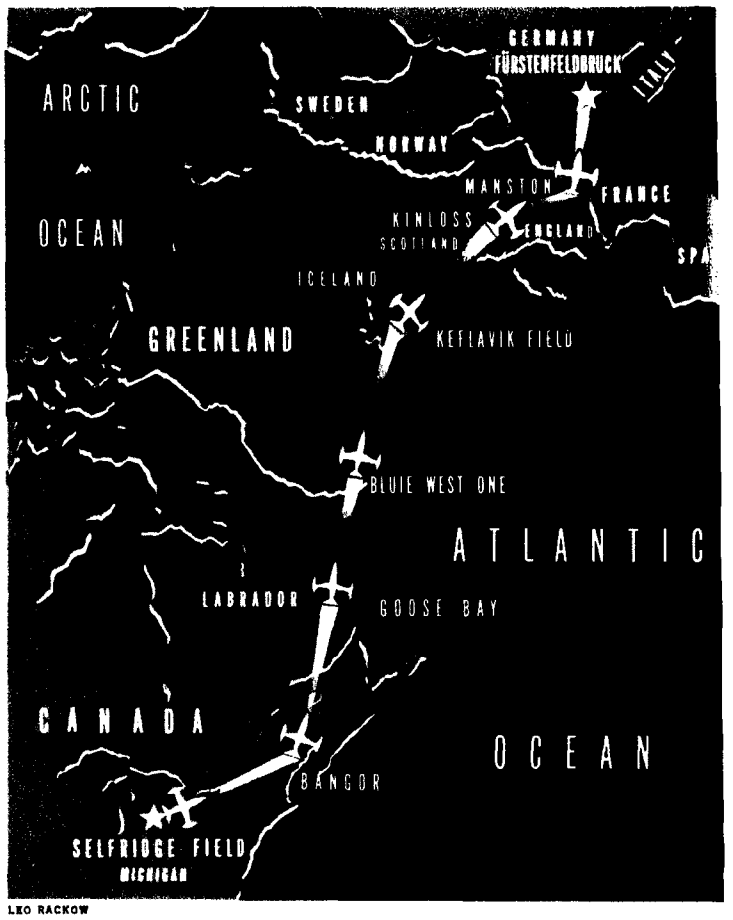
Klibbe had moved over to the right, a silver sliver barely visible except for the two beautiful white contrails which streamed after him for miles. Oddly, although you have a sense of being able to see almost limitless distances at this altitude, it was often impossible to spot our flightmates. Ten miles there is like an inch on the ground. Yet a silver jet fighter at that distance is a tiny object against a brilliant blue and white background.

Over at the left I could see the contrails left by Dregne and Blair. They stretched far ahead of us but faded out before my eye could pick up the planes.

Some days the jets had contrails, some days not, depending on the prevailing atmospheric conditions. They were very helpful in locating the other members of our flight, but they would probably be an awful nuisance if a jet were trying to evade someone.

The air was full of operational chatter as the four leaders shepherded their flights through the overcast and checked in with Dregne. Earphones built into our crash helmets brought the voices in as clearly as if all 16 of us were in one room.

There in the back seat I made penciled marks in a small notebook on my knee. As we rose above 32,000 feet the writing got increasingly unintelligible—and unintelligent—even though our cabin was partially pressured. The oxygen system, a part of the masks that almost covered our faces, worked efficiently up to 30,000 on its "normal" setting. Above that height Schilling and I should have switched over to the "pure oxygen" setting, but oxygen is a scarce commodity up there. We started off each flight with 400 *(Continued on page 32)*

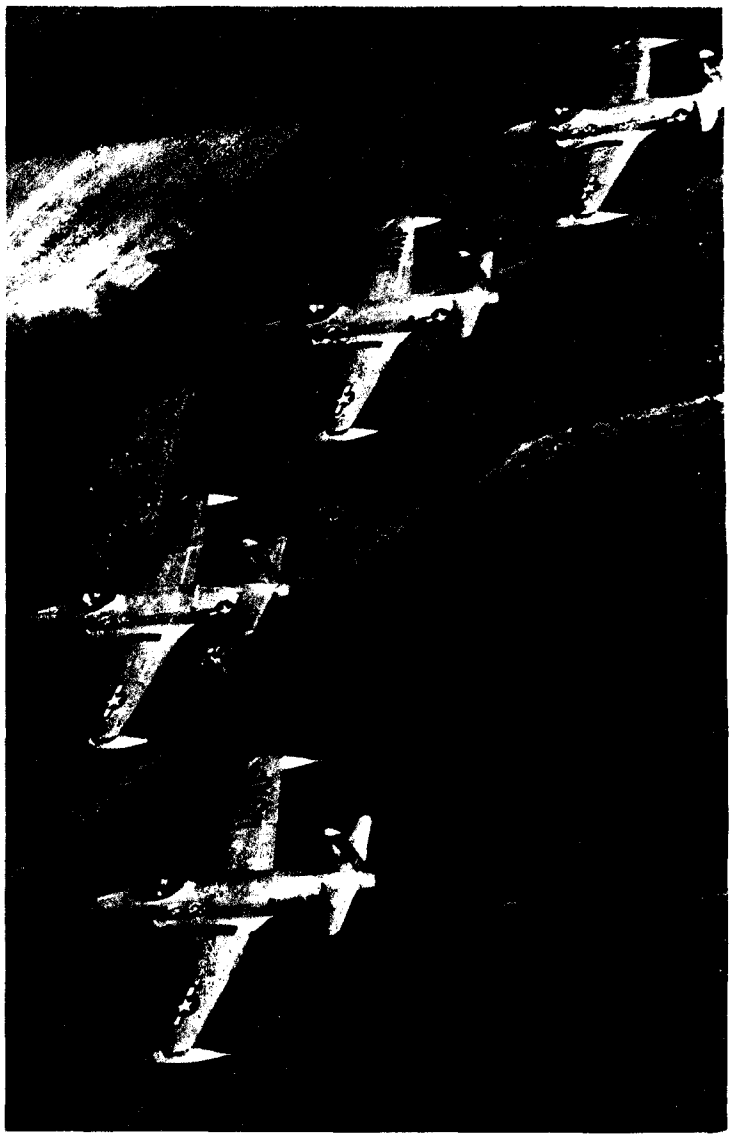


LEO RACKOW

This map shows the seven legs of the jet flight from Selfridge Air Force Base, Michigan, to Fürstenfeldbruck, Germany. Flying time on the trip was less than ten and one-half hours

Taking no unnecessary chances, the formations of Lockheed F-80 Shooting Stars and TF-80s stuck close together

AIR FORCE PHOTO



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The Drunkard's Wife

Most women would have run away. But Sally stayed and took it as it came—as long as she could, and as long as she had to

By ALLAN SEAGER

"THESE are eight-power glasses, my dear. I bought them from a young fellow who 'liberated' them in Germany." He handed her the binoculars and leaned over to pick up the huge book that was standing against the leg of his chair. "I brought him my Audubon. And I've sent for the little manuals for him. I can't spare my own."

"Of course not, Uncle Charles." Then with the laughter mounting like froth in her throat, she said in a dutiful tone of voice, "I'm to give him the book and—"

"Just tell him to thumb through it. That's all it'll take. He won't be able to put it down once he's begun it. Here, let me show you—" He seized the big volume and laid it across his knees. It fell open at a plate of a pelican who appeared to be leaning backward, ready to address a large congregation of fish. He thumbed rapidly through the pages. "Now, there, if you like. Quite a full description, you see: *Bald eagle.* Our national bird, Sarah. You see? *Range, Habitat, Identification. Large size . . . coupled with white head and tail makes adults unmistakable.* Very good edition. A child could manage it. As a matter of fact, children are some of our most ardent bird watchers."

"I'm sure they are," she said, her laughter giving way to wonder at the old man's persistence. "You want me to give him this bird book, tell him to look it over and meet you Sunday morning where?"

"Just at the city limits on the Ridge Road. Now, as for clothes: anything comfortable. Stout shoes. Two pairs of wool socks. And a notebook and *two* pencils. One always breaks." He leaned forward and patted her knee, seeing her as the dear little niece she had been in her childhood. "And once he has started bird watching, the sunshine, the fresh air, the sheer fascination of the thing, why, it will work wonders." He plucked the pince-nez from his eyes, drew two furrows in the tanned surface of his forehead, and whispered, "How's he been?"

"Not at all well, Uncle Charles."

"Used to call them lushes in my day. Any man that drank more than was good for him was a lush. Now, I understand, they pretty it all up with psychology and call it alcoholism. Damned nonsense, if you ask me." He stopped, scowling. "Emma was telling me about that trial. What was that? She said you appeared against him."

"Yes. We were trying to commit him."

"Commit him? Is he crazy, too?"

"Well, no. Commit him for alcoholism. His family and I."

"And it didn't work?"

"He had his lawyer show an affidavit of his earnings for the last six months. That was enough. He had made seventy-six hundred dollars and the jury wouldn't believe that a man who could make that much money was incompetent."

"Where is he right this minute?"

"He went to the office today."

"*Today?* Doesn't he go every day? How can a man make—"

"Architecture is very good now," she explained. "So much building. When Hank works, he works hard, but—"

"But some days he just lies around the house drunk, is that it? I've a good mind to stop in and see that young man, Sarah." *(Continued on page 34)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL

Hank held Mike in the hollow of his arm, looking at the report card. Tactfully, he did not exclude Tommy, but wrestled him one-handed as he read it

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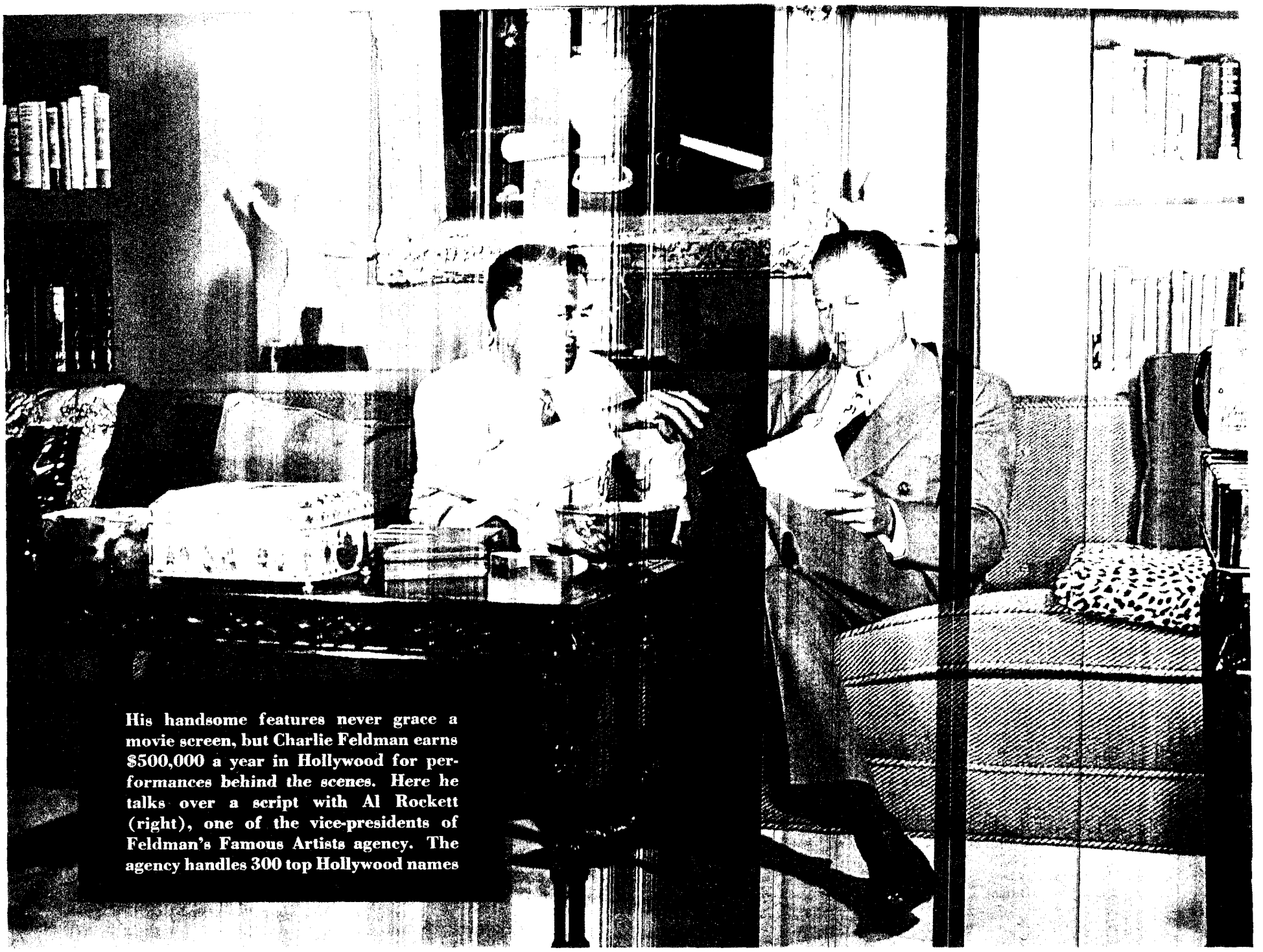

His handsome features never grace a movie screen, but Charlie Feldman earns $500,000 a year in Hollywood for performances behind the scenes. Here he talks over a script with Al Rockett (right), one of the vice-presidents of Feldman's Famous Artists agency. The agency handles 300 top Hollywood names

CHARMER for a Nice Fee

By WILLARD L. WIENER

Willard Wiener, veteran New York newspaperman turned Californian and free-lance writer, is not responsible for the nepotism involved in this piece. The color photo illustration was made by his son Leigh, twenty-year-old UCLA student, on specific assignment by the editor, not his father

EARLY in 1932 Gregory Ratoff, writer, actor, director and producer, arrived in Hollywood under contract to RKO at a weekly salary of $1,750. But he couldn't get his money. Ratoff, an explosive personality, blew his top. Who, he demanded, was responsible for this outrage? He was told the money had been attached by a certain C. K. Feldman.

"Feldman!" cried the volatile Russian. "Who, please, is this person Feldman?"

On his first free day from the studio Ratoff looked up Feldman, who turned out to be a lawyer. Ratoff, it seemed, had neglected to pay a New York storage bill for some old stage sets, and Feldman, acting on behalf of the storage company, was merely trying to collect for the oversight.

"Such a young, handsome guy was this Feldman," says Ratoff, recalling the incident with amusement, "I almost forgot to talk about my money. 'Listen,' I said, 'you're a natural juvenile. I'll get you a screen test.' "

Feldman passed the offer up. But he did agree to lift the attachment from the actor's salary, and before Ratoff left the office Feldman had loaned him $1,000.

"Charlie's always good for a touch," says Ratoff. "But he likes a bargain. You ask him for a thousand. He'll say, 'How about getting along on three hundred?' "

Though he has never appeared on the screen, Charles Kenneth Feldman is one of Hollywood's top performers. He is an agent, or middleman, who deals in motion-picture talent, usually, though not always, on a commission basis. He is also a producer who works most often in association with others.

As majority stockholder he heads the Famous Artists Corporation, a high-geared agency which occupies two floors of a Beverly Hills bank building and grosses around $12,000,000 annually. This is separate and apart from his producing interests.

Feldman is a curious mixture of genius and ham, with a preponderance of the former. His best performances are conducted behind closed doors before a limited but appreciative audience frequently consisting of just one person. His critics occasionally damn him, but never with faint praise. Like the Marx Brothers, he evokes *(Continued on page 49)*

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Voyage of the PAGAN

One Man's Struggle with the Sea

By JOHN CALDWELL

When the 29-foot Pagan emerged from the hurricane, battered and denuded of equipment and supplies, the author faced starvation. His total larder was a can of peas, one of sauerkraut, some catsup and a coconut. His next stop was Samoa, at least two weeks away, God and the hurricane season willing.

He was sailing to Australia. Mary, whom he had married during the war and had not seen since, was waiting for him at the end of the storm-tossed trail. He had met her while serving with the Merchant Marine. Thwarted in frequent attempts to obtain passage from Panama in 1946, he had bought the Pagan and, with little sailing know-how, had set out across the Pacific alone.

CONCLUSION

AS I finished the last morsel of food aboard my boat, I promised myself, "Tomorrow I will catch a fish." Before going to bed I dropped my hook into the Pacific and tied the end of the line to my finger.

Just past midnight I was awakened from sleep by a sharp jerk from the line. I bounced up on deck, hauling in the line as I ran. From under the transom I pulled up a rather dyspeptic-looking fish. When I took the hook out, he just lay there, panting. Suddenly he gave a quick flip, and since there was no rail, he splashed into the sea and was gone.

Stunned, I put fresh bait on the hook. My bait was a patent concoction of pork rind, chemically treated and packed in a little wax carton. Without thinking, I put the old, barely nibbled bait in my mouth and swallowed it. It was tough and salty, with a nasty ironlike flavor. I decided to try another thin strip, just to suck on. In an hour, the entire packet was gone.

It gave me a queasy feeling, but I slept that off and awoke in the morning with a gnawing appetite.

About noon I caught the same fish again. This time I grabbed it with both hands, and quickly had it cleaned, scaled and in the pan. Since I had no grease for frying, I used part of the jar of petroleum jelly from my medicine chest. It wasn't bad. Soon there were only a few bones left. I kept them for supper.

By night, hunger was tearing at my stomach like tank treads. I had been saving the petroleum jelly for another fish, but before bedtime my stomach cried out so fiercely that I cleaned the jar with my finger and licked it dry.

Next day I ate a jar of menthol ointment, and half a can of tooth powder mixed with my ration of water.

My nights were more and more difficult. They were filled with food dreams—feasts of steak and baked potatoes, rich puddings and coffee with heavy cream tormented me. Hunger cramps would keep waking me. I finished the rest of my tooth powder and searched the boat for anything that might quiet my ravening appetite. I came up with

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY MURRAY GARRETT

The author, who braved the Pacific and survived

a chamois cloth (it had been used to strain gasoline), a box of pepper, a small tin of tea, a bottle of hair oil and two gifts I had bought for Mary—a tube of lipstick and a jar of face cream.

I chopped the chamois into tiny fragments and spilled them into a strong brew made from my ration of water and some of the tea. After boiling this tasty dish for ten minutes I seasoned it with pepper, shave lotion, hair oil and a handful of sea water. The result was a stew that made my eyes burn and my nose revolt.

The next morning, when I came on deck, I saw a sea bird perched on the sternpost. He sat there absent-mindedly preening his tail feathers. Instantly I was the primitive beast stalking his prey. I took up my fish spear and crept toward my target. Six feet away I poised my weapon, took nervous aim and jabbed. It was a bull's-eye.

The bird, a small variety of tern, weighed about a pound when defeathered and cleaned. The petroleum jelly was gone, so I coated him with hair oil and put him in the skillet. He made a wonderful breakfast. Each bone I gnawed and crushed and sucked, then gnawed again.

I drank my ration of water for the day. It made me feel better. I pumped for an hour, then looked around for food. The only things left were face cream and lipstick I had brought along for Mary, shaving lotion and Army shoes.

I took a nibble at the lipstick and found it not too bad. Cutting the red lump from its holder, I broke it in two and swallowed each lump. It didn't relieve my hunger, so I opened the jar of face cream and before I knew it the unctuous mixture was down my throat.

The effects of semistarvation were beginning to tell on me. I couldn't labor for more than an hour at the pump; I felt a general drowsiness and a slight fogginess. My arms were thinner, my ribs showed, my knees were knotty. My waistline grew more fashionable every day.

While I was pumping one morning, I noticed splashes coming from the life raft astern. A flying fish about eight inches long was trapped inside. Frantically I pulled the raft in, and picked up my little visitor. I was estimating how tasty he would be, fried in machine oil when I thought: But first, I'll just have a nibble of his tail.

He was still alive when I bit his tail off and exuberantly ground it up, bones and all. It was savory beyond words. Before I quite understood what I was doing I had devoured the whole fish and was picking scales out of my teeth.

The food made me feel better. I relaxed, read, and thought about the good times I would have in Samoa.

Water, not food, is the real necessity for survival. As long as I had a few sips of water each day, I was sure I could last. I rigorously conserved the water, knowing that my life depended on it. I never drank more than a pint a day.

I spent a day making myself a bow and arrow, hoping to shoot some of the inquisitive birds that had begun trailing Pagan. But my bow wasn't very good, my aim was erratic, and I wasted all my arrows. Next morning I fashioned a slingshot and used it against some ungainly frigate birds. After many failures I hit one squarely in the head. He provided food for two days, and brought a Christmas-tree spirit to the Pagan.

Overhead for the first time floated white bosun birds, short-winged and swallow-tailed. These birds were new to the scene. Samoa must be somewhere close at hand. All day I watched the horizon. Finally, in the afternoon, land welled up from the sea, dead ahead. I sailed exultantly toward it, barely able to distinguish the dim outline in the haze. Land—after 16 days of near starvation!

But suddenly my land dissolved into mist. I had been hoaxed by a cloud.

By suppertime hunger was unbearable. There was only the Army shoe. I stared at it dejectedly. It had a terrible odor, but it was all I had. I cut the upper part away from the sole and started chewing the tongue. I couldn't make any progress. I soaked the shoe a while in salt water, taking it out occasionally to beat it on the end of my bunk for "tenderizing." Greasing one sizable piece with machine oil, I fried it, but it only turned black and remained unchewable.

Finally, I boiled the whole shoe in my precious water ration. I didn't boil it long; as soon as evaporation began, I cut the fire. The soup had an inspiring taste, but the leather was still inedible. Eventually I cut it into thin strips, and though I still couldn't chew it, at least I could get it down. I went to bed that night with something substantial under my belt.

(Continued on page 64)

These articles are from the book "Desperate Voyage," to be published by Little, Brown & Co., in October

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The referee sprang away, motioning the fighters to go on. And Frankie, crouching, moved warily—toward the referee. Leo tried to shout

A Horse I Like

By ROBERT GRIFFITH

Sometimes you *can* hit what you can't see—if you need to as bad as Frankie did

ALL the laughing and screaming in the hall woke Leo from a nightmare. He sat up straight in bed, wondering where he was. He looked out the window and saw palm leaves moving in the moonlight. Then he remembered. It's Florida, he said to himself. That must be my boy Frankie coming in.

The door of the connecting bathroom banged open and the light snapped on. Frankie stood in the doorway grinning. Leo squinted in the bright light at the girls, one on each side of the fighter and another peeking over his shoulder. They were looking at Leo and laughing.

"Get up," Frankie said. "Get up, Leo. I brought you some nice girls to talk to."

"Hello, honey," the girls said together. It was a question the way they said it.

Leo looked at the clock and made a grimace. It was half past three. "Time for bed, ain't it, Frankie?" he said. You got to fight tomorrow—tonight."

"Oh, he don't like us!" the girls said. One of them came to the foot of the bed and reached under the sheets and tickled Leo's feet. "Don't you like us, honey?"

Leo scrambled out of bed, clutching his pajamas to him. "I like you fine," he said, hastily putting on his bathrobe. "You're nice girls, all right. Only it's kind of late to come calling, ain't it?"

Frankie walked unsteadily to a chair and felt of it, and sat down.

One girl sat in his lap and held both his hands. The other girl sat on the arm of the chair, resting her face against Frankie's head.

Leo got a cigar stub from the dresser and lighted it. He sat down on the edge of the bed, and the girl who had tickled his feet sat beside him and held his hand.

"We wanted to hear the story," she said.

"The story about the horse," Frankie said, still grinning. "I promised you'd tell the story about the horse."

Leo took the cigar out of his mouth and looked at it. The girl who was holding his hand put her face down where she could look up into his eyes. "Don't you like us, honey?" she said. "Don't you want to tell us the story?"

"He's an old man," one of Frankie's girls said. "Maybe he needs his sleep."

"Oh, I just as soon tell the story," Leo said. He put the cigar in his mouth, and looked at Frankie. He asked himself: What does he see funny about that story, a guy half blind?

"Well," he said, "ain't much of a story. Seems this old farmer went to a horse trader, wanted to buy a horse. So the horse trader trotted one out. And it was a pretty good-looking horse, and the farmer said how much did he want, and the horse trader said, 'Oh, sell him cheap, to you.' "

Leo stopped. There was something irritating to him about the way Frankie sat grinning, his head cocked, listening to the story.

The girl on the bed tickled Leo. "Go ahead, honey."

"So," Leo said, "that's about all. That horse looked okay, and the farmer gave him a slap on the behind—wanted to see him run. And, of course, the horse, he started running down through the field there, and he looked okay. Then he run right into a apple tree—"

The girls all shrieked, and Frankie cried, "Wait! Wait till the end, girls! Go ahead, Leo."

"So," Leo said, studying his cigar, "that's about all. The horse run into the apple tree, and the farmer, he yelled, 'Hey! That there horse is blind! He can't see!' And the horse trader said, 'No, no! He ain't blind! He just don't give a damn!' . . . And that's all they is to the story," Leo said.

Frankie had thrown back his head and laughed loudly. The girls looked at each other, and then they were shrieking again. "Why, that's *dumb!* That's a *dumb* story, honey!"

THE girl beside Leo ran to the dresser to fix her face, and the others jumped up and joined her. Frankie lay back and closed his eyes. His mouth fell open, and in a minute he was asleep.

Leo walked deliberately to the door and opened it, and then went back to the dresser and began to push the girls, all together, toward the open door.

"Sauay!" they cried, pushing back. "Who do you think you're shoving?"

Leo drew down the corner of his mouth and flung back his right fist as if to drive it into the nearest face. The girls scurried, loudly squawking, out into the hall. Leo closed the door and locked it. Outside, the girls were calling him names and kicking at the door. Leo leaned against the wall, panting. The girls, chattering shrilly, went down the hall.

Leo went over and shook Frankie by the shoulder. "Come on, boy," he *(Continued on page 52)*

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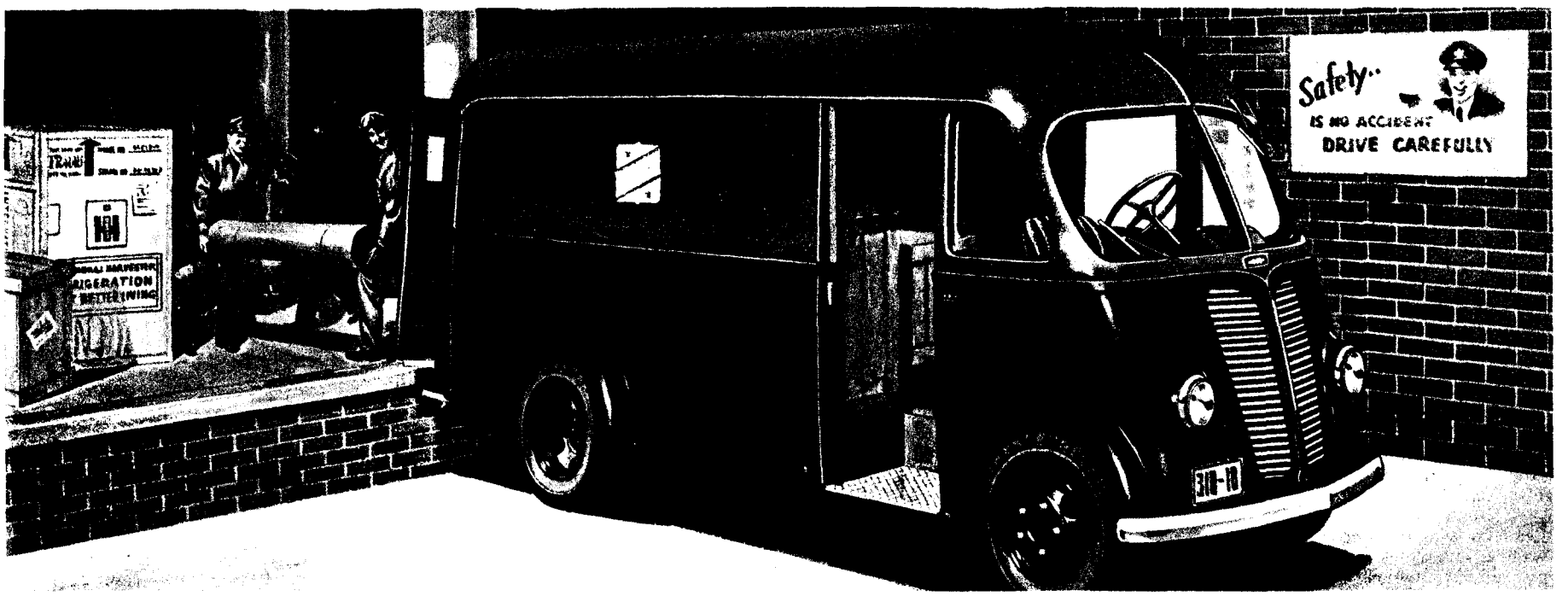

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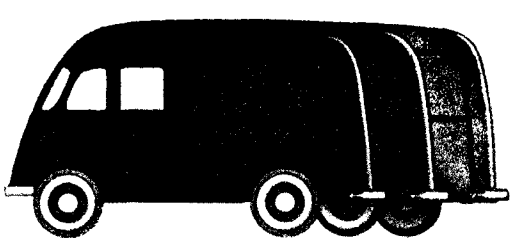

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There They Were! Jet Hop to Europe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

pounds on the gauge. My chief duty was to keep a check on it. I didn't have to be reminded. There wasn't enough to allow both of us to go on pure for very long.

Dave's being alert was a matter of absolute importance. If I had gone to sleep, which I never did, or just got a little dopey—which I did frequently—it wouldn't have been of much consequence. So I stayed on normal except for an occasional few seconds.

We went up to 36,000 feet, picked up and passed Duckbutt One. The other Fox Able jets were reporting in to Red Leader at 35,000 or above. Dave flicked the intercom button and asked me:

"You all right?"

"Sure. You?"

"Bellyache. Too high."

Then I heard on the channel we were using:

"This .....is .....Blue ..... Leader. On course ....at....thirty-six....thousand.....over."

Dave's voice cracked back over the separating miles:

"Blue Leader. Blue Leader. Check your oxygen. Check your oxygen. Blue Two—check Blue Leader. Over."

A hundred miles back Blue Leader's wingman moved up and waggled his wings. He pointed to his own oxygen mask and swept his hand in a signal. Blue Leader touched his mask, returned the signal and Blue Two dropped back. Blue Leader had gone over to pure oxygen, checking the anoxemia he couldn't detect in his dulled condition.

I flicked the intercom switch back on to Dave.

"Hey. How's your belly? You'd better go on pure yourself." Stomach pains are also due to altitude pressure. I had them several times.

"I'm on pure," Dave said. "All okay now."

We went on, picking up and passing Duckbutt Two. But before that time one of the wingmen reported in that he was lost—or temporarily misplaced. Dregne gave him the course heading.

Dave called:

"Hey, Klibbe. Where are you?"

"Five o'clock, chief. About 10 miles."

"Come on in." Five minutes later our wingman was so close I could count the wrinkles between his eyebrows as he squinted at the instruments. We tried to stay in flights of four but occasionally didn't make it. The pairs, however, clung like lovers. At that height and speed, trouble could come in a second.

Twenty Miles from Goose Bay

The big U.S. air base at Goose Bay, Labrador, was just ahead.

Dregne called over the Very High Frequency channel:

"Dave, I make us about 20 miles out. Let's go down."

"I make it the same," said Dave. "Roger down."

"Dive flaps down," Dregne called, and I saw Dave hit the lever up front.

There was a cottony feeling with the sudden application of the air brakes, which, in effect, the dive flaps are. Pressure drove me back into the seat. The jet seemed almost to halt as the nose tilted sharply downward.

The sensation lasted perhaps 10 seconds, then we were diving earthward.

We picked up the field only seconds after breaking through the clouds, and the other jets followed us down. The missing wingman picked up the field's tower radio far enough out to set a safe course and landed, a lone tail-ender. He was relieved immediately and continued the trip in one of the cargo planes; a spare pilot took his place in the jet. A wingman has no business getting lost. It is dangerous for both him and his flightmate.

That night one of the other pilots let his temper get rough with a Goose Bay officer. The pilot was made "laundry officer" at the next stop and personally had to collect our soiled clothes and get them back to us clean before we took off again.

There were no more angry words, no more lost pilots throughout the trip.

We went on into Bluie West One at Greenland for the third leg, refueled and out. The take-off was down the field's only runway—mountains at the head of it, a fiord at the foot. We flew down the fiord until we picked up speed and then shot sharply upward.

We hit the overcast at 4,000 feet and started climbing at a rate which sent the needle on the climb indicator spinning. We knew that in that overcast there were mountains which towered as much as 13,000 feet. We plowed upward, seven, eight, nine, ten and on, Klibbe tightly glued to our wing. It was pleasant to break out at 33,500 feet.

"Dear, some of the fellows are going to try to win some bowling tournament prizes for their wives tonight—"

COLLIER'S HAROLD R. CURRIER

We went on up to 36,000 feet and I wrote a letter to my wife in Washington.

"We are about seven miles up," I wrote, "and probably traveling about 500 miles an hour. Yet there is no sensation of speed. There is no vibration and the crash helmet cuts out all sound except the radio. If you take the helmet off there is a shrill whine of rushing air past the canopy. The jet engine, of course, is behind the cockpit and its sound never quite catches up.

"There isn't too much to see up here. There are no birds in the stratosphere although occasionally there is a break in the undercast, and then we can see either land or water. A ship at sea is discernible. A train and occasionally even other moving vehicles would be too. Anything smaller—no."

It was a tremendous effort to write much at that altitude. I tired quickly and I was so swaddled in equipment I could barely move. I could turn my head only a little more than 45 degrees either way and could move my body forward about eight inches. Legs and arms were reasonably free but the amount of paraphernalia a jet fighter pilot gets into is fantastic.

First come the regulation uniform shirt and trousers and then an immersion suit, a great waterproof bag which covers the entire body except the head and hands. This suit is supposed to keep the wearer alive in icy water until he can crawl into a dingy. They are hot and uncomfortable but we wore them.

Over the immersion suit goes a Mae West life jacket. Then the pilot climbs into the cockpit to strap on a parachute with a dingy attached. Next he fastens the normal seat harness, waist and shoulder straps, always being sure the dingy is hooked to the Mae West life jacket so it won't get away in the water.

Oxygen for Three Minutes

The cord of the parachute oxygen bottle has to be within reach, for at 35,000 feet and with a delayed jump a jet pilot is about three minutes from air which will sustain consciousness.

After all this he puts on the crash helmet which has built-in earphones and is connected by a cord in the cockpit. And lastly the oxygen mask in which the radio microphone is installed.

Getting into this complicated harness took a good 10 minutes even with help from a crew chief. The helmet was tight and hurt my ears. The mask was tighter and felt like a wire band across the bridge of my nose. But they gave a comforting, efficient feeling, too.

The dual control stick rode between my knees and I tried to keep from touching it, except when Dave said, occasionally:

"Want to drive a while? I have to check the maps."

"Sure." So I "drove," happy to find that a jet fighter handled, to an amateur, about like the old T-6 trainer, even a little easier. In a minute or two Dave asked:

"How do you like it?"

"Wonderful," I answered.

"Easiest plane I ever flew," said Dave. And— "You're a little off course."

"I know. It's nice the traffic isn't heavy up here."

We had been out from Bluie nearly two hours when we picked up Houn'dawg over Iceland. That was all right except that the big bomber had made a navigation error of about 40 miles in its sweeping turn and Red Flight overshot Keflavik Field before we got a tower check.

With the fuel gauge clicking off the final 80 gallons, the flaps went down and we dived into a thick undercast that started at 23,000 feet and held solidly down to 3,000. Dave put our plane into a tight, screaming 180-degree turn, with Klibbe not more than two feet from our wing. I watched the speed indicator and the Mach needle flicker closer together.

When they touch, it means the ship is up to the point of speed for which it was designed. To excel that speed is dangerous. Anything can happen—like disintegration or a wing breaking off. The needles came within a hair of each other but never quite touched. I went on intercom as we broke out of the soup, past but in sight of the field.

"That," I said, "was quick."

"Too damn' quick," said Dave. We landed with fuel left—but not much.

From Iceland, which, like Greenland, is a land of rock and wind with lava beds thrown in, we had our last real water hop, to Kinloss, Scotland, and we got the same expert instructions and took the same infinite precautions.

When Westy had given us the "come on" signal and the Duckbutts were in position, we had final briefing. The local weather officer had maps and charts and a detailed description of the weather en route. Dregne gave flight instructions and the latest word from the B-29. Then Major Sam Blair related the cruise control data for the flight.

This data was recorded by each pilot on especially prepared cards. These cards gave the distances from take-off to each of the B-17s and then to destination. They also showed the amount of fuel required for taxi, take-off, to reach each B-17 and the destination, as well as the amount which would remain in the tanks at each point.

In addition, they gave the engine pressure to use, cruising altitude, take-off headings, turns and rate of climb. Point of no return, radio frequencies and emergency procedures were also recorded.

Dave Schilling took the floor. He had spent a couple of years flying fighters over England and Scotland during the war. He said:

"The forecast is for seven tenths at 3,000 feet. That won't be a broken overcast like we get in the States. It'll be solid—except for big holes, some of them big enough to drive a fleet through. We may find one right over the field. Anyway, we can always find one close enough to go down through."

And we did find one—right over the field and big enough to have driven three fleets through.

This experience and planning, largely by the four men in Red Flight, made the trip seem safer than crossing Times Square at the rush hour. Having Dave Schilling as my pilot made the complicated flight seem as simple as a bike ride through the park. These men thought they could get their jets over and they did—and there will probably be many more flights, of one kind or another, to follow.

From Scotland we had an hour's pleasant ride to Manston, England, and another hour's jaunt to Fürstenfeldbruck, Germany, where the planes were turned over to Colonel "Hub" Zempke, famous wartime fighter commander.

Plane's Electric Power Quits

All 15 planes made it safely, but any one of them could easily have not. Major Paul Miller was flying fourth man in White Flight. Paul's electrical system went out just as we reached the point of no return from Iceland to Scotland. He had no radio, no instruments, no dive flaps and, worse, no sure way of pulling fuel from his tip tanks, because the fuel system operates electrically.

Paul motioned to his ears: no radio. He waved at his instrument board: no instruments. He lifted both hands in the universal gesture: "I don't know what the hell is the matter, but it ain't good."

This came out in radio conversation that filled the air. White Flight grouped about Paul's plane. The B-17s heard, of course, and went on the alert.

Paul made Scotland all right and decided to go on to Kinloss rather than try an emergency landing. At least he was over dry land. His flight came over the field and the other three planes peeled off to let him land first.

Without flaps to break his speed, he came in "hot" and too far down the runway. He circled again. This time he made it perfectly, set his jet down less than one hundred feet from the edge of the runway, braked easily and turned off the runway—just as his engine quit.

The Royal Air Force fliers, who were our hosts at Kinloss, were tremendously impressed.

"You chaps do cut it close, don't you," they said. THE END

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The Drunkard's Wife

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

"No, don't, Uncle Charles. Please don't. I'll give him your book and the field glasses and—"

Fiercely peering out from under his bushy eyebrows, he snapped, "You think he'll show up Sunday morning?"

"Why, he might have some other engagement but—"

"What makes him drink?"

"I don't know. I don't know. We've tried everything. He's been in sanitariums. He's seen psychiatrists but he won't keep going to them long enough to get any benefit. We—"

"Sarah, if I were you, I'd cut my tether."

"Oh, I don't know . . ." She remembered the frightening and preposterous scenes her uncle would refuse to credit if she told him about them. When she thought of the long abrasion of her hopes, she could hardly believe them herself. She stood up. "I'll tell him, Uncle Charles, and I'll give him these. It was awfully nice of you to stop."

The old man stood up punctiliously, and bent to kiss her forehead. "Feel free to call on me anytime," he said. She saw him out politely, faintly and familiarly ashamed that she had been offered help again.

THERE were times when she had to let her little boys come into the house. Saturdays and afternoons after school they played in the yard. The little Abrams girl next door had a sand pile and a jungle gym, and the boys were safely over there when they were not in school. Mrs. Abrams knew why and had the decency never to say anything. But at the dreadful cocktail hour when all good children were home washing up for dinner, Sarah had to call them and try to scoot them up the back stairs for a long wash in the bathroom—the longer the better, even if there were water fights and, later, festoons of toilet paper and coils of tooth paste all over everything. Sometimes, with luck, she could keep them there until dinner was actually on the table, and if Hank could hold up his head at all, he tried to play the father conscientiously, and since the little boys knew that Daddy was sick, often dinner went off pretty well.

She had called the children home and they were upstairs squealing in the bathroom. It was a beautiful small house that Hank had built himself; and he was in the library, a room that many people had thought charming and original. To her it glared and shimmered as an arena where she tried feebly to continue an unequal struggle. Outside the door she stopped to listen. He was in there muttering about something—she could not tell what.

Suddenly there was a burst of singing, two or three lines, tuneless, sardonic: *"Dear old shrine! Our hearts round thee twine!* Like hell. I said like *hell,* Professor." She could hear ice tinkling in a glass and the rap of the glass on a side table, then his hoarse unsteady voice. "You're a thief. You took my money." There was a crash of small change on the floor. "Take the rest of it." He mumbled on. "Factory additions . . . pods of five-room houses all alike. Like peas. Anything dignified? No. Anything noble? *No.*"

A month ago he had been against the domestic festivals, Christmas and Easter and Halloween and Thanksgiving. Then it had been the church, and he had frightened the little boys half to death by appearing at dinner, solemn and wavering with an old dress collar turned hindside-before and a vest on backward beneath his coat. Now, it seemed, he had been betrayed by his college. His past was always seeping into his life and betraying him. Well, the grievance would be forgotten later in the evening. She walked in on him.

He was a husky young man who promptly grinned up at her out of an easy chair, his eyes apparently staring at the center of her forehead. His hair was turning gray along the sides of his head and there was a big wet spot on the knee of his trousers where a drink had spilled. "H'lo, honey," he said. "Can I make you a drink?"

It was a joke. She had never taken a drink in her life.

"I thought maybe you'd like to wash up before dinner," she said.

While she was speaking, he had taken up a bottle from the floor beside his chair and was pouring a highball glass full of whisky, full almost to the brim. She knew he was showing off, stirred by some fleeting boyish impulse, but the boy who drank half the whisky in the glass was thirty-five years old. As a gesture, it was stale.

"Don't drink the rest of it, Hank," she said, and could have bitten her tongue for saying it. Everything worked better if she pretended everything was normal.

Peeping at her over the rim of the glass with a repugnant coyness, as if he were a ten-year-old hanging by his toes from a tree limb, he drank the rest of the whisky. "Dinner!" he shouted with a febrile joy. He started to push himself up out of the soft chair, slipped and fell back. Some kind of obscure wrath seized him. He lay on his side, halfway out of his chair, his face sullen. "The hell with dinner!" he said, and slipped out of the chair to the floor.

The family had not eaten dinner together for a week. Four nights a week, on the average, he did not come home in time for dinner; he would come later, his car creeping ten miles an hour up the wrong side of the street at midnight. Sometimes he would sleep in it, or he would be carried in by friends or embarrassed policemen. On one of the three nights he did get home, she usually had to tell the little boys that Daddy was sick again, and let him sleep in his chair or bed until around one o'clock in the morning, when he would wake up refreshed.

She was like a road that led away from a castle. If she could breach the gate and persuade him to follow her out of the castle of himself where, indeed, he lived a rich and hideous life, then dinner could proceed. But she had made so many assaults before that her ingenuity was taxed. What appeal could she make this time? He was sitting up now, his elbows on his knees, his hands dangling in front of him. His eyes were open.

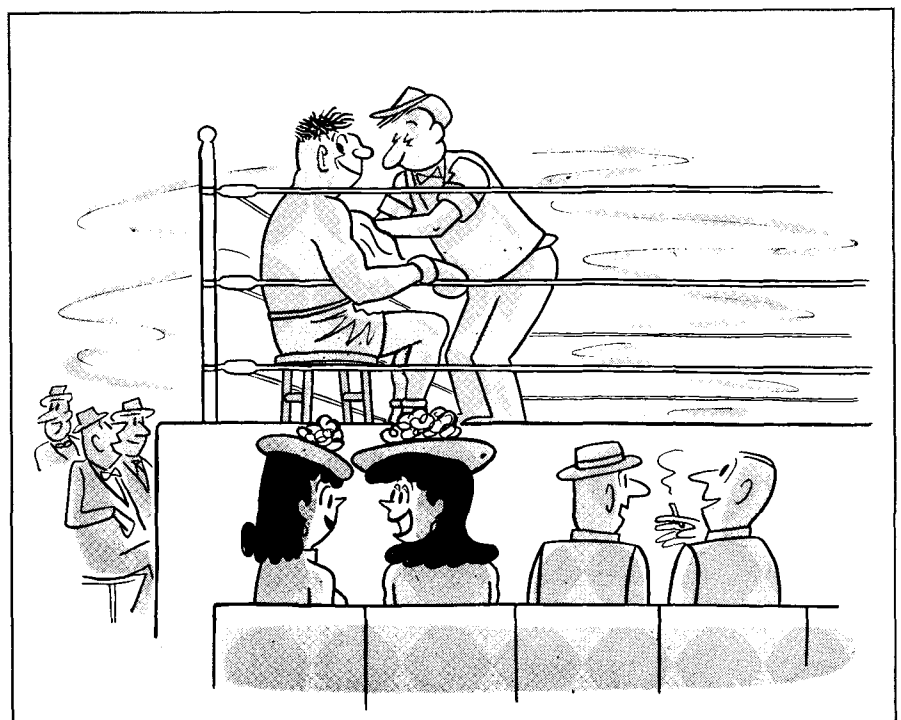
"Mike got his report card today. He wants to show it to you," she said. She watched the eyes.

With a painful frown, he turned his head, and his eyes slowly focused on her own. He loved his sons and presumably he loved her, but she wondered if she had spoken loudly enough.

"Report card?" he said dully. An abrupt bright smile lighted his face. He scrambled briskly to his feet. "Where is he?" he said.

"They're upstairs getting washed."

He walked through the house shouting in a strong voice, "Mike! Hey, Mike! Tommy! Let me see your report card."



COLLIER'S "He's going to give him a right uppercut for me!" SALO ROTH

The two boys came tumbling down the stairs. He held Mike in the hollow of his arm, looking at the report card that said everything was "Satisfactory" except group singing. Tactfully he did not exclude the other boy, winking at him and wrestling one-hand with him as he read. "Gee, that's swell, Puncher. You've got to learn to sing with other people, though." Then the Bidwell family went in to dinner, the maid softly and fearfully retreating into the kitchen.

It was one of the marvels, how he could bring himself alert and capable out of these fogs. She watched him cutting up the boys' meat deftly, kidding them, smiling at them, fully at home with himself while they giggled with delight, and she felt a grateful pride that dinner was turning out so well, yet it was impossible for her to quell a cynical gratitude for a quiet evening in which to put the boys to bed. No matter how much he ate or even if he did not take another drink, that full glass of whisky would catch up with him soon after dessert. She knew from experience.

SHE was sitting in the foyer of the Barbour Hotel, wearing a new black suit. She had taken the money for the suit out of her husband's pocket while he was asleep. She had never done that before and it troubled her, although she knew he would never be able to tell where it had gone and it might possibly cure him of the habit of ostentatiously carrying two or three hundred dollars around with him.

It was a beautiful suit and it had seemed, in the mirrors of the shop half an hour before, to fit perfectly. Now she wondered if it were not a little too smart. Did she look suspiciously *soignée,* like a woman who made a habit of meeting men other than her husband for lunch? She had a moment of panic, as if someone, she hardly knew who, might walk down the narrow red carpet beside the potted plants and denounce her in front of everybody.

Then she saw John Hill coming toward her. She stood up. "You won't denounce me, will you?" she said as he came up.

"Ought you to be denounced?"

"For lunching with you."

His face actually looked blank a second. He had been away a long time. "Oh, you mean because you're a married woman. We might sit at separate tables and I could send you little notes by the waiter."

They went into the dining room and ordered lunch. He saw her furtive glances and grinned. "Anyone here you know? Anyone that'll bear witness against you?" He looked around the room also. "That's why I got out of this town."

"It's not such a bad town." She had never really thought about it. It was merely home.

"Oh, yes, it is. Take all those wonderful mutual friends, all the old Dekes and Thetas we were talking about the other day. You said yourself they've all withered away. The ones who haven't drunk themselves to death go round and round like squirrels in a cage. They . . ." He stopped. "But we've already talked about those people."

"I know some more we could talk about."

"No. I love you and I want to marry you and we can talk about that."

FOR something to draw his eyes away from the rising warmth she knew to be a blush, she put out her cigarette with little taps in the ash tray. John Hill was a handsome man. He had been an engineer in South America for fifteen years. Names like Fortaleza, Belo-Horizonte and Minas Geraes came easily out of his mouth. And he was proposing marriage to her, right here in the dining room of the Barbour where her mother's garden club had its meetings. It was almost ridiculously romantic.

"You seem to forget I'm this leathery old married woman with a family."

"Before I say the first thing that comes into my head, let me offer guarantees. You remember that picture you gave me after we went to the Senior Ball together?"

She nodded.

"One night I won two thousand pesos in a gambling joint on the Florida in Buenos Aires, and three little guys out of an alley pulled a knife on me. They got the money and they found the picture. One of them leaned down into a trash barrel and lighted my cigarette lighter and looked at the picture. He straightened up, very serious. *'Chica?'* he said. *'Chica,'* I said. And he gave it back to me."

"What's *chica?*"

"I apologize. Actually it means mistress. But I wanted the picture." He leaned over the table as if to fix her eyes on him. "Now let me say the first thing that comes into my head."

"All right."

"Get a divorce."

She looked at him for the first time. She could tell he meant what he said.

"Do you know about my husband?"

"You're Mrs. Bidwell. He must be

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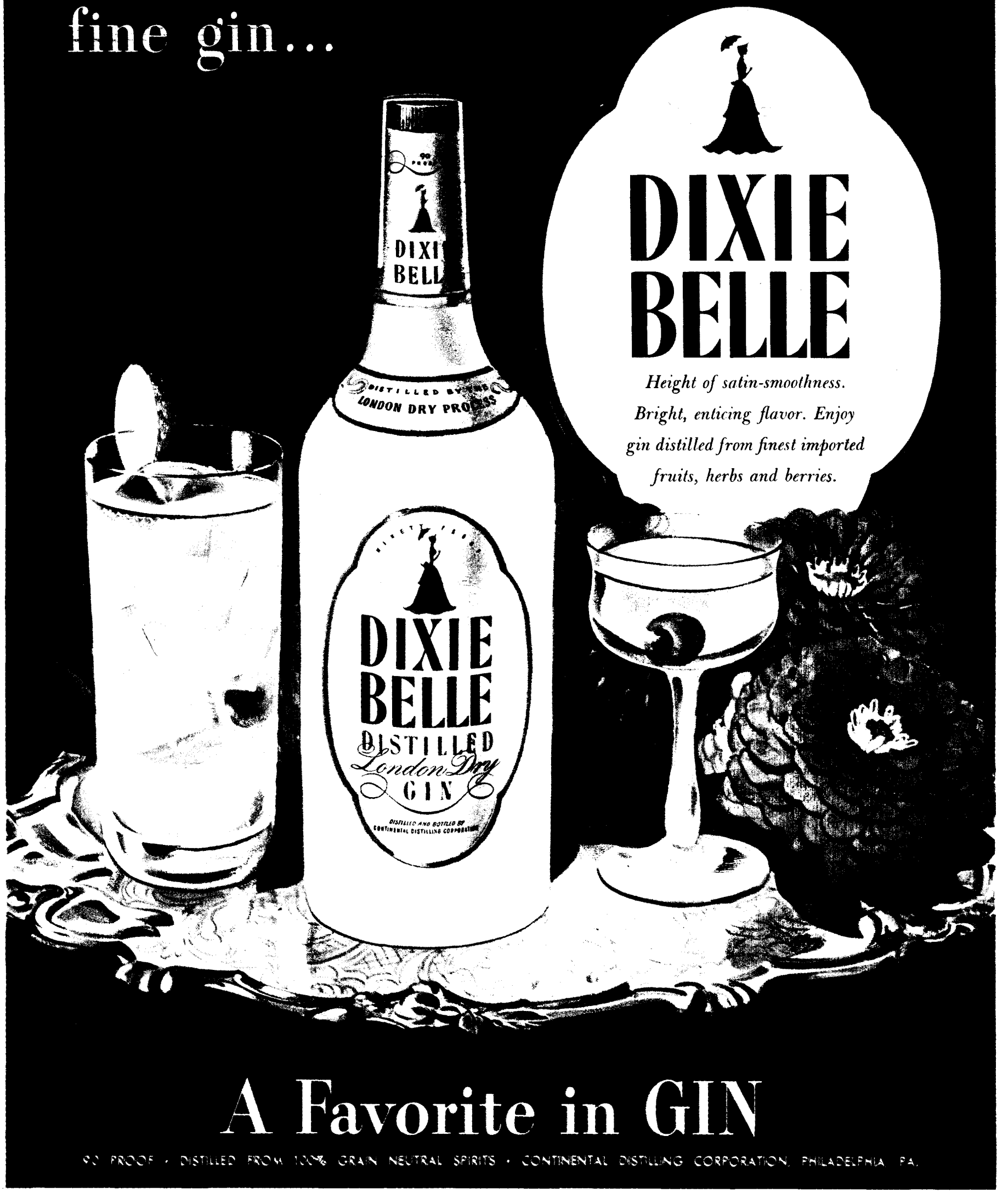

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Mr. Bidwell. That's all I know. I want you more than he does, no matter how much he wants you."

"You want to take me out of all this," she said, playing with a fork.

"Don't make fun of me, Sally."

"I'm not making fun of you."

"I'm sorry I made that romantic palaver about the picture."

"Oh, I liked that part."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, don't say 'part' as if this were a canned speech."

"Well, isn't it?"

"I suppose I have thought about it some. But look, Sally, this is a frightful place to live."

"Maybe."

"In twenty years you'll be just like my aunt, a high-class bridge player with a big garden behind her house, because eating and verbena are two small ways to keep from being bored to death."

"I'm not bored," she murmured. "What happens if I go with you?"

"You'll at least see Rio before you die."

"I can't, John."

"I didn't expect you to pop right out with a yes-or-no answer. Let's have lunch a week from today. I have two more weeks before I have to get back."

She rubbed her hand over her forehead. "I can't, John."

He pressed on with a sober eagerness to try to convince her. There were magnificent orchids sold very cheaply in little trays. He had a collection of diamonds and aquamarines he had mined himself, and one large emerald from Colombia. These he would have set for her. He had many interesting friends who would welcome her—poets, painters, architects, all the embassy crowd, owners of big fazendas in the country where they could go on week ends. There were splendid opera and concert seasons. If she wished, she could ride. Excellent servants could be had. He would be glad to make a place in his life for her two little boys, to bring them up as his own. And again, sincerely, he told her he loved her.

But she was so sure it would remain unchanged that she did not even mention her domestic situation. She took a carnation from a small vase on the table and tore it slowly to pieces, shaking her head occasionally while he talked.

AFTER she left him, she stopped in a telephone booth and put in a call to a private sanitarium fifty miles away to see if they had completed the arrangements to receive her husband the next day. . . .

They were only about halfway there when he began to cry again. She was driving. There was some traffic and she could not look at him very often. She debated whether or not to pull off the highway and try to get him to stop.

There was something absurd, almost contemptible, in this grown man with his lips stiff and his mouth open like a fish, loudly jerking in his breath in sobs, and tears streaming from his reddened eyes. That was one of the things that frightened her most, this treacherous withdrawal she made so often until she saw him only as a funny-looking guy who was weeping, instead of her husband, a sick man who was tormented by God knew how many private devils, the one pricking him hardest now being remorse.

"I've wrecked my life. I've wrecked my life," he said over and over. She suspected that his life did not include her and the children. The mysterious, intimate structure that made him recognizable as husband, father and Henry Bidwell, Architect, had been dissolved. She did not really believe any longer that a sanitarium could do anything to restore it.

"Hank!" she said sharply. "Stop it! Stop it!"

He sniffed three or four times. "I'm sorry, Sal. God, I'm sorry. All I do is make trouble."

"Oh, now don't worry about that," she said soothingly. "You know what we're going to do, don't you?"

She had wakened him at nine that morning, as soon as the boys had gone off to school. He was not hung over; he was still drunk. She had wheedled him into eating a fairly large breakfast and his doctor had stopped in and given him a massive shot of vitamins. He was now, as far as she could tell, sober.

"Going to this place."

"We're going to the Brookside Sanitarium. You're going to have a nice room. I've talked to them specially about the food. There won't be anything to complain about this time." She slowed down, pulled off the road, and stopped the car. "Hank, you've got to sign an agreement to stay three months."

"Three months! I can't do that. We haven't got the money. We can't—"

"Yes, we can too afford it. We've got to get you well, and they've got to have this agreement signed so you can't walk out of there the first time you want a drink."

"And there'll be a psychiatrist."

"Yes. There'll be a psychiatrist."

"My mother died when I was born. No train ever scared me when I was a kid," he began to rant. He slumped down in the seat and said sullenly, "Those guys don't know anything."

"Hank, we've got to try everything. I want to get you well. I want it to be the way it used to be with us."

He threw himself away from her against the door of the car, like a child. "Oh, I know. I'm no damned good, that's all."

She was still not really talking to him. Even though he was as sober as she had seen him in three years, he was playing a game. He said he was no good; that was her cue to say yes he was. It was possible that none of this talk about the sanitarium had touched him at all. He might be using the conversation to persuade her to praise him, to give him back some confidence as if she had it in a little sack, like candy. She did not know how to reach the man who, she was still sure, must be inside this flabby integument.

"Don't say that, Hank. You're going to be better than you ever were."

He made a little noise in his throat. She took one of his hands. "Hank. You'll stay the three months, won't you? Look at me, dear. You'll stay, won't you?"

He turned his head and looked at her, his contempt for the whole scheme plain on his face. She took his other hand—this tenderness to a stranger was difficult—and said, "Hank, please." Something changed in his eyes and she seemed to look through them at her husband and see him trapped, desperate, drowning in some interior lake of fear.

"I'll stay, Sally," he said.

WHEN they got to the sanitarium, they stopped twenty seconds at the desk and he signed his restraint agreement. They hurried down a corridor with a male nurse who showed them into a pleasant room like a hotel room, furnished with an armchair, a bureau, and flowered-chintz curtains at the windows. There were no hangers in the closet, however, and she saw that there were no bars over the windows. Instead, they were covered by screens that looked like ordinary window screens but which, she remembered from the other sanitariums were strong enough to keep any man in. She noticed absently that it was a bright fall day outside.

"I'll leave you alone for a minute, Mrs. Bidwell," the nurse said.

Her husband had sunk gloomily into the armchair, with his head in his hands.

"This is a nice room, isn't it?" she said tentatively.

"What? Yeah. Sure. It's a nice room."

She opened his suitcase on the bed and began to unpack. He stood up and looked out of the window, with his hands on his hips. She had hardly lifted his folded shirts out of the suitcase when she stopped and glanced quickly at him. In the bottom of the suitcase lay a .45 automatic. She slid it into her blouse until she could hold it in place with one elbow. He had not looked around.

She walked up beside him. He did not turn. She kissed him on the cheek and said, "Good-by, darling. Be good. I'll be back to see you in two or three days."

He looked at her. "Good-by, Sally," he said in a lifeless voice. He turned suddenly, grabbed her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. The gun gouged her ribs. At last she broke away. She said, "Good-by. Your shirts are on the bed."

All she wanted was to get out of there. She could feel sweat prickling on her forehead. As she hurried up the corridor, she saw the male nurse returning, a beefy red-faced young man. "We'll take good care of him, Mrs. Bidwell," he said as she passed.

She looked up and down the corridor to be sure she was alone and then removed the gun from her blouse. It was too big to fit completely into her handbag but she put it in there and kept her hand over the muzzle until she got out to the car.

She slid in behind the wheel, took the gun out of her bag, and looked at it. It was heavy, black, cold and shiny. She knew little about guns. What she suspected was merely that he liked to have a gun near him to give him a feeling that he could dominate any situation, since she knew that he needed, he believed, some stern weapon to banish the situations confronting him, the visions, the *Doppelgänger*, the oppressions of the ghosts. (She had found him, one night, firing a shotgun at a gang of huge black apes that were howling at him from the maple trees of their front lawn.)

What she feared was that he had brought the gun to shoot himself, having come at last to the end of *his* tether. Exhausted as she was by the strain of the day, she hardly knew whether to fear or to suspect. Her first impulse was to drive down the road and throw the gun into a ditch. But since it was worth money, she prudently laid it in the glove compartment.

She drove home slowly, stopping for a hamburger and a glass of milk at a roadside stand. She drove to the school to pick up her two sons, and played with them really quite happily for two hours. She was just beginning to prepare their dinner when the telephone rang.

She had grown to fear the telephone when her husband was not in the house. She answered it. The superintendent of the Brookside Sanitarium was speaking. With a sense of dreadful familiarity, she heard the superintendent say that Mr. Bidwell had run away. Had she seen him? Did she know where he was? Evidently he had slipped out of the room in the few seconds between her departure and the arrival of the male nurse she had passed in the corridor. The sanitarium was very sorry.

The little boys stood at her knees as quiet as mice, seeming to divine that this again was something about their father's illness. She called the police department and asked for Lieutenant McNeill, a man she had never seen but whom she knew quite well. She told him what had happened and asked if he would announce it over the police radio. She took a little black notebook out of a drawer in the telephone stand, where it was hidden beneath some papers.

BEGINNING with the steward of the University Club, she called down a list of the managers and bartenders of clubs, bars and joints. These friends had not yet seen him but they would certainly call her as soon as they did.

She fed the little boys, read to them for half an hour and put them to bed. She did not feel like eating anything herself.

She sat down alone in her living room—the comfortable living room with the indirect lighting and the highboy with the crown glass—to wait.

She tried to read. She turned on the radio and turned it off shortly. Then, as she had done on so many nights, she got a manicure kit and did her nails with exquisite care. It took her an hour. She was dozing when the telephone rang again.

It was Lieutenant McNeill.

"Have you found him?" she asked.

"Yes, we have, Mrs. Bidwell."

"Where is he?"

"Mrs. Bidwell, I'm sorry, but—I'm

VIEWPOINT

"There's really nothing to it. Of course I helped and that made it easier for her—but dinner parties aren't too much work!"

"I let George clean the radishes. Then I spent the rest of the day keeping him out of my way"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD

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sorry to have to tell you, but—your husband's at Receiving Hospital."

"What's happened?"

"He was hit by a car at Second Avenue and Monroe Street at 9:57."

"How is he?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Bidwell. His skull was fractured and—"

"Is he alive?"

"He died ten minutes ago on the operating table."

"Oh." She could not tell herself she had not expected this. "Was he sober?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Bidwell. He was not."

At least she would not have to tell her sons too big a lie about their father's death. Then she began to cry.

SHE had been married to John Hill three weeks. He had taken her to Rio de Janeiro to spend the last days of his vacation before going inland to Goyaz to build a bridge. They were sitting on one of the concrete balconies of an apartment that overlooked Copacabana Bay. They had just finished lunch and she had gone to look over the parapet of green hedge to see if she could see her little boys down on the beach with the wonderful Irish nursemaid.

After a brief, mild anxiety she picked them out. The nursemaid was watching them. Sally went back to the luncheon table and resumed the conversation with her husband.

"I made inquiries, you know," he said.

"Inquiries? From whom?"

"Everyone I knew. And they all said the same thing."

"What did they say?"

"That the last three years of his life he was an absolute heel."

She had never thought of him that way. "Oh, no. I wouldn't say that." Before her, on a little plate, lay a slice of Gruyère, staring up at her with three big eyes. She cut off a little strip of it, ate it slowly and took a sip of red Chilean wine. "I suppose I got used to it."

She had never been out of the United States before. John Hill was a handsome man. He was wearing a suit of heavy white silk, unlike any she had ever seen. On a side table lay the remains of the *acipipes variados,* little brown crockery trays full of eggs, slices of ham, artichokes, sausages, tomatoes in oil, beans, salads, anchovies, and unknown fish, their neat little structures partly demolished. Below her she could hear, above the noise of traffic on the Avenida Atlantica, the pounding of the surf on sand that now, in the two-o'clock sun, was too white to look at. She had only to lift her head and before her would be the shapes, mists and colors of the harbor.

Here, in this welcome strangeness, all she could recall of her first husband were certain images, some terrifying, others depressing, a few almost comic. They were vivid enough but they seemed to be such a long distance away from her that they could no longer concern her, like photographs of people in a foreign country. She felt lazy and comfortable.

"Why did you marry me, John?"

He ignored the banal answer and frowned as if he had a puzzle to work out. "Why—" he began.

"I'm thirty-three years old and I find long gray hairs in the mirror every morning of the world. I haven't any money. I have two sons to bring up. Why did I seem such a good risk?"

With his elbows on his knees, chafing his hands in the embarrassed way people do when they are trying to speak the truth accurately, he said, "I've always thought you were very lovely. We come from the same kind of people." He paused. "But you have a solidity of character. Is that pompous? Because you've suffered."

"Suffered?" It had never occurred to her. She had not put a name to it. All those long days of fright, apprehension and disgust were, in fact, suffering. She felt quite proud.

"You ought not to call him names, then," she said. "Because he is what I suffered."

THE END

"Those folks just took me at f:16 at 100th of a second on super XX"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY

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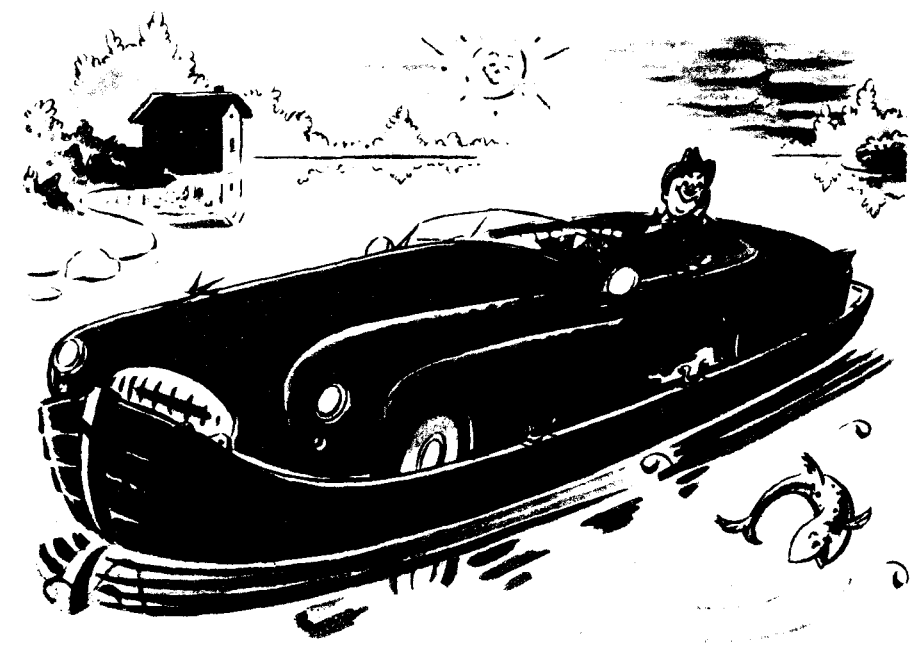

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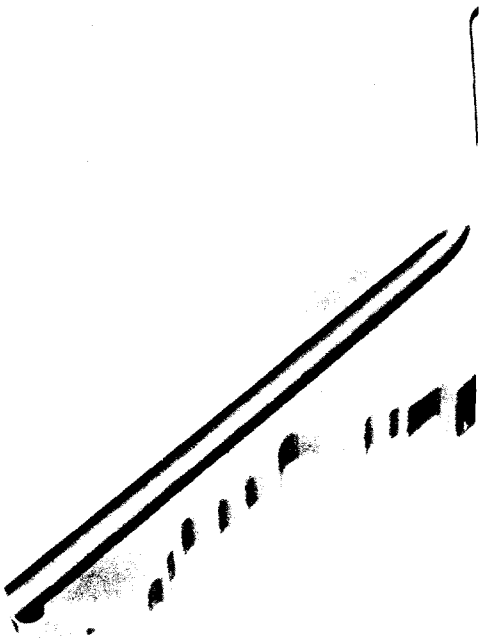

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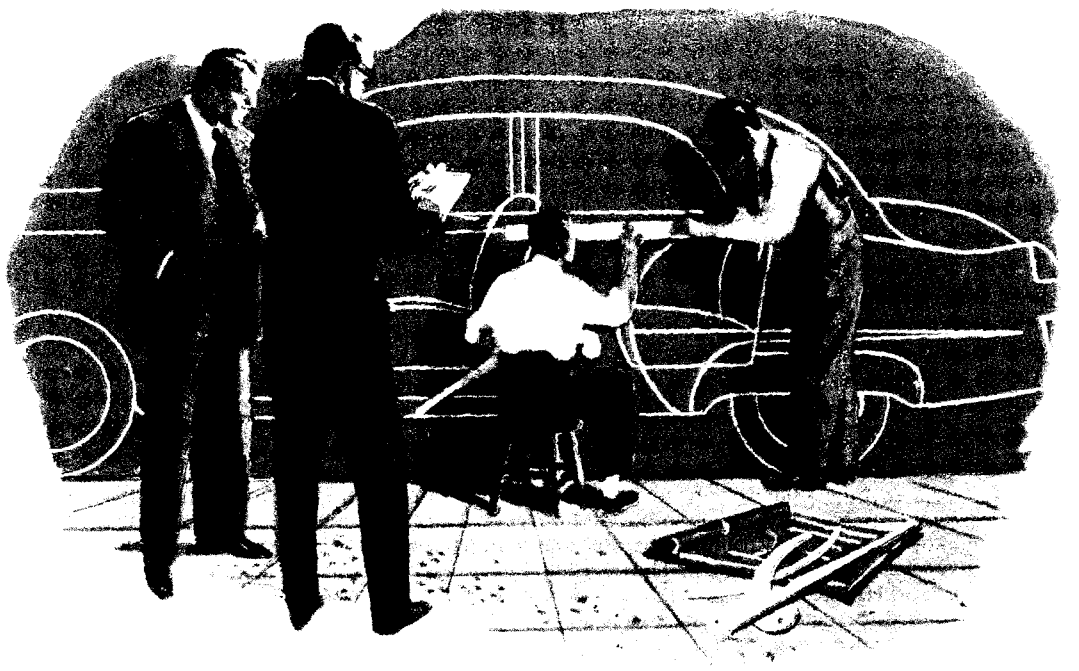
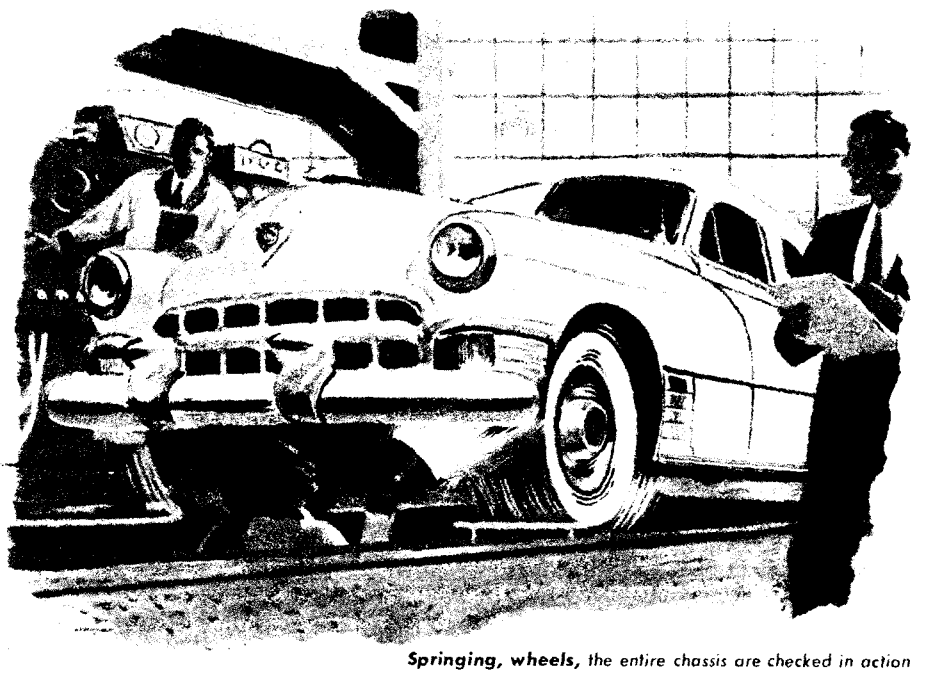


Engineers *painstakingly plot contours and angles of seats — and also the comfortable placing of passengers based on what they've learned about weight distribution.*

olid comfort



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The Biggest Blast of Them All

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Silver Plate. In view of the project's topmost priority, the magic of the name was enough to get quick and unquestioning responses, but curiously enough, only a few of the men sent to him seemed to measure up to specifications.

While pondering this strange state of affairs, Tibbets suddenly tumbled to the fact that other commanders were slyly unloading their deadheads on him. He abruptly switched strategy. Instead of relying on other commanders to send him good men, he began sending his own men out to look up the serial numbers of men who were known to be qualified. When he asked for a certain officer or enlisted man by serial number, the other commander had no choice but to produce the specific party wanted at Wendover. The new system worked fine.

Being assigned to Wendover was a bewildering experience, something like stepping out of the brilliant sunshine into a dark hallway. A case in point was the experience of Captain Charles Begg, an ordnance expert, who arrived to command the 1st Ordnance Squadron and reported dutifully to the adjutant's office. Begg had already been accused by his previous commanding officer of deliberately seeking a transfer without telling him, and having straightened that out with considerable difficulty, he was in no mood for any more funny business. He wanted to know what was going on.

Once in the adjutant's office at Wendover, Begg was surprised to find two majors sitting behind two name plates at the same desk. He eeny-meeny-miney-moed and picked the major on the right.

"Captain Begg reporting for duty, sir."

The major looked at him sharply. "Well, don't report to me," he snapped. "I don't know what's going on around here." Then, as an afterthought, he pointed to the other major and said, "Why don't you try reporting to him? Maybe *he* knows."

The second major winced. "Frankly," he said, "I can't help you, either. However, a new base commander is coming in about an hour. Report to him and he'll probably tell you what's going on."

The new base commander, a colonel, was sitting behind an empty desk in his brand-new office when Begg entered and saluted.

"Have a seat," the colonel said, cordially. Begg sat down and waited. The colonel seemed to be in no hurry. He leaned back in his chair, clasped his hands behind his head, and said affably:

"Well, Captain, what's it all about?"

Begg shot a startled glance at the base commander, swallowed hard, and tried to speak. But no words came.

Tibbets Calls a Meeting

Gradually Begg and the others came to realize that they were not going to be confided in until it was time. In October, 1944, when most of the men had been assembled at Wendover, Tibbets himself laid down the rules. He called a meeting, mounted a sound truck, and said:

"This organization will have the ability to shorten the war. It is going overseas. Beyond that, there is nothing I can tell you. You will know only what you have to know.

"I do not want anyone here who does not want to be here. The adjutant's door is open. Anyone who wants to leave can go in and get an immediate transfer. No questions will be asked and you can leave on the next train.

"Those who stay will be given two-week furloughs immediately. Effective now, however, you will not talk about this project to anyone nor speculate on it even among yourselves in your barracks. If you are caught talking, you will be in more trouble than you ever dreamed existed. If anyone asks you what you're doing, don't try to be mysterious. Admit that you're based at Wendover, that we are flying B-29s, and that this is a heavy bombardment group. Outside of that, say nothing."

When Tibbets had finished, a half-dozen men made their way to the adjutant's office. They asked for and received immediate transfers. The others, having accepted the conditions set by Tibbets, left for what everyone assumed would be his last furlough for some time to come.

The men poured out of Wendover by bus and train. And every bus and bus station, every train and train station teemed with agents from the Manhattan District.

About two dozen men fell victim to the magnificent trap that Tibbets and the Manhattan District had arranged. Agents engaged the unsuspecting men in conversation, asked innocent questions and got innocent answers, and then dropped off the bus or train at the next stop to telephone Wendover with the details of the conversations. There were no violations of security, but when the men arrived at their homes, they found telegrams from Tibbets awaiting them.

"Return to base immediately," the wires said.

The men hurried back to Wendover. To their utter astonishment, Tibbets recounted in fantastic detail how each of them, at such and such a time on such and such a train, had told a stranger that he liked strawberry ice cream or Western movies. Then Tibbets sent them to their barracks. The awful worry of court-martial, and perhaps worse, hung over them. What had they done?

After a week, the men were beside themselves when Tibbets sent for them.

"Now," he said, "do you see what I mean by security?"

The men nodded limply.

"All right," Tibbets said, "you can go back to your jobs now."

It was a foregone conclusion that the volume of idle chatter would be lowered noticeably as word of the incident traveled through the barracks. But the temptation to speculate could not be throttled completely. There were always rumors.

One rumor had it that the 509th was preparing for an aerial mine-laying attack on Formosa; another rumor said the group was being trained as an elite Air-Sea Rescue outfit. A third rumor said that the 509th was going to drop 11-ton "grand slam" bombs on a dam in Germany to drown as many of the *Wehrmacht* as possible. One man knew "positively" that they were going to drop a bomb so powerful "it will take four bulldozers five days to cover up the hole."

The rumors frequently degenerated into hopeless jokes. Inevitably, the work of an anonymous author at Oak Ridge appeared at Wendover and was reluctantly accepted as the closest thing to an explanation that anyone was likely to get.

"They are taking plumscrate, raw plumscrate, mind you, and putting it into ballisportle tanks," the report confided.

"You mean it doesn't have to be thawed? What won't they think of next?"

COLLIER'S — PERRY BARLOW

"These are called ballisportle tanks because the inside is coated with quadrelstitle and this preserves the full strength of the plumscrate. Next, this is taken to the sarraputing room where only expert sarraputers are employed. At this point, of course, is when they add thungborium, the ingredient which causes the entire masterfuge to Knoxify, and then after spurndazzle is applied, the entire product disappears.

"This invisible compound is later transferred to the abblesnurting building where glass snagglehooks are applied for carrying. At 12:20 on the third Tuesday night of each month, 800 men known as shizzlefrinks because their brains have been siphoned from their heads are given two ingots of oustenstufftingle and away they march over the hills to Fakima, where they trade the finished product for enough raw material to make another batch of oustenstufftingle."

In view of the impenetrable mysteries of Wendover and the 509th, the logic of this explanation appeared indisputable.

By the end of 1944, Wendover was a going concern. The men had been allowed to bring their wives and families to the base on the theory that it was safer to have the wives talking to one another over bridge tables and back-yard fences than to have them discussing their husbands' work with strangers. It was a good move. Family men were happier; the wives were aware of the implications of Wendover and did not press for explanations. Tibbets told his wife that the civilian scientists who came to Wendover periodically were "sanitary engineers," and Sweeney, to avoid complications, simply told his wife that everything he did was secret, whether it was or not.

Married couples who had slept in their cars when they first arrived were ultimately housed, for the most part, in a federal housing development adjoining the base. The houses were exactly what one would expect. When the wind was blowing, as it generally was, one officer took great pleasure in demonstrating to his guests how well his house was built. He simply held out a handkerchief in the middle of the front room and let the wind carry it out of his hand.

There were regular weekly dances at the Service Club, with girls coming by bus from as far as 150 miles away. There were frequent expeditions to Salt Lake City, 125 miles to the east. There were two theaters on the post, a library and an outdoor swimming pool.

A Good Town to Keep Out Of

But Wendover was still the town that Bob Hope called "Leftover." The casino in the State Line Hotel, a two-story frame building on the gambling side of the Utah-Nevada line, had a certain fatal attraction, but outside of that there was nothing in Wendover. The scenic value was especially negligible. The place was virtually barren. When one of the officers took his six-month-old dog to Salt Lake City, the dog was so fascinated by the greenery that he devoured an entire pansy bed at a motor court.

Tibbets continued to offer transfers to new arrivals, but surprisingly enough there were no more takers. Wendover notwithstanding, the men had decided that the 509th was a good outfit. Inspectors from the Inspector General's office made regular visits to listen to complaints from enlisted men and were nonplused when no one showed up to complain.

A special military police company was set up with 128 men equipped with rifles, bayonets, pistols, machine guns, sub-machine guns, and a thorough knowledge of judo. An air service group was organized to grapple with administrative problems, and a table of organization and equipment unlike anything ever seen before in the Air Force was worked out with the War Department. Engineering and air matériel squadrons were formed to handle the engineering and supply phases of Silver Plate.

The 509th even had its own air line of five C-54 cargo planes that it called the "Green Hornets." All the critical material that came to Wendover was carried by the Green Hornets. The rest of the equipment came by rail or truck and the origin of the shipments was never known. All of it was transshipped several times and only *appeared* to have come either from Oakland, California, or Chicago.

The Green Hornets carried all sorts of mysterious cargoes, human and otherwise. Los Alamos scientists traveled to Wendover almost exclusively via the Green Hornets Air Line, but no two scientists working on the same phase of the atomic bomb project were ever permitted to travel in the same plane. They were too precious. The same precautions were taken with critical materials.

The Green Hornets did not follow regular air-line routes and were not noticeably deterred by bad weather, although one pilot, according to his flying mates, nearly came a cropper while flying to Albuquerque to pick up a shipment from Los Alamos.

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Approaching the field at Albuquerque, e found it "socked in" and, low on gaso- ne, he dipped into a canyon which he ew led toward the field. As he flew own between the high walls of the rge, he called the tower at Albuquer- ue and reported his position. There as a moment of stunned silence. Then e voice from the tower said hoarsely: "For God's sake, man, come up out of at hole and land!"

It is doubtful that planes anywhere ave ever been as coddled as the Green ornet planes. The reason was simple. ibbets permitted men who lived where e Green Hornets made pickups to go ong for quick visits. The men were not ols. At the first hint that something as amiss with a Green Hornet plane, e field swarmed with volunteer me- hanics frantically tearing down engines, weating over balky radios, and replac- ng worn parts. A fouled spark plug ould mean a missed trip home; no one as taking chances.

Everything considered, the 509th was ally a miniature air force. It had every- ing—except a bomb. That was up to harles Begg and the 1st Ordnance quadron.

It was not until late in January, 1945, hat the orders for the activation of egg's assembly group were drawn up at Vendover, flown by officer courier to Vashington, and hand-carried through he War Department by Air Force gen- rals for approval. It was envisaged that he squadron would not only assemble tomic bombs but would train other men n the procedure so that the know-how ould not be lost if anything happened o the squadron. Since the squadron was till dealing with an unknown quantity, he program was charted through to une, 1946, or what turned out to be ten nonths past the end of the war.

Begg's squadron, however, had already tarted its mysterious work without wait- ng for the formality of official activa- ion. At first there was only Begg. Then, s each new man arrived, he was inter- iewed and screened. The requirements or membership in the bomb assembly squadron were so exacting that only 20 per cent of the men who were interviewed were finally accepted.

Each was then warned that being in the 1st Ordnance Squadron might cost his life, and he was asked to pledge that life to a project that might never be success- ful and might never be explained to him. About 80 per cent agreed to the terms. Those who didn't were transferred im- mediately out of the 509th Group.

Once in the squadron, the men were stuck. No transfers were allowed. No member could talk with another outside the heavily guarded areas in which they worked. Later, when they were traveling by troop train to Seattle to embark for Tinian, they were not allowed to mix with the other soldiers, and the dining car was cleared when they came in to eat. In Hawaii, where they stopped over briefly, they spent their time ashore in a warehouse on the dock with other 509th enlisted men. Hawaii, in the form of hula dancers and other entertainment, came to them; they did not go to Hawaii.

Begg, an ex-Du Pont chemist, was nothing less than the group miracle man. In September, 1944, he had arrived at Wendover with no idea of what he was supposed to do. A week passed, and still nobody told him anything. Then, one day, a security officer stopped by and took him down to a railroad siding in Wendover.

Three sealed boxcars sat on the siding. The security officer brushed past the guards and broke the seals. The two men clambered into the first car. The security officer pointed to the shapes lying on the floor.

"What do you think they are?" he asked Begg.

"I don't know," Begg said flatly.

The officer smiled indulgently. "Well, it's all yours," he said.

Begg stared at the objects. Here he was, being ordered to put something together, and he didn't know either what it was supposed to be or what it was supposed to look like. There were no written instructions. Just parts of something. That was the way it had to be.

The bomb assembly building was on the salt flats some three miles from the main base. Air-conditioned, it was connected to the base by a single ribbon of asphalt and was impossible to reach any other way. An automobile attempting to negotiate the wastes would sink almost immediately, and a man trying to walk to the building would find his feet being eaten away by the caustic sands.

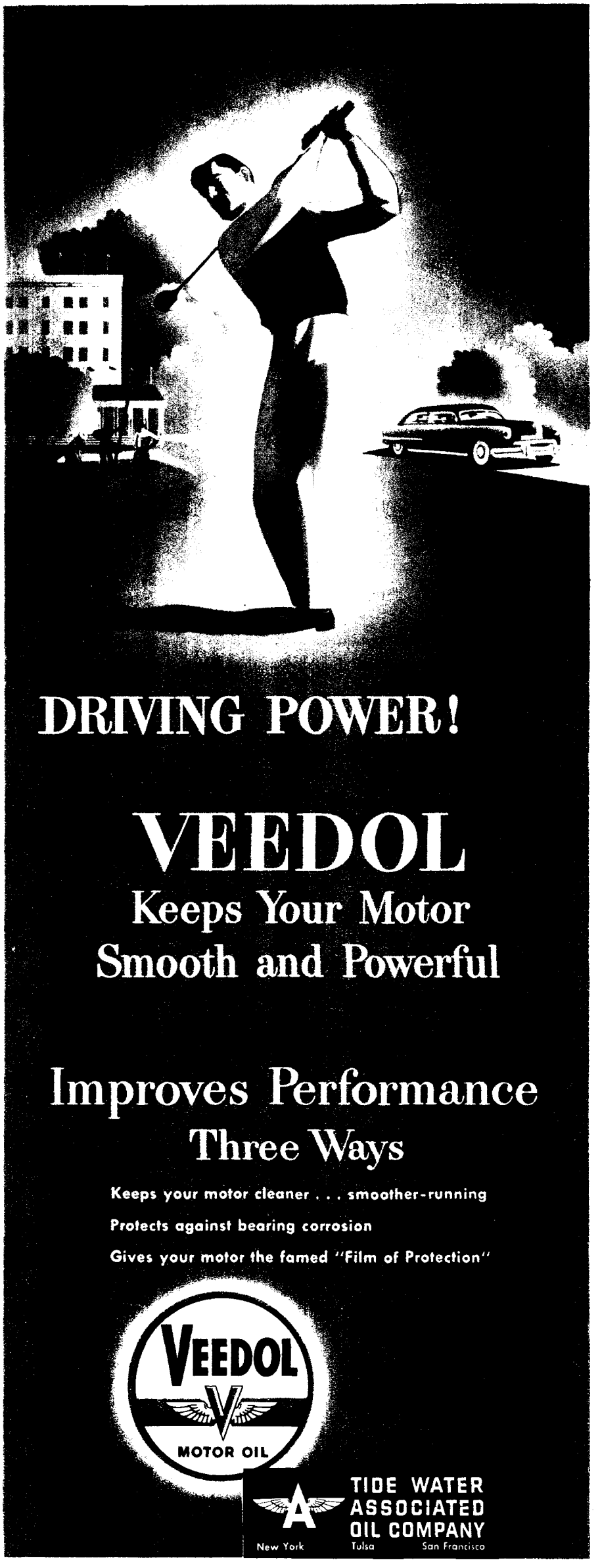
Begg and his men transported the weird parts down the lonely road to the assembly place. By taking one part and looking for another to fit it, they got started. Front ends went on back ends at first, and back ends went on front ends, but gradually the thing took shape.

Finally it was finished. It had taken endless days and nights, but the men had built the first dummy bomb. It was the first of many. Now the real work would begin.

We're sorry to have to make you wait until next week for the finish of The Biggest Blast, but your patience will be amply rewarded by the revelations in Part Two.

"Don't forget about watering the plants, goldfish and canary; and I suggest you try drinking some of it yourself occasionally while I'm away"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



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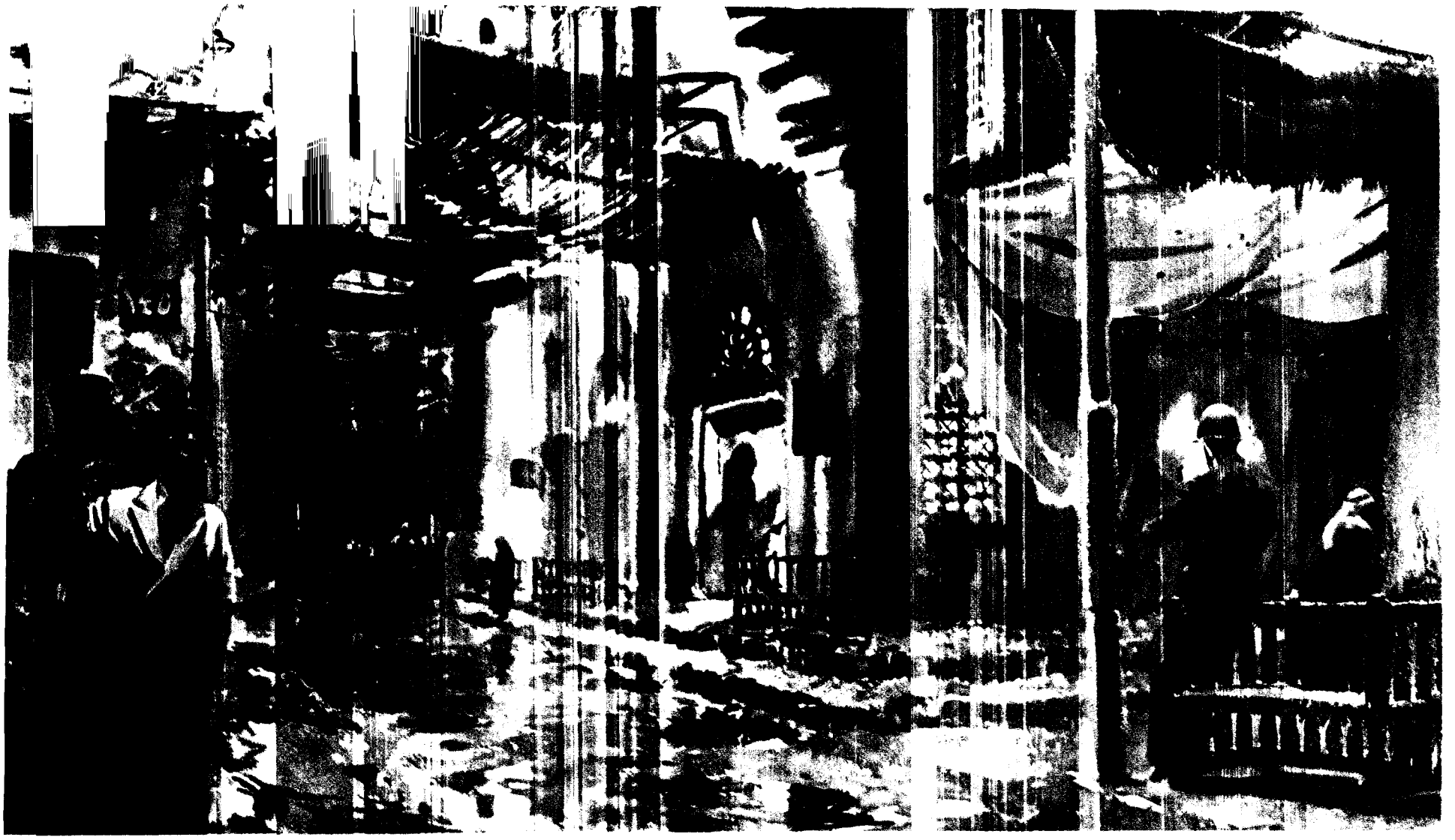

Inspector Chafik rested his lean shoulders against the wall and peered around the corner. He could see the shop, the man who worked and the man who watched

Then there was Light

By CHARLES B. CHILD

Once again Inspector Chafik matches wits with a killer. This time the suave operative reserves judgment until he sees a lamp burn out and hears a blind man sing

MOHAMMED GHALIB, a merchant of Baghdad, had his establishment in the Souk of the Tailors. The shop was stepped up from street level, and when the shutters were raised, its full width opened on the noisy, colorful labyrinth of covered ways that was the city's business district.

The tailor, a kindly old man with a hadji's hennaed beard, was wont to squat on the matted floor, busy at his trade, but this day his shop was closed. Its shuttered front was as blank as the eyes of the man who lay within; as forbidding as the somber uniforms of the police who stood outside.

Chafik J. Chafik, of the Criminal Investigation Department, arrived by an alleyway behind the bazaar. It was monsoon weather, and the drab, brown city huddled under an umbrella of cloud. Mud oozed from the walls of the houses like sweat from the body of an unwashed beggar, and, underfoot, the mean street was a morass of yellow slime. The Inspector picked his way fastidiously and by the time he reached the door to the living quarters at the back of Ghalib's shop, his thin, sharp face was dark and his temper short. Scraping his shoes in the doorway, he announced, "They are ruined."

"Sir?" The gaunt sergeant who hurried to receive him, added interrogative eyebrows to the wrinkles on his forehead.

"I referred to my shoes," Chafik said. "The climate of Iraq is as depressing as crime."

"This is a particularly depressing crime, sir," the sergeant stated. "I trust my preliminary report covered all details?"

"Your report," said the Inspector irritably, "also covered many sheets of paper. I am informed the man who died here was strangled at his workbench during the early hours. He had been working late. There is indisputable evidence Ghalib was alive at midnight, when his assistant, a man named Izar, left him. I know the only other people on the premises were the dead man's wife, Amineya, and his brother Ali. I also know the shop was shuttered and the door secured from within. But—"

The Inspector stopped, and a smile began at the corners of his rather full lips and spread to light his flat, dun-colored eyes. He took out a package of Ghazi cigarettes, selected one, and offered it to his assistant with a bow. "Forgive me. I fear the destruction of my shoes by this devil-inspired mud has made me unreasonable."

He gave his attention to the two small rooms behind the shop. They were meticulously clean, but the threadbare poverty was puzzling, because Mohammed Ghalib had been successful at his trade.

"It is, of course, notorious that doctors, dentists and tailors, like seamen, whistle in vain to raise the wind," Chafik announced in a monotone, and immediately heard the spoken thought. As always, he was impatient with himself when reminded of the bad habit, then he saw Sergeant Abdullah's troubled expression, and said, "I merely philosophize. I do not suggest Ghalib was killed by a client he was dunning."

Abdullah said with personal feeling, "But it could be a motive."

"Nevertheless, we will keep to your report. You stated the crime was discovered at the fourth hour of the morning. Neighbors were disturbed by noises coming from these premises. Somebody was hammering on the inside of the door, trying to get out."

"The disturber of the peace was Ali, brother of the deceased, sir."

"Why was he unable to open the door?"

"He did not have the *(Continued on page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

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Kodak

Happy days live on, in snapshots

Picnics . . . trips . . . holidays . . . they're happy days! And every one of them begs you to use your camera. There's always so much going on that makes good pictures—pictures that will help you to remember.

If snapshots aren't a "family habit," now is the time to begin. With your camera ready, and two or three extra rolls of Kodak Film on hand, you can make the most of your picture opportunities . . . Remember, the snapshots you'll want tomorrow, you must take today!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

Through its big, brilliant finder the new Kodak Duaflex Camera gives you a sparkling "preview" of your picture. Negatives 2¼ x 2¼. With Kodet Lens, $13.50, including Federal Tax. (Price subject to change without notice.)

Only Eastman makes Kodak Cameras and Kodak Film

"KODAK" IS A TRADE-MARK

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PICNIC

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN • Verse By MARGARET FISHBACK

Pack up the sandwiches, pickles and cake,
The salad, the olives, the franks and the steak.
We're off to the woodland, where Nature is calling,
And thrushes are shrilling and beetles are crawling.
Now spread out the dainties on tables and benches,
While into the revels the kiddies throw wrenches—
Small Snooks in the brooklet is already sprawling,
While Junior and Jane are delightedly brawling . . .
The grub tastes so good in the great open spaces,
We're just a collection of great open faces!

And now come the snapshots, the searching for flowers,
The darkening clouds and the threatening showers.
Let's hurry and pick up our clutter and crusts,
For that's on the list of a barbecue's *musts*.
Now put out the fires and the cigarettes too—
That's one of the things all good picnickers do.
Although we are pooped, and the party is over,
We must leave the scene as we found it—in clover . . .
The start of a picnic's all sweetness and light,
But won't we be happy to get home tonight!

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Hoyt of the Hambletonian

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

accumulated pile of ashes, causing the scheming youngster to miscalculate badly. But Hoyt and Culhane stuck to their bad bargain until the 29th and the last load was removed late that afternoon.

Probably the first competitive test of horseflesh in which Hoyt handled the reins was run down a long hill outside Bethel during his school days. Hoyt's gray sway-back had a sprung front knee, and his father warned him never to let the horse run downhill. But while he was out for a buggy ride with the plug one autumn afternoon, the lad overtook an elderly farmer jogging along in his rig. Hoyt tried to pass, but the wrinkled hay tosser, sizing up the old plug, challenged in true Yankee fashion: "I'll race you for a gallon of cider."

"It's a go," said Harrison, forgetting his father's injunction and touching up the gray nag's flanks with his whip.

Autumn Inspires an Old Plug

Downhill the two contraptions rattled, lickety-split, threatening to fall apart with each revolution of the squeaking wheels. The gray plug, inspired by Nature's autumnal glories, summoned up enough of his lost youth to deliver Harrison and his buggy safely at the bottom of the long grade ahead of the elderly rustic. Elated over his victory, the boy didn't stop to demand his reward. He was always an amateur at heart.

Several days later, Harrison's father came home bearing a large bottle of cider, and asked his son if he knew anything about it. The jug was the signal to Harrison that the jig was up, so he told his father all about the race, run in defiance of his orders. For that, Papa Harrison locked the gray horse in the barn for two weeks while Harrison, Jr., rode around on shanks' mare, letting the lesson of obedience sink in.

As the scion of a well-to-do Connecticut family, Harrison, in the natural course of events, should have gone from high school to Yale. But the love of horses was so deeply ingrained in him that instead he chose the University of Wyoming, in Laramie, where men are men and horses are broncos. If some of the veteran harness-racing drivers who doubted Hoyt's ability to tackle anything as big as the Hambletonian had inquired into his background, they might have learned from an incident that took place during his college years that this boy was made of rugged stuff.

One fall day he and a school friend started on foot from Laramie to visit another school friend who lived 60 miles away, over a bleak mountain. The 60-mile hike over a mountain peak didn't strike them as a hardship and it mightn't have been, by their standards, if a raging blizzard hadn't come whistling down out of the north after they had covered about 30 miles of the route. The country was desolate for miles around. Less stout-hearted lads would have perished in the blinding snow and numbing temperature, but Harrison and his pal trudged onward until, after dark, they came to an abandoned schoolhouse.

Staggering half frozen into the little frame building, they ripped desks and seats from the floor, broke them into kindling and soon had a roaring fire going in the potbellied stove. Next morning, with the storm still raging, they started back for Laramie, making painfully slow progress because of deep drifts.

When nightfall arrived again, a half-ruined homesteader's cabin loomed up ahead. Again they treated themselves to the luxury of a fire, but there was nothing to eat and they hadn't had a morsel of food since they had set out from Laramie two days previously. The temperature dropped to 25 below zero that night and their fire was scant protection against the marrow-congealing winds that howled through the cabin.

Next morning they were glad enough to get going to keep from freezing to death. Late in the afternoon, more dead than alive, they staggered into a ranch house and sat down to their first meal in over 72 hours. Thus fortified, the rest of the homeward journey was easy for them. Three miles out of Laramie they came upon a caravan of three automobiles that was starting out with a search party to look for them.

Harrison's first real venture as a horseman came several years after he had finished college, married and settled down to a career as a hat manufacturer. Buying three carloads of Western horses from a friend in Wyoming, he had them shipped to Bethel. Soon the countryside was alive with bucking broncos. Harrison learned more about the rockiness of his native Connecticut soil during that period than from any other in his career. His wife, Ruth, always had a bottle of arnica and a supply of splints and bandages handy. She tried to keep him away from horses, fearing he'd get killed, but her efforts were in vain.

When Hoyt sold his string of broncos, he kept one for his own use, which proved to be a bit of lucky foresight, because not long after this it was roundup time in Bethel. Wartime restrictions on the sale of meat caused the enterprising hatter to look around for a means of helping the townfolk get their customary supply of beefsteak. Buying three carloads of prime steers, he had them shipped by rail to Bethel.

When the first consignment arrived, Hoyt and a few helpers decided to drive them from the freight yards through the village to a corral he had built. It was a bum steer! The animals stampeded and ran through cornfields, flower gardens and lawns for the next 24 hours. Mrs. Hoyt's posy patch came in for special attention, and long before the galloping beef had been herded into the corral, Harrison was in the doghouse.

Hoyt retained his equable disposition throughout this trying experience; but when a Pathe newsreel man, who had read about it in the New York papers, arrived next day with his camera and suggested that the Mad Hatter stage it all over again with the second carload, Hoyt showed him the way to go home. Then he started settling claims for damages submitted by irate villagers, and making peace offerings to Mrs. Hoyt.

Three No-Good Trotters

"There was more fun than money in the bronco and steer deals," Harrison recalls. "But buying the broncos was really responsible for starting me off in the trotting business. The Wyoming friend who sold them to me had suggested that I buy a few trotters and race them for fun. I invested in three at $200 apiece but found they weren't any good so I disposed of them. Then I read a newspaper advertisement stating that a standard-bred horse was for sale in New Milford, a dozen miles north of Bethel. I thought such an animal would be ideal for my purposes, because I could use him both as a saddle horse and for driving, so I bought him for $300. The owner tossed in $75 worth of harness and a jogging cart valued at $75, which meant that the horse really stood me only $150."

Louis Cobb was the name of the six-year-old trotter Harrison brought home to his barns. Hoping to appease his wife, who looked with disdain on the transaction because of the broncobusting and other equine episodes, he hitched the trotter and his fiery Western horse to a Glens Falls wagon (a three-seated surrey) and invited Ruth and one of her female friends for a ride.

As a means of winning friends and influencing people this wasn't exactly the procedure that Mr. Carnegie would have recommended. First the bronco started acting up. Then the trotter caught the jitters, and the next thing Hoyt knew, he was hanging onto the reins for his life, his two women passengers were clinging to each other, screaming, in the back seat, and the Glens Falls wagon was swaying, bouncing and careening along one of the rockiest roads in Bethel, like a stagecoach in a cowboy picture.

When Harrison finally regained control of his ill-matched team, or let's put it, when they finally exhausted themselves, his womenfolk jumped out and refused to get back into the contraption. They walked home, and before Harrison dared follow he had to fortify himself with flowers, candy and other mollifiers.

The adventure convinced Harrison that he had a trotter who could step, even if the animal had never raced.

Bargain Horse Shows Promise

To test him, Hoyt loaded him and a sulky onto a horse trailer and drove to the Danbury Fair Grounds, where there is an old trotting track, seldom used nowadays. Several New Milford friends of his who owned trotters and sulkies followed, and every evening the group had impromptu racing meets. At first the other trotters always beat Louis Cobb. But under Hoyt's handling and training, the six-year-old soon began to outstrip the others. The bargain horse did so well, in fact, that Hoyt decided to try him out in races for money, and entered him at Freehold, New Jersey.

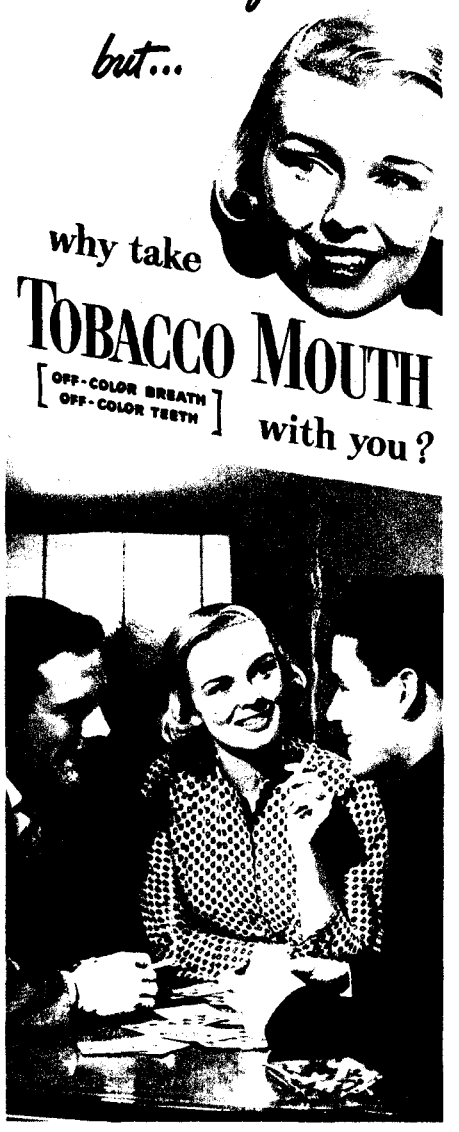
It was a broiling August day when Hoyt, green as the lawns back in Bethel, arrived in Freehold for his debut as a driver. Around noontime, noticing that the other drivers were putting their trotters through brisk workouts, he asked a groom why they were killing themselves and their horses out there in the scorching sun. When informed they were warming up for the race, Hoyt naïvely remarked, "My horse is soaked with sweat just standing there in that hot stable. I won't have to warm him up."

The groom, suppressing a laugh until he could repeat the story to others, patiently explained to the tyro that a certain warmup routine was necessary before each race to keep trotters from breaking (galloping instead of trotting) during the race. The formula consisted of one jog around the track the wrong way, then, after turning, a mile in three minutes, a half-hour rest, a 2:30 mile, another half-hour rest, and a 2:20 mile.

Hoyt had no stop watch and admits he wouldn't have known then how to use one if he had, so he hitched Louis Cobb to his gig and sent him through three sizzling workouts that took everything out of the animal. Then he went back to the barn, put on his racing colors and strolled around the grounds to wait for post time.

The first official heat Hoyt ever drove in, his trotter broke and finished fifth. But the shrewd Yankee watched the other drivers starting and caught onto the trade secret of how to beat the gun by turning around and heading toward the starting line at the very instant the starter was telling them not to turn until ordered. It worked beautifully. He got Louis Cobb off second, and second is where he stayed for the entire race. Mrs. Hoyt didn't know whether to be glad or

Smoke all you want, but... why take TOBACCO MOUTH [OFF-COLOR BREATH OFF-COLOR TEETH] with you?



The most unfortunate thing about "tobacco mouth" is that it becomes part of you so gradually. The only people it gives a "start" to are your friends!

Your friends, your neighbors, your dentist—they all recognize "tobacco mouth" at the drop of a smile. But you, you're *never* quite sure . . . unless, of course, you are a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. There's a good reason why you *can* be sure—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

TOBACCO MOUTH ...give it the "brush-off" with LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

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FROM ALL OVER THE NATION COME WONDERFUL REPORTS OF THE RAZOR

"As if there were no blade in the razor!"

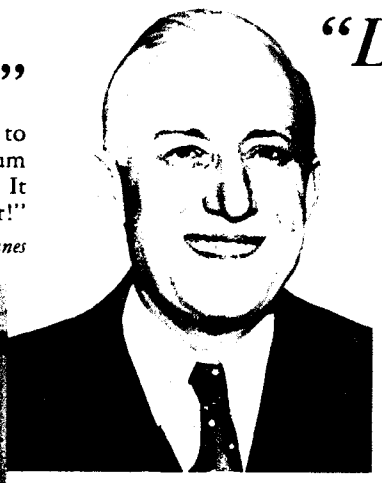
"Shaving has always been tough for me, up to now. But with this new Silver Star Duridium blade my whiskers come off like a breeze. It feels as if there were no blade in the razor!"

GENE MAY, *Douglas Test Pilot of Jet Planes*

"Felt like I was shaving with a feather"

"My first shave with the new Silver Star sold me. Felt like I was shaving with a feather!"

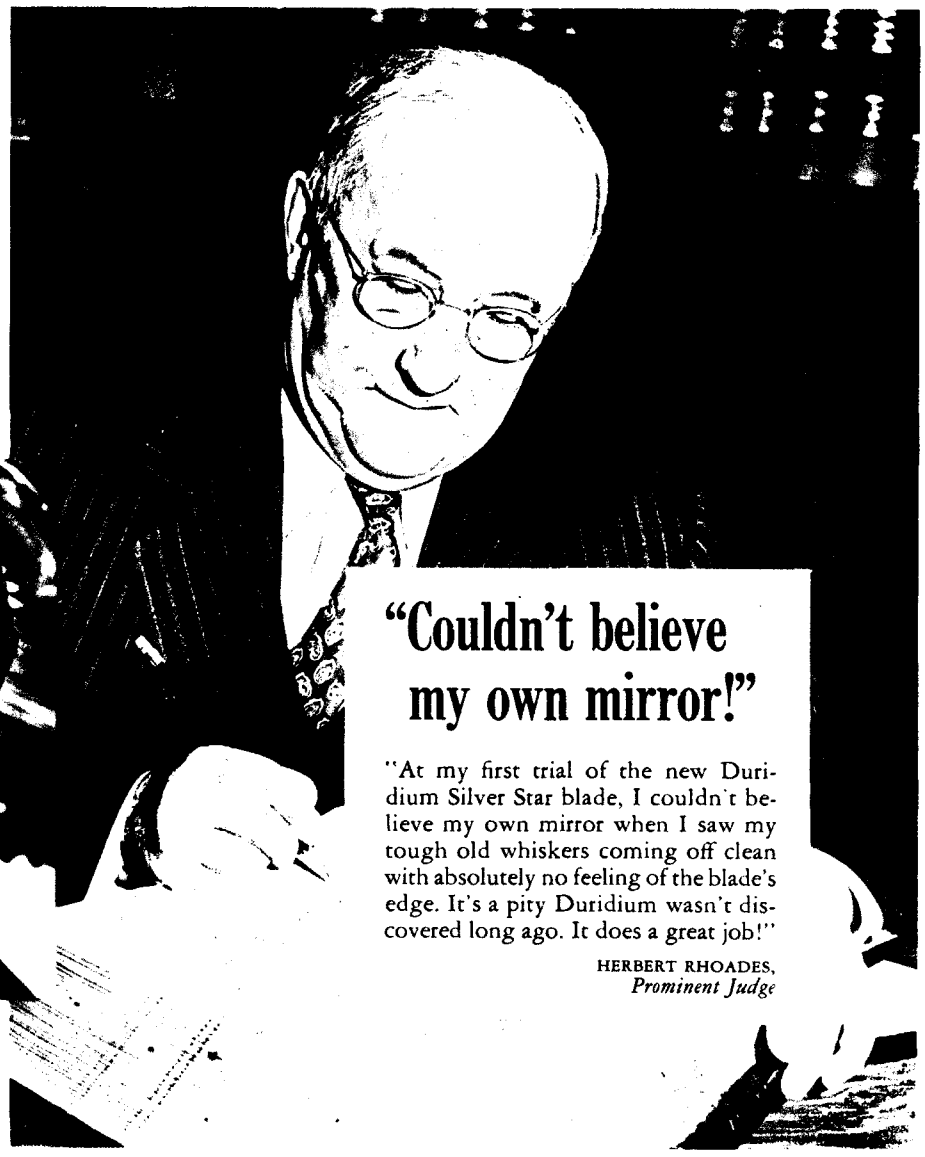
CRAIG WOOD, *Former U. S. Open Golf Champion*

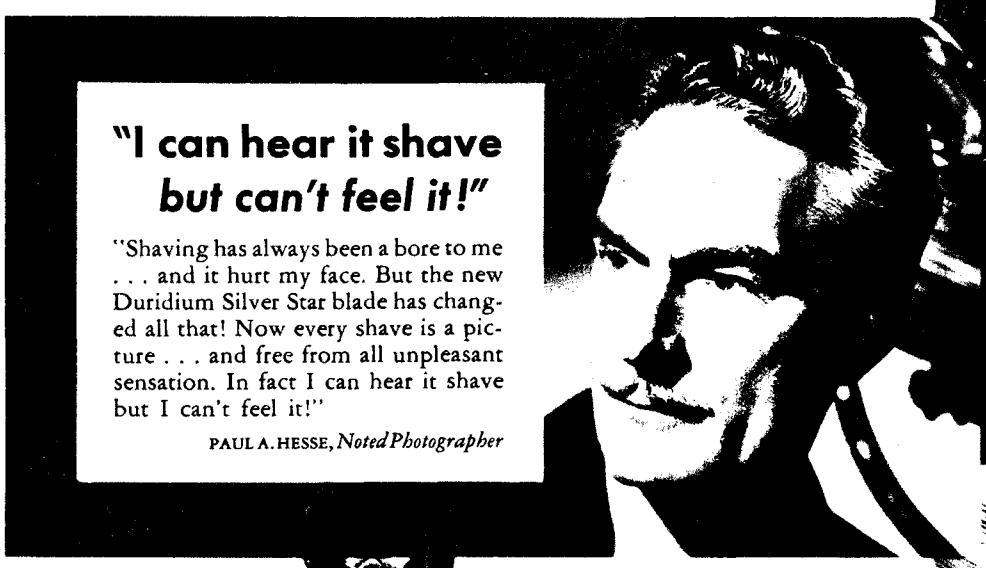


"Didn't know the whiskers were off!"

"Being a clergyman, I must be clean shaven at all times. And daily shaving used to keep my face constantly irritated. But not any more. I tried the new Silver Star Razor Blade, made of Duridium, and got the finest and the easiest shave I ever had. I couldn't feel it at all. In fact I didn't know the whiskers were off until I rubbed my hand over my face!"

REV. WM. GOLIGHTLY, *Minister*





"I can hear it shave *but can't feel it!"*

"Shaving has always been a bore to me . . . and it hurt my face. But the new Duridium Silver Star blade has changed all that! Now every shave is a picture . . . and free from all unpleasant sensation. In fact I can hear it shave but I can't feel it!"

PAUL A. HESSE, *Noted Photographer*

"Couldn't believe my own mirror!"

"At my first trial of the new Duridium Silver Star blade, I couldn't believe my own mirror when I saw my tough old whiskers coming off clean with absolutely no feeling of the blade's edge. It's a pity Duridium wasn't discovered long ago. It does a great job!"

HERBERT RHOADES, *Prominent Judge*

"Thought my face had gone to sleep!"

"The first time I used the new Duridium Silver Star Blade my whiskers came off so easily . . . with no feeling of the blade's edge . . . I thought my face had gone to sleep! Duridium makes a much better blade than regular or blue steel!"

ROGER DAHLHJELM, *Founder and Manager, Farmer's Market, Los Angeles*

"Whiskers were coming off but I didn't know it!"

"I had a big surprise the first time I tried a Silver Star Duridium blade. There was no shaving sensation at all. Whiskers were coming off but I didn't know it!"

TED COLLINS, *Owner New York Bulldogs Football Team*

"LIKE WASHING YOUR WHISKERS AWAY!"

"I've always been fussy about shaving . . . usually went over my face twice. As a result my face often got sore. But with the new Duridium Silver Star I get a perfect shave the first time over. And no sensation of shaving. It's like washing your whiskers away!"

DR. BERT HAINES, *Prominent Dentist*

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BLADE YOUR FACE CAN'T FEEL

Doctors, engineers, ministers, judges, athletes—thousands of good people in all walks of life—are glad to report to their fellow Americans on the "Razor blade your face can't feel!" Made of new DURIDIUM metal . . . the remarkable SILVER STAR removes whiskers utterly without any feeling of the blade's edge!

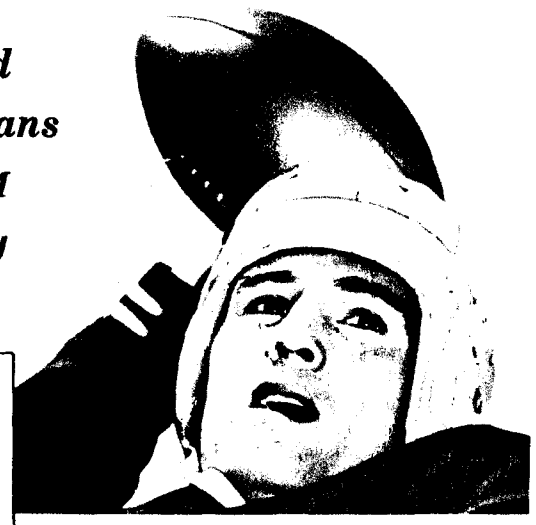
Yes, you'll get the surprise of your life the first time you shave with the new Silver Star double edge blade! Most men agree you may *hear it shave,* but virtually everyone agrees you can't feel it! You, too, may have to rub your fingers against the grain to realize you have shaved!

The new Silver Star made of DURIDIUM costs no more than standard blue or plain steel blades. Get your Silver Star DURIDIUM blades today . . . five for 25¢. They fit all double edge razors. Once you've enjoyed an effortless Silver Star shave . . . a shave free from all annoyance of any kind . . . you'll never use any other brand of razor blade!

"Kept rubbing my chin in amazement!"

"At my first Silver Star Shave I kept rubbing my chin in amazement. My whiskers were coming off but I couldn't feel the blade at all!"

C. W. HALL,
Well-Known Attorney



"Couldn't feel a thing!"

"Every shave with the Silver Star has been smooth and easy, with no feeling of the blade's edge!"

BOB WATERFIELD,
Ace Football Quarterback

"I had to feel my face to know I shaved!"

"I just couldn't believe the blade was cutting my whiskers—there was no sensation of the blade's edge! I had to feel my face to know I shaved. I'm grateful for Duridium!"

FRANK G. BURKE, *Noted New York Industrialist*

Story of DURIDIUM

A Development of American Safety Razor Corp.

Duridium is a new form of razor blade metal, manufactured by a process discovered during the war, developed and now solely owned by American Safety Razor Corporation. We sent samples of this new DURIDIUM Silver Star double edge blade to thousands of Americans, asking them to try Silver Star and tell us how they liked it. Practically all reported they positively couldn't feel the Silver Star edge when shaving.

We'd be happy to have your reaction to the Silver Star. Since we want only genuine experiences, naturally we cannot pay for them—if you'd like to pass the good news along to your fellow Americans, we'd be glad to hear from you.

"Had to rub my fingers against the grain!"

"My whiskers are pretty hard to get off. So I had a surprise when I first tried the Silver Star Duridium blade. I felt no shaving sensation whatever. I had to rub my fingers against the grain to make sure that my beard was coming off!"

M. L. TAYLOR, *Locomotive Engineer*

"GENTLEST SHAVE I EVER HAD!"

"Duridium makes a big improvement in a razor blade. The Duridium Silver Star sails through my heavy beard smoothly as an airliner in flight . . . gives me the gentlest shave I've ever had!"

HARRY CLARK, *Chief Pilot*
American Airlines, Inc.

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Silver STAR

MADE OF DURIDIUM

The Razor Blade your face can't feel

AN A. S. R. PRECISION PRODUCT

5 FOR 25¢

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORP., BROOKLYN 1, N.Y.

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sad over this turn of events. This horse business had her in a quandary.

Next, Hoyt raced at Roosevelt Raceway and Saratoga with Louis Cobb and succeeded in winning four races with the $150 bargain before the 1944 season was over. Then one night at Roosevelt Raceway, where the "bearcat" drivers abound, he was out in front with Louis Cobb, when he felt the fetid breath of the horse behind him on the back of his neck.

"Get out of the way, young whippersnapper, or I'll ride right through you!" roared the hard-bitten veteran who held the reins on the second horse. That, of course, was the wrong way to put it to a Connecticut Yankee. Young Hoyt kept his position and won the heat. He has since learned that the horse and driver behind him would have suffered, not he, had the "bearcat" tried to run him down. When a driver cuts down the entry in front of him, he is subject to a fine or a suspension—or both.

Nice Guys—Except in a Race

By keeping his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut, Hoyt quickly picked up most of the tricks of the trade and also found out that the drivers, on the whole, were a fine, helpful lot—except during a race. Then it was a case of dog eat dog.

One day before the Hambletonian last year, he was giving Demon Hanover a tune-up trot at the half-mile Goshen track, when the horse broke getting away and went into another break in the backstretch. With the big race only a few days off, Hoyt was heartsick at the strange behavior of his trotter. Then he remembered that the Demon had held his head in a funny position during the first heat. So, while he was "scoring" (maneuvering) for the start of the second heat, he asked Del Miller, a driver who was alongside him, if Demon Hanover had his tongue over his bit.

"Not now," replied Miller, "but he did in the first heat. I saw it but I wasn't going to tell you until after the race."

That's the code of the harness track, just as in love and war.

From the time Hoyt paid $300 for Louis Cobb and his trappings until he bought Demon Hanover as a yearling in 1946 for $2,600, he didn't have to put any fresh money into his side line. His steppers more than earned their keep. In the interim he had bought and sold probably a dozen trotters and pacers, usually racing a string of three or four.

On some of his deals he lost a few hundred dollars and on others he made enough profit to wipe out the losses and leave him with a nice margin for oats, et cetera. Even so, Mrs. Hoyt still felt that Harrison was spending too much time with his horses and not enough with his hats, so, when he left to attend the Harrisburg sales in 1946, taking along three horses to sell and leaving only "the founding father" Louis Cobb in his stables, his spouse was pleased no end.

"Now I won't have to worry about him getting killed in that crazy business!" she sighed with relief.

But when he got to the sale, Hoyt took one look at the head of a yearling colt that was being offered and asked what the price was. When told it was ticketed at $2,600, he said, "Sold!" without even looking at the colt's body. That's how he came to acquire Demon Hanover.

He also bought a full sister of Louis Cobb for $300 to pair up with Louis for driving purposes at home. And finally he paid $1,600 for another colt.

Breaking this news to Mrs. Hoyt when he arrived back in Bethel was going to be a worse ordeal than fighting out that Wyoming blizzard. When Mrs. Hoyt saw Harrison drive up with his horse trailer hitched behind his car, she ran out to greet him, but the sight of three horses in the trailer stopped her in her tracks.

"I thought you were going to sell the three horses," she said, crestfallen.

"That's right," replied Harrison, "but I bought three more."

"How much did you pay for them?" she demanded, still undecided as to how she should react.

"Well, I paid $300 for this little mare —she's Louis Cobb's full sister. She'll team up with him nicely for the Glens Falls wagon," he said, saving the bad news for last.

"Yes? And how about the other two?"

"Well, this one stood me $1,600," said Harrison, timidly, watching out of the corner of his eye to see what effect the words would have.

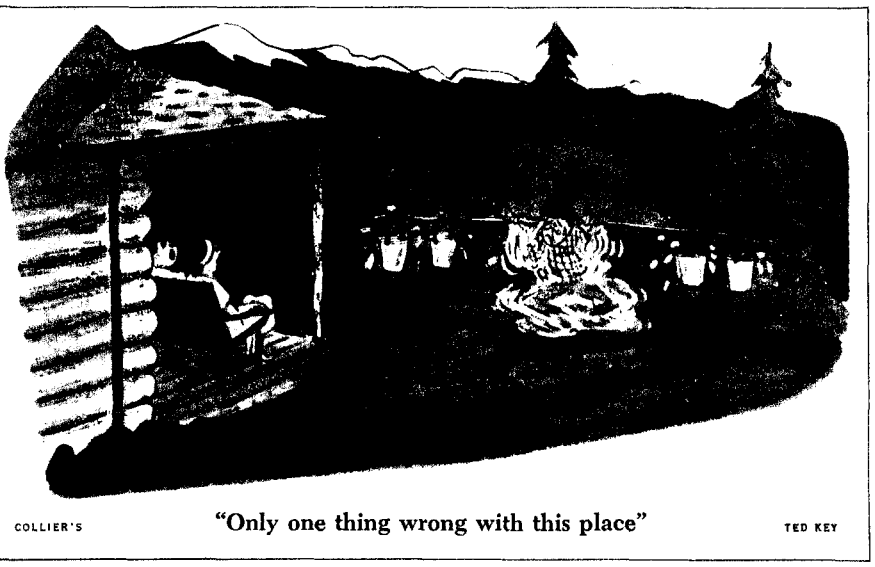
"A fine way to waste money!"

"And"—now Harrison's voice was just above a whisper—"this little fellow here cost $2,600."

Words failed Mrs. Hoyt. She turned on her heel and slammed the door in Harrison's face. That evening he went to the Elks Club.

The following year, 1947, Hoyt bought some building lots across from his home and hired a bulldozer and steam shovel to level off the grounds for a fifth-of-a-mile track, complete with stables, so he could quarter and train his trotters near home. The first rainstorm that came along washed the new track onto the street, closing it to traffic for several days and requiring Hoyt to install a 30-inch drainpipe to carry away the surface water. The course of the draining ditch ran straight through the middle of Mrs. Hoyt's flower garden, causing another severance of diplomatic relations for several trying days, during which the unearthly din of a steam shovel and bulldozer didn't exactly act as oil on the troubled waters.

Harrison tried to smooth matters by assuring his irate helpmeet that if he won the Hambletonian, the expense of building the track would be only small change. Ruth said something about pipe dreams and let it go at that.



COLLIER'S "Only one thing wrong with this place" TED KEY

First Lessons for the Demon

The new track was good only for winter jogging but it was there that Demon Hanover was broken to harness and put through his first lessons in trotting. Usually he took his workouts hitched to a sleigh. When Hoyt finally moved to Mineola for spring training, most of the other two-year-old trotters were going pretty fast after weeks of conditioning. Demon trotted his first mile on a regular track in three minutes flat. Thereafter, he bettered his time whenever asked, in each succeeding workout.

In his first start at Saratoga, the Demon finished second. Then he reeled off 11 stunning victories in succession, and Hoyt knew he had an outstanding trotter. That fall he took the Demon to Lexington, Kentucky, to try him on a one-mile track. In his first race against 12 older horses, Demon broke going away and finished fourth, coming up from last place in the final quarter mile. (When a horse breaks, the driver must pull him up immediately and put him back into his gait.)

A week later, Hoyt started Demon again, this time taking him away slowly to avoid a break. From fifth place at the third quarter, he came on with a burst of speed that outdistanced all the older trotters and he won going away by five lengths in 2:05¾. A horseman offered $20,000 for Demon Hanover after the race, but Harrison just laughed.

At the Harrisburg sales that fall, Hoyt turned down an offer of $50,000 for the Demon, made by Lawrence Sheppard of Hanover Shoe Farms, who already foresaw the little flier as the winner of the 1948 Hambletonian. A foreign bidder also offered $50,000.

Instead of selling the Demon, Hoyt bought Elaine Sterling, the filly he's driving in this year's Hambletonian, and another yearling, Spencer Mite, for $2,600 each. When Mr. Sheppard saw he couldn't induce Hoyt to sell the Demon, he pleaded with him to leave the champ at Hanover Farms to be trained by one of the experts connected with that noted breeding establishment. The Mad Hatter bluntly refused. It was a rugged winter in the foothills of the Berkshires that year, and Demon Hanover spent a lot of time jogging on the snow. It must have done him good for he came through in fine shape.

Hoyt didn't start training him until March 20th, 60 to 90 days after the other three-year-olds had settled down to business. That made it a Mad Hatter and March Hare combination if there ever was one. After a spell at Freehold, New Jersey, the Demon was shipped to Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury, Long Island. There, in his first start as a three-year-old, he ran into the sulky of the horse in front of him and finished last. The next day, as Hoyt was coming out of the Bethel post office, he met a neighbor who looked at him reproachfully and inquired, "Has anyone spoken to you yet?" It seems that Bethel had shot the works on Demon Hanover the night before and was in hock for fair.

But the Demon was back on the beam the following week, when he lowered the season's record for age and gait to 2:07¾. Then he wrapped up the $10,000 Matron Stakes for Hoyt. He became the favorite for the Hambletonian in his next race when he finished second against Dutch Harbor, an older trotter, although he had to run second from the rail all the way around the track.

Just before the Hambletonian, Sheppard increased his bid to $75,000. He still wanted to turn Demon Hanover over to a veteran driver, confident that the homebred trotter would win the stake for Hanover Farm "if properly handled." Poor Hoyt! Nobody had faith in him except his trotters and his fellow townsmen!

By the time the Hambletonian rolled around, Demon Hanover had beaten all the top three-year-olds except Rollo, the winter-book favorite, driven by Tom Berry; Madison Hanover, driven by Ben White, the four-time Hambletonian winner; and Egan Hanover, driven by Ralph Baldwin.

Was Hoyt afraid of these three? He wasn't afraid of anything, because, as he dryly explains it, "By this time I felt better qualified to drive the race than any of the veterans—I had had more advice than all the others put together. Everyone from my two sons to grooms, drivers and owners told me how I should drive the Demon. I must admit Ruth didn't offer me any counsel, but when I mentioned the $75,000 offer for the Demon, she demanded sharply, 'You're not going to sell him, are you?' That's when I knew I had finally won her over to the trotting game."

Winning the Hambletonian was really an anticlimax for Hoyt. He drew fourth position for the first heat and Rollo was in the No. 2 spot. Hoyt's only plan was to get away in front of the three horses between him and the rail and let one of the outside horses go into the lead. The best positions in the early stages of a race are second, third or fourth, on the rail. A horse in front gives the others something to race against.

To Hoyt's surprise, after he beat the inside three to the rail, none of the others made any effort to get out in front, even when he slowed down at the first eighth pole.

Worst Going Is Out Front

"I would have let at least two horses go by if they had tried; I didn't want to race in front all the way," he explains. "I was expecting trouble from those three colts I had never raced against, but all the way around, I stayed in front. In the second heat, I had the pole position. Having decided that the other horses couldn't beat Demon, I sent him out in front and kept him there. The toughest thing about harness racing is being out in front in a big race. But this time it was easy."

Most of Hoyt's employees were in the grandstand cheering. He had given them the day off and promised them full pay if he won. He not only won but so did they—a hatful of dough for every glad hatter. A holiday had been proclaimed in Bethel by the first selectman, and those who couldn't get to Goshen listened to the broadcast.

In the winner's circle after the race, Mrs. Hoyt and her two fine lads, Harrison, Jr., nine, and Billy, seven, were waiting for the most important man in the world—the one those veteran drivers had said couldn't drive a red-hot spike into a snowdrift. Now these same men were gathering around to congratulate him and tell him he could "durned well drive as good as the best of them." Harrison was busy collecting cups and other trophies for ten minutes. As he prepared to leave the ring with his brood, his son Billy, a real Connecticut Yankee, tugged at his sleeve and whispered, "Daddy, don't forget the check!"

The check, incidentally, was for $32,500.15, which swelled Demon Hanover's winnings to $57,247.11. This year Hoyt has his $2,600 bargain entered in $200,000 worth of stakes.

On the way home, the Hoyts' car developed a steaming radiator, and Harrison pulled up at a roadside gas station to take on some water.

"Wuz yuh tuh the race?" asked the attendant casually.

"Yes," replied the conquering hero.

"Who won it?" pursued the gas man, to make conversation.

"I did," replied Hoyt.

"Hurrumph!" snorted the attendant, screwing on the radiator cap, "a wise guy, eh!" THE END

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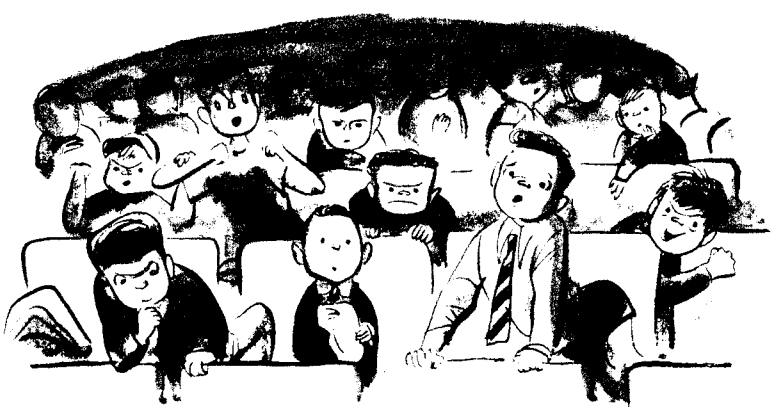
THE MOVIE AUDIENCE

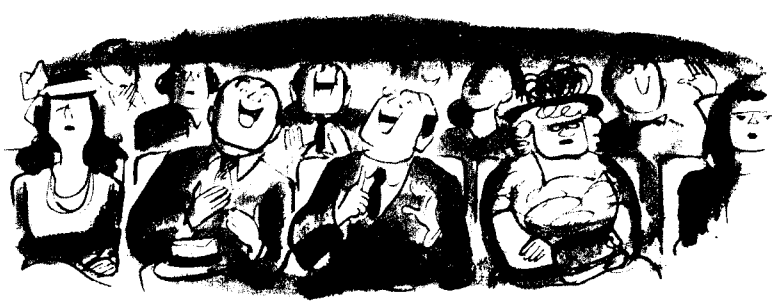
By BILL O'BRIAN

"Don't let them take my Mummy away. Please don't. Please, please!"

"I could slap you as well as kiss you! C'm here to me—you know you want to be"



"As marshal of this town—I'm a-comin' in to get you, so put down your gun, Abilene!"



"It takes two to make a marriage—a girl and an anxious mother!"

". . . Basket spinning seems to be the chief occupation of these friendly people. Let us go into a typical native hut and . . ."

Charmer for a Nice Fee

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

a positive reaction. You like him or you don't. But there's no mistaking his talents, which earn him approximately $500,000 a year (before taxes).

Most people like Feldman. "Such a charmer," says Sam Goldwyn, "he can charm you off your feet. When you leave Charlie you're lucky if you still have your pants left."

Feldman prefers to be his own boss in his own business. As an agent his success has been conspicuous. His record as a producer is hardly that. He has had only one outstanding picture, Red River, produced in partnership with Howard Hawks.

Charlie puts it this way. "When I'm associated with a picture that's a success, I had nothing to do with it. If it's a flop, then it's *my* picture."

The Feldman touch is not always credited nor even apparent in the final product. But his advice is frequently sought by top-level executives and studio heads, including Joseph M. Schenck, Jack Warner, Sam Goldwyn, Darryl Zanuck and David O. Selznick, all of whom are among his closest friends.

Somewhat on the Gable Order

In appearance Feldman bears a marked resemblance to Clark Gable. Loretta Young usually refers to him as "Gabe." He is in his middle forties, slightly above average height, suntanned, and has rather broad shoulders. He wears a Gable mustache. His dark wavy hair is gray about the temples. For a man he has exceptionally long eyelashes, an asset which perhaps helps make him extremely attractive to women. He speaks with a drawl and an insouciance that is completely disarming.

In the opinion of many who do business with him, Feldman is the shrewdest agent in Hollywood. Some would add the phrase, "—when he works." Actually, that's a matter of interpretation. Much of the agency business, for which Feldman gets (but doesn't necessarily take) personal credit, is handled by his two partners, Jack Gordean and Ned Marin. The big three are backstopped by approximately 20 major and minor executives, including numerous vice-presidents headed by Al Rockett and Sam Norton.

When he is in Hollywood Feldman shows up in his office for a few hours each day, beginning in the late afternoon, and whatever business he conducts at that time is generally handled over the phone.

For the most part, his important deals are negotiated away from the office. With Feldman business *is* pleasure, and he may negotiate a deal, for example, while he is on a motor trip with Goldwyn or vacationing with Jack Warner or walking through Central Park, in New York, with David O. Selznick between the hours of 3:00 and 6:00 A.M.

Usually he devotes the forenoon to problems of production, conferring with producers or working out story problems with writers. This he does at his Coldwater Canyon home in Beverly Hills, California. He enjoys working in the patio, overlooking his private swimming pool.

Famous Artists' list of some 300 clients reads like a bluebook of the motion-picture industry—players, writers, directors, producers, cameramen, art directors, dress designers and musical directors. It includes names like Kirk Douglas, Clifton Webb, Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Cornel Wilde, Charles Boyer, Susan Hayward, Lizabeth Scott, Gregory Ratoff, Ida Lupino, George Raft and Richard Conte.

This is only a sampling, with names taken at random. To keep these people working at highly remunerative salaries under favorable contracts is but one job of the agency. Another, and by far the more difficult, is to keep them happy. The principal gripe of some Feldman clients is that they rarely if ever *see* Feldman. The story of Kirk Douglas is in point.

Douglas became a top star overnight. He had been a Hollywood personality since 1946 where he first showed up after a successful though not spectacular career on Broadway. Douglas had signed with Famous Artists in New York. Feldman paid his way out to the Coast.

"Things were looking fine," explains Douglas. "Charlie closed a deal for me, then suddenly dropped out of sight. I tried to get in touch with him. No soap. I dropped him a note. I never got an answer. That made me sore. It hurt my pride. Here was a guy working for me—taking my dough—and I couldn't even get to see him."

Douglas's gripe was aimed at Feldman personally. The actor had no complaints against the agency, which kept him gainfully employed. In little more than two years his price jumped from $10,000 to $50,000 a picture. But then, just when the agency was negotiating a deal with Metro for him, Douglas decided he didn't want the part. He had become interested, he said, in a new and young group of producers who were then planning to produce a Ring Lardner story. He had been offered the lead. The money involved was $15,000, plus a percentage "if the picture went over." Douglas wanted to do that picture and he turned down $50,000, which the Metro stint would have paid him, to do it. "Over at Famous Artists," says Douglas, "they thought I was out of my mind."

The picture, Champion, was made. It was previewed in Hollywood and was an immediate sensation.

Feldman telephoned Douglas. "You could've knocked me over," says the actor. " 'Hello, baby,' he said, 'how are you? You're having dinner with me Sunday night. We have a date with Jack Warner at his home. He wants to see the picture and I want you to meet Warner. . . .'

"I was dizzy. But I had dinner with Charlie that Sunday night and then we went over to Warner's. There were a few guests, including Mike Romanoff, and then they showed the picture. I was sitting next to Charlie. When it was over I turned to him and said, 'Well, Charlie, what do you think?' He said, 'It's even better than people say. . . .' Jack Warner seemed to like the picture, but he didn't go overboard.

"I didn't care," says Douglas. "I was happy. I went around telling everybody, 'Boys, I'm in! My agent *talks* to me!' "

He Did Sales-Talking, Too

But Feldman was also talking to others, including Jack Warner, to whom he subsequently sold the services of Douglas for $900,000, spread over a seven-year period.

Feldman's private world revolves almost completely about the motion-picture industry, with one exception. He also enjoys a consuming interest in paint and painters.

Each room and wall in Feldman's rambling canyon home has its generous share of canvases. The house is full to overflowing with distinguished examples of modern art. The surplus of pictures, some framed, others on stretchers, are stacked and stored in the furnace room. Among these is a large Orozco.

Feldman's active interest in art dates

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from 1936, the year he first went to Europe. Claudette Colbert, then a client (and still a friend) asked him to buy a Degas drawing for her. He began acquiring pictures for himself and was soon to try his own hand at painting. But after a while he gave it up. Few if any have seen the results of his effort.

There is nothing in his dress to reflect Charlie's otherwise obvious love for color. His suits, which are made for him by an exclusive Beverly Hills tailor, are invariably either blue or gray. He wears white shirts and black socks, and his neckties—he has about 200—are limited to a single color combination and design—a dull blue and red stripe. Friends regard all this as an eccentricity in dress. Feldman doesn't. "It merely simplifies things," he says in explanation.

The name Feldman is that of his foster parents. Charlie's real name is Gould. One of six children, four boys and two girls, Charles was born in the city of New York on April 26, 1905. The children were orphaned at an early age and when Charles was seven he was taken in adoption by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Feldman of Bayonne, New Jersey. A few years later the Feldmans moved—lock, stock and furniture business—to California where they still reside today, comfortably supported by their foster son.

Charlie, even as a boy, had a knack for grasping essentials, and it was early decided that he should become a lawyer. He went back East for two years to attend the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Then he returned to California to continue his law studies at UCLA and later at the University of Southern California.

His first contact with picture personalities came during his school vacations when he worked in various Hollywood studios. One of his early jobs was as an assistant cameraman under John Ford. But he never intended to make a career of this end of the picture business.

Humble Start as a Law Clerk

To the surprise of no one Feldman was graduated from law school with honors. He went to work as a law clerk for Victor Ford Collins, a successful Los Angeles attorney, at a basic salary of $30 a month. In addition he earned fees for serving subpoenas and other court papers. He averaged about $25 a week. After he was admitted to the bar, he continued for a while to work for Collins as a lawyer.

But he had had a taste of the studios and liked it. He longed for a Hollywood practice. So he parted company with Collins and opened "a cubbyhole of a law office" in the Taft Building, on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street—the Times Square of Hollywood.

His practice got off to a good start. Feldman was soon unsnarling contractual and legal difficulties for Hollywood clients who required the services of a reliable on-the-spot attorney.

He tied up in a business way with Ralph Blum, a Los Angeles lawyer who had also moved his office out to Hollywood. This association lasted about a year. Feldman continued for a while after that to practice law without a partner. He was then making around $25,000 a year.

One day Charlie sent for Ratoff, who was now his friend. He let the actor in on a "secret." He wanted to be an agent. He had just worked out a three-year contract involving $1,000,000 for an actor client. As a lawyer he had received a fee of $5,000. "That's good pay for a lawyer," Feldman said. "But if I were that guy's agent, not merely his lawyer, I'd have been good for $100,000. . . ."

The actor-client was Edward G. Robinson.

Feldman-the-lawyer was soon Feldman-the-lawyer-*and*-agent. His first client was David Burton, a New York stage director. Gregory Ratoff became client number two. Feldman's first job for Ratoff involved a deal with Gaumont-British for a picture to be made in England. The actor threw up his hands. Nobody, not even Feldman, was going to get Ratoff to go abroad at that time. The actor wanted to work in Hollywood.

"But don't turn it down, Charlie," said Ratoff. "That's no good. Maybe that would hurt you. There's another way of getting out of it. Just go to them," he said, "and make my terms impossible."

Feldman asked $5,000 a week for Ratoff, although the actor's top salary at the time was $1,750. In addition the British company was to furnish round-trip transportation and, further, was to absorb all taxes on money earned by Ratoff while abroad. All these demands were agreed to and Ratoff went to England. This was an amazing piece of business, even for Hollywood, and Feldman's prestige in the film colony shot up overnight.

Shortly thereafter, Feldman formed a partnership with Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, whose husband was then general manager of West Coast production for Paramount. Mrs. Schulberg brought to the new firm—the Schulberg-Feldman Agency—a number of important names, including Joan and Richard Bennett. And additional clients were quick to sign up. The firm represented Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer among others.

Meanwhile, in 1935 at a dance at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, Beverly Hills, he was introduced to a young blond actress, Jean Howard, and it was the proverbial case of love at first sight. They were married after a two-week courtship.

However, marriage was obviously a role for which Charlie was eminently unfitted. He was seldom home. He did shower his wife with expensive gifts. "But Jean wanted to be married to a husband," said one friend, "not a bank account." The Feldmans were divorced in 1947, but they are still good friends.

The agency's clientele was good but limited. It needed more clients. There were two obvious ways of getting them. One was to buy unexpired contracts from rival agencies; the other, to put it euphemistically, was to wean clients away from rivals without putting up any cash.

Charlie approached clients of other agents and offered to show what he could do for them without demanding any commitments or commissions. All he asked was the promise that they would talk business when their existing agency contract expired. A number of stars gave Feldman the green light.

It was standard practice in those days to angle for long-term studio contracts. Feldman tried to change that. He started plugging for one-picture deals, convinced that a player who had the courage to free-lance would thereby do better salarywise over the long pull. And what was good for a star, he reasoned, was equally as good for the star's agent. This proved to be right. But Feldman was a long time convincing many of the people he represented.

Sometime during this period too, he got into hot water at Warner Brothers, where Darryl Zanuck was then in charge of production. Ann Dvorak, a Warner star, walked off the lot one day and Zanuck fumed. Miss Dvorak was a Feldman client and Zanuck accused Charlie of aiding and abetting the star to break her contract. He ordered the doors of Warner's closed to Feldman. They remained closed for about a year. "It took me that long," says Charlie, "to convince Zanuck that he was wrong about me."

Once that problem was settled, Mrs. Schulberg decided she was quite willing to let Feldman continue in the agency alone. It only remained for Charlie to buy her out. He was agreeable, but the hitch was money. They worked out an agreement, anyway, and Mrs. Schulberg bowed out. Then Charlie began to worry about the cash. He had sole control of a number of valuable contracts, one of which—Sylvia Sidney's—he sold to a rival agency for $25,000. He used the money as a down payment to his former partner. Miss Sidney was later to return to Feldman's management.

Feldman now went into business with his former law associate, Ralph Blum. Blum acquired a half interest for a sum in excess of $100,000, and the firm became first the Feldman-Blum Agency, and later Famous Artists, Inc. Blum sold his interest in 1946 to Jack Gordean and Ned Marin.

Getting new clients was soon no longer a problem. Instead, a bigger and more pressing dilemma cropped up with the need to keep the ever-growing clientele employed. Feldman solved the situation with an idea which, at the time, was novel, untried and challenging. Instead of selling talent individually he decided to combine several clients into one package and sell them all as a unit. The bedrock of the plan, however, would have to be a literary property—a story—on which the package could be built in each case.

Feldman went into the story market as a buyer. "I didn't go into competition with the studios," he says. "I just bought what they didn't want or had passed up. I would wrap a story up, then stick an important name on the label, usually the name of a star or top director. The rest was easy. No producer in his right mind would turn down a deal like that."

And they didn't. The packaging device served Feldman in another way, too. If he found that one of his top names was no longer in demand he would slip the star into one of his packages. All in all it proved to be quite an idea and today the "package deal" is standard operating procedure in the movie industry.

COLLIER'S

"I don't know how you can sleep on your stomach so long"

DON TOBIN

With a Big Sale in Prospect

Day and night, and at all hours, Feldman will be seen in the company of the man (or men) he is out to sell. Early this year, for example, he was constantly making the rounds with Jack Warner or David O. Selznick. It should have been obvious to Hollywood that something big was in the making. Feldman actually was then negotiating one of the biggest coups ever engineered by a Hollywood agent.

The deal was a Feldman prize package, involving about $1,800,000. It was arranged by Feldman that Warner Brothers would receive the services of such Selznick stars as Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, Shirley Temple, Alida Valli and Louis Jourdan, among others. Feldman negotiated the transaction for Selznick, although few of the personalities involved were Feldman clients.

The significance of the deal was explained by an executive of a major Hollywood studio. "Warner Brothers needed new names. They were in a bad way. Audiences apparently were tired of seeing the same Warner faces in the same type of stories. Along came Charlie. He analyzed the problem, and Jack Warner was smart enough to see it. Selznick had the stars that Warner's could use and wasn't doing anything with them at the moment. Charlie simply packaged the deal."

Feldman, it seems, offers the heads of studios a perspective that they themselves sometimes lack.

Today, when he covets a top-name client who happens to be under contract to another agent, he will pay hard cash for the contract. Stars whose contracts he has bought from other agents include Cornel Wilde, Tyrone Power, Randolph Scott, Coleen Gray, Dana Andrews and Ava Gardner. He has gone as high of $55,000 for a contract, the amount paid for the right to represent Dana Andrews and Tyrone Power.

He usually makes money on such deals. But not always. He once paid $15,000 for the contract of a young actress and he has never been able to get her a single job. That's unusual, to say the least.

Few situations find Feldman stumped. About three years ago Feldman acquired the rights to a John Colton play called Emily for $20,000. The theme centered on a psychological murder, and Feldman bought the play at a time when the market was flooded with similar stories. That didn't disturb Charlie. He had his writers prepare a screen play from the Colton opus, using the play's central plot, but changing the locale to Italy during the Renaissance.

By the time the screen play was written and ready for packaging, however, the market had hit another cycle and was then top-heavy with Borgia stories. So Feldman had the screen play rewritten, and today, still retaining the basic original plot, the story is again ready for packaging. The new title is Crimson City. It's a horse opera! THE END

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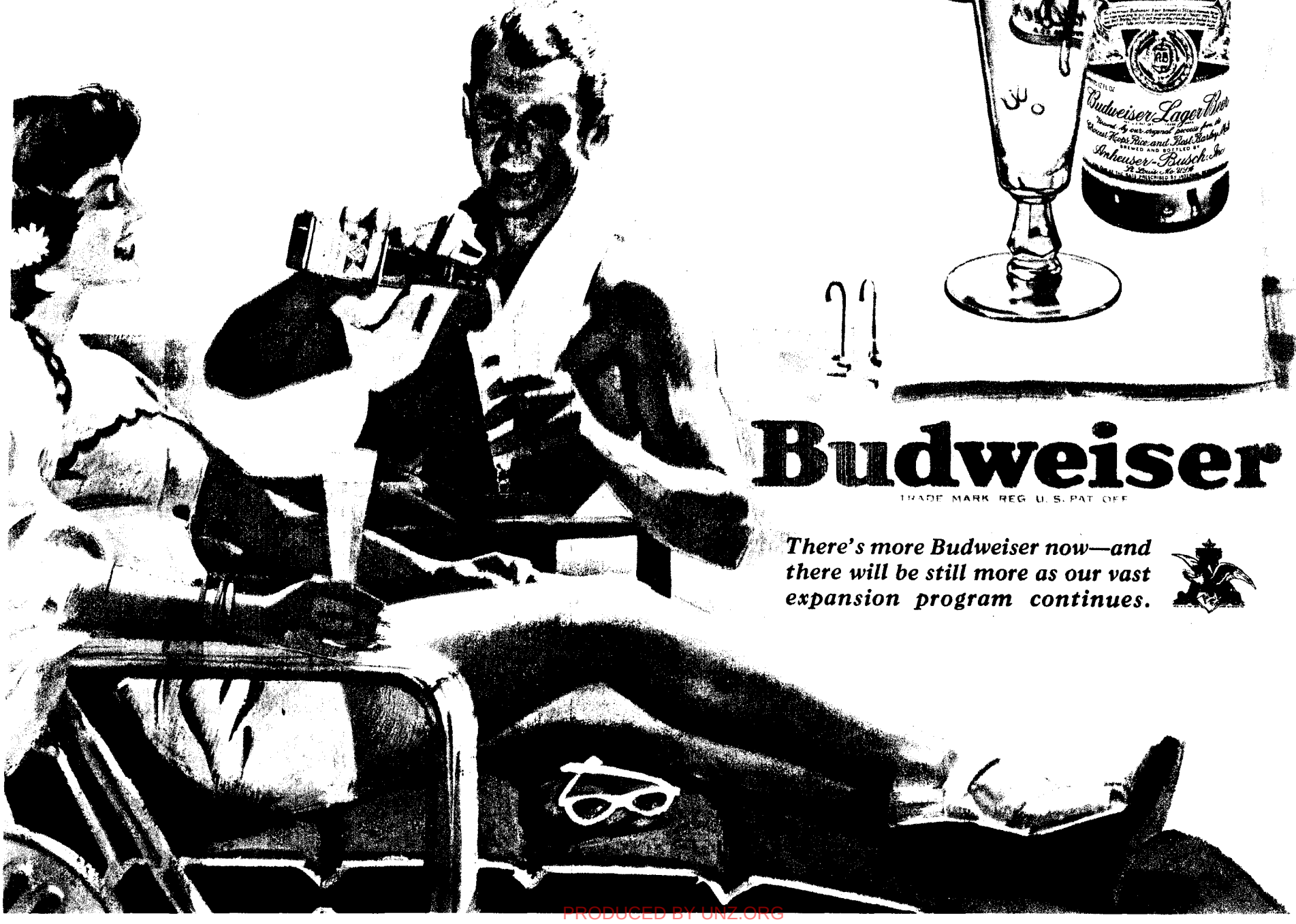

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A Horse I Like

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

said. "Got to go to bed. Big fight, you know."

"Okay," Frankie said, opening his eyes. "Just a minute."

Leo looked down at him. "Have a good time?"

"Wonderful."

"Nice girls," Leo said, a little sarcastically.

"Wonderful."

"One of them wasn't so bad. Big brown eyes."

Frankie laughed. "They all look the same to me."

He pulled himself slowly to his feet. Leo put out a hand to steady him. Frankie pushed the hand away. He headed for the bathroom and walked through it, groping, to the room beyond, and then made his way to the bed and sat down.

"Turn on the light," he said.

Leo turned on the light.

"Now, come toward me."

Leo made a face; but he raised his hands in a boxing pose and walked slowly toward Frankie.

"Okay," Frankie said. "If I can see you, I can see him."

He bent over and unlaced his shoes and pulled them off. Leo helped him with his coat and other clothing. Frankie lay back on the bed, his arms under his head.

"Something about that horse I like," he said.

WHEN Frankie and Leo went into the restaurant for breakfast, it was half past one. It was a long, narrow place, a counter on one side, booths along the other. Leo and Frankie took the booth at the far corner. Leo ordered breakfast for both. He went out to buy a newspaper. When he returned, Frankie was sipping tomato juice.

"This is what it takes," Frankie said, winking. "Read me the paper."

Leo turned to the sports pages.

"Here it is," he said, and he skimmed through the news story. " 'Lewis in best shape of career, manager says. . . . Frankie Lewis, who meets Buster Boone at the Auditorium tonight, arrived in town yesterday and went through a light workout. . . . Attempting comeback after three years' absence from ring—accompanied by his manager, Leo Riley . . .' and so forth."

"Read it all, read it all," Frankie said, seeming to enjoy the story.

"Well—'Frankie is in better shape than when he fought for the title three years ago, his manager stated. However, we are not taking Boone lightly . . .' " Leo put down the paper.

Frankie was laughing. "I knew I was in shape," he said, "but I always like to read it in the papers. I like to be sure. Now read the funnies."

"I can't be reading funnies to you. Not in public." Leo scowled down at the newspaper. "Frankie," he said, "I advised you against this. A man can't fight good if he can't see good. There ought to be some better way to make money."

"Why, yes," Frankie said. "Get me a job president of some bank. And you blow the vault every so often for your thirty-three and a third."

Leo was biting his lip. "Anyway, if you're going to fight, you'd ought to cut out running around nights."

"Yes," Frankie said. "Yes, I've meant to get around more daytimes. They claim the scenery here is wonderful."

Leo tapped the newspaper. He looked worried. "Some nosy newspaper jerk is going to get wise. They'll make me out some kind of a criminal, handling a blind—a guy can't see good."

Leo glanced toward the door and saw the fat man who had entered: Goldie the matchmaker. He looked back at his newspaper, nudging Frankie with his elbow. "Here's Goldie. Give him the hello."

Frankie grinned, and waved widely. "Hiya, there, Goldie boy."

Leo looked up from the newspaper, feigning surprise. "Oh, hello, Goldie. How you feel?"

"Good," Goldie said. He appeared anxious. He put his hand on Frankie's shoulder. "How you feel, Frankie?"

"Fit as a fiddle," Frankie said. "Sit down, Goldie boy."

Goldie was embarrassed. "Well, Frankie, have a good time last night? Huh?"

"Wonderful. Wonderful. Nice girls in this town."

Leo said, "Don't worry about last night, Goldie. I *sent* him out. He was kind of too tautened up. Look at him now. Is he relaxed?"

"Well, he looks good."

"Sit down, Goldie boy," Frankie said. "Leo, you tell him the story about the horse." . . .

The office of the boxing board was hot and crowded. The official at the scales nodded. Leo nudged Frankie, and he stepped forward. Leo touched Frankie's arm, pretending to whisper in his ear as he guided him to the platform.

Buster Boone stood with his father-manager; they leaned forward to read the bar. Boone was a home-town fighter. He was young and burly, his blue eyes protruding somewhat, his mouth wide and brutish. He weighed one hundred eighty-three. The father ignored Frankie, pretending contempt. But the son kept glancing at him, and seemed afraid.

The official, noting Frankie's weight on a paper, called out, "One-six-eight and about a half." The preliminary boys, standing in line with towels clutched about their middles, exchanged remarks. Two sports writers jotted down the weights; a third moved toward the door.

Leo reached Frankie too late to guide him as he stepped from the scales, and he walked into a chair. Frankie laughed, and pushed the chair away; but he was for a moment unsure of himself. It was when Leo had touched Frankie's arm and righted him that he noticed the third sports writer. He was a tall, sour-faced man wearing big glasses. He stood at the door, frowning intently at Frankie.

LEO pushed Frankie toward the waiting doctor. The doctor prodded Frankie here and there, and peered into his mouth. The sports writer at the door was still frowning.

"How's his heart, Doc?" Leo said. He winked at the preliminary boys. "I was a little worried about his heart."

Buster Boone blinked, and his father squinted suspiciously.

The doctor placed his stethoscope on Frankie's heart, smiling as if he heard something that pleased him.

"A heart like a race horse," he said. "You've lived a clean life."

Leo said, "Oh, I wouldn't handle a boy who didn't live *clean,*" and everybody laughed. "Okay, Frankie," Leo said. "Get on your clothes." He took out his watch and compared it to the clock on the wall.

"A heart like a race horse," the doctor said again. He was holding the stethoscope, smiling and yet frowning, as if he were trying to remember something.

Frankie, pulling on his socks, spoke to Leo. "Tell him about the farmer wanted to buy the horse that didn't give a damn."

Leo glanced quickly at Frankie, and then at the doctor. A man cleared his throat noisily. It was the sports writer with the sour face, and Leo gave him a startled look. Leo took out his watch again; but the doctor was waiting to hear the story.

"Well," Leo said hurriedly, "seems like this old farmer went to a horse trader . . ."

Frankie was already laughing when Leo finished the story. The doctor doubled up with a loud guffaw. The preliminary boys looked at each other and grinned. Buster Boone had not understood the story.

Leo glanced furtively at the sour-faced sports writer. The man was not laughing at all. He was staring at Leo, frowning.

Leo and Frankie walked through the waiting room and out into the hall, and Leo pressed the elevator button. He fished a cigar from his pocket and irritably bit off the end. Frankie was still chuckling.

Leo said angrily, "I wished you'd forget that story. I pulled the gag about your heart to get the doctor talking so's he'd forget your eyes."

"He looked at my eyes. My eyes ain't so bad."

"What if that horse story made him think to give you a eye test?"

"I don't look enough like a horse. Harry Greb fought three years with a glass eye."

"He didn't go around telling horse stories to doctors." Leo found matches and lighted his cigar. "Did you see that—there was a sports writer there kept staring at you. He acted like he knew something."

"I never seen one yet that knew anything."

Leo made a grimace. He got his cigar going and pressed the elevator button again. "Them newspaper guys would make a big stink if they got wise. They'd love to make me out some kind of a criminal. Me, just earning a living." Leo looked at Frankie. "I wouldn't be here only I wanted to help you out. I wished I'd said no when you asked me. Tonight or some night you'll run into that apple tree yourself. I told you that."

"It won't be no place like this," Frankie said. He laughed, and nudged Leo. "It'll be someplace where I can knock down lots of apples."

"I wished I'd said no when you first asked me," Leo said.

IT WAS a small outdoor arena, with bleachers built against the high board walls. When Leo and Frankie came out of the dressing rooms, the crowd was roaring. Buster Boone stood in his corner, holding his gloved hands above his head.

Leo said nervously, "Now, put him away fast as you can. Don't leave him hit you in the eyes."

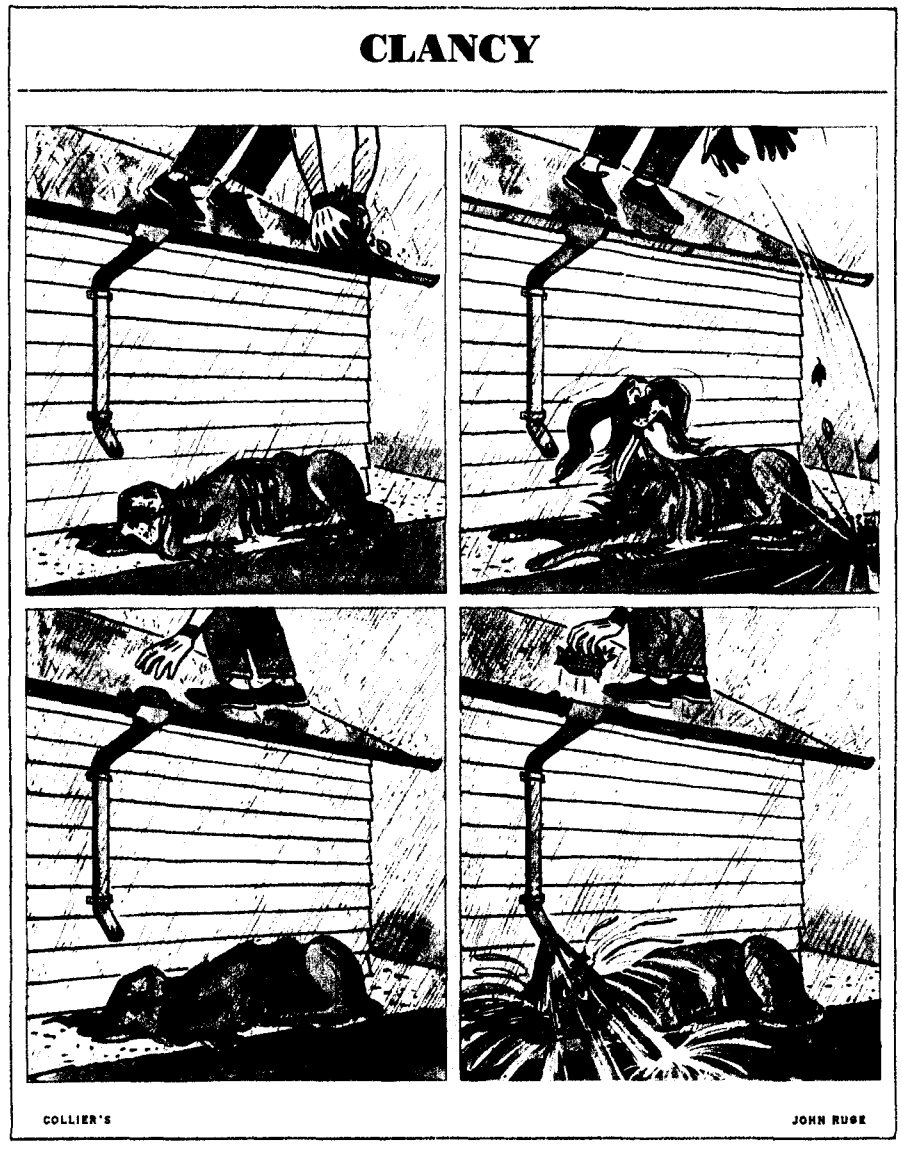
"Maybe you better write him a note, explain it out to him."

They went down the aisle. Leo was chewing his cigar, walking beside Frankie. He guided Frankie to the ring steps, holding his arm while pretending to talk in his ear. Frankie went up the steps and put his hand on the top rope and vaulted over. The crowd clapped.

Leo saw the doctor at ringside. The doctor smiled and bowed. Leo wondered if he was remembering the horse story. Standing outside the ropes, Leo thought of the sour-faced sports writer. He glanced down and was startled. The sports writer was glaring up through his big glasses.

"That was quite a story," he said unpleasantly.

"Ha-ha," Leo said, with a nervous grimace. He put his head under the top rope and got into the ring.



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The announcer stood with his hands raised, waiting. When the crowd was quiet, he read from a slip the card for the next show. He introduced Buster Boone, and the crowd cheered noisily. They were still cheering when Frankie was introduced.

The referee beckoned from mid-ring. Buster Boone came out first. His mouth hung half open; he was staring at Frankie. The referee hurried through the instructions. The fighters touched gloves and returned to their corners.

Leo took Frankie's robe and stepped out of the ring. He did not speak to Frankie. He went down the steps and squatted on the lumber flooring. He removed his cigar. He had forgotten to light it. He threw it away.

Frankie stood quietly, his head up, his eyes blinking. He was like a man listening in the woods.

THE bell rang; he walked away from his corner. He stopped when Boone came up and, moving swiftly, crouched and stepped in close. Boone started to punch. Frankie reached to hold him for an instant, and then let fly with a left hook. His glove struck Boone's cheek with a loud smack. Boone's head went down, and his two hands flailed violently. Frankie rammed his left fist into Boone's face. Boone, in panic, flung his gloves all the faster. Frankie stood off and jabbed him in the nose.

The fans yelled, telling Boone to be careful.

"Wear him down!" a fat man kept shouting. "Wear him down!"

Leo felt a little better. Frankie looks pretty good in there, he said to himself. Hell, the name Frankie Lewis is enough to lick all the Buster Boones in the world! Frankie moved around easily. He had Boone's head bobbing.

"Wear him down, Buster!" the fat man shouted.

Buster Boone let go a wide right-hand swing and caught Frankie on the chin. The fans rose yelling.

"Now, follow him up!" the fat man shouted.

Frankie grinned and pulled Boone into a clinch. Boone struggled furiously, trying to punch. Frankie twisted him about and threw him into the ropes, and held him there.

The referee moved in. He slapped the fighters' shoulders.

"Step back. Step back," he said.

Frankie stepped back, and Boone swung. His fist looped high and batted into Frankie's face. Frankie backed away, shaking his head. Leo was on his feet, swearing. The referee caught Boone by the shoulder and spoke sharply.

The referee sprang away, motioning the fighters to go on.

And Frankie, crouching, moved warily—toward the referee.

Leo's breath caught. He tried to shout. Laughter ran through the crowd. The referee leaped back quickly. Frankie stopped. He stood stiffly a moment, waiting. Leo knew that he had lost Boone.

Boone, at Frankie's right, was staring. He threw a punch from where he stood. It smashed into Frankie's chin.

Frankie went down. But he arose at once and backed away.

Boone had begun circling, moving on his toes. Frankie caught sight of him and walked toward him. Boone danced back, and circled in the opposite direction. Leo knew that Boone had made a discovery.

Frankie knew it too. He was crouched, his chin low. He moved rapidly after the circling Boone. The crowd was noisy, but Frankie's head was cocked as if he were listening in a silent place. His fists moved jerkily. His face was screwed up. He appeared to be grinning.

Boone feinted, and Frankie hurled his left in a great haymaker. He missed Boone by two feet. The crowd jeered. Boone jumped in, swinging both fists, driving for Frankie's face. Frankie, his head bobbing, tried to ride the blows. He punched wildly and struck Boone on the ear. Boone yanked back, and deliberately punched for Frankie's eyes. The blow caught Frankie on the cheekbone; his head flew back. Boone hit him on the temple and knocked him into the ropes.

Frankie clutched at the ropes, but he was slipping down. Boone fell upon him, mauling his head and arms and shoulders. Frankie turned his face away and slid to the floor.

Leo sat with his hands clenched, saying to himself, I'll stop it, I'll stop it. But he did nothing.

Frankie sprawled, still holding to the ropes. He was looking up, searching for Boone. Blood welled from a cut on his cheekbone. His lips were puffed out of shape. The referee pushed Boone away. Frankie pulled himself to his feet.

Leo started up the steps to the ring.

Frankie clung to the ropes, and Boone ran across the ring. He knocked Frankie sidewise into the corner and pinned him there. He was thrashing away with both hands. Frankie squatted, half turning. He pawed for Boone with his left hand, and, finding him, straightened suddenly and clouted him heavily in the head with his right. Boone sagged. He grabbed Frankie and held.

The fighters strained against each other, heads down, wrestling. All at once Boone cried out and pulled away. He was saying something, turning to the referee, pointing, showing his left eye. It was wet and red, closed.

The referee angrily motioned Boone to keep fighting. Frankie went up to Boone and hit him in the belly. Boone cried out again and fell to the floor.

The bell was ringing; the crowd was bawling crazily. They did not understand what had happened.

Leo scrambled through the ropes and ran to Frankie, and pulled him to the corner. "You won't fight no more!" Leo was crying. "I won't let you—"

"Shut up, shut up!" Frankie panted. "He's had all he wanted!"

Frankie waited, standing quietly. But his mouth was open, his chest pumping. Blood streamed from his cheekbone.

In the other corner Buster Boone's father pulled at his son's arms, crying hysterically, trying to make him stand. Ringsiders stood about the corner, shouting at him. Goldie climbed into the ring, waving his arms and yelling at the Boones. The crowd hooted and whistled.

The bell rang, and the uproar died away. Frankie walked to mid-ring. Leo stood straddling the middle rope.

Boone's father ran to the referee shouting, "I claim the fight on a foul! He stuck his thumb in my boy's eye! He done it deliberately!"

The referee said, "Don't make me laugh." He walked over to Frankie and raised his right glove high. The crowd leaped up angrily, howling at the abrupt ending of the fight.

Boone's father burst into tears. He ran to catch Goldie by the sleeve, sobbing, "It wouldn't been human, sending that poor kid out there half blinded!"

Goldie shouted, "You couldn't got him off that stool with dynamite! He quit!"

Leo pulled Frankie away. A beer bottle sailed through the air and smashed against the ringpost at Boone's corner. Leo lifted the top rope and guided Frankie out of the ring. Shouting voices rose among the boos and whistles and grew to a roar.

Frankie raised his two arms, grinning out over the crowd. Leo helped him down the steps. As they started up the aisle, Leo saw the sour-faced sports writer coming after them. . . .

The dressing room was full of men and smoke and loud talk. Frankie lay on a bench, and Leo bent over him, patching the cut cheekbone. Goldie came pushing through the crowd. He looked down and saw Frankie grinning, and made a wry face.

"What's so funny?" he said. "I had fans here kidded that slob could fight. After tonight he won't draw flies."

"I claim the fight on a foul," Frankie said, winking. "He rammed his eye on my thumb when I wasn't looking."

Leo said, "You won't fight no more."

"I ain't through yet," Frankie said. "Not till I knock down the big apples."

Goldie seated himself, and wiped sweat from his face. "What I'm going to do, I'm going out and get a big load on," he said. "I want to forget."

Frankie laughed. "Now you make sense," he said. "You know any nice girls in town?"

SOMEBODY spoke, and Leo knew it was the sour-faced sports writer. Here it comes, he thought; the big stink. Who's lousy here? Frankie, faking he can see; or Boone, faking he can fight?

Leo stuck a cigar in a corner of his mouth and looked up at the sports writer, scowling. "Yeah?" he said.

"Who do you think you're kidding?" the sports writer said.

"Wadda ya mean?" Leo said.

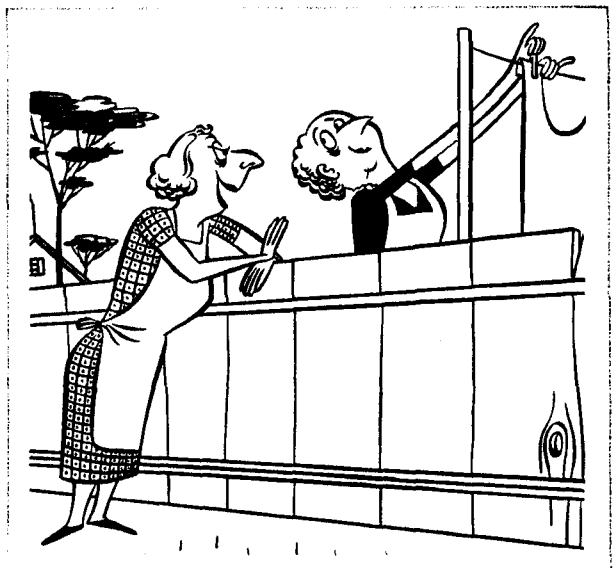
"What do you think I mean? I mean that stupid horse story you were telling at the weighing in. The horse is an intelligent animal. I once owned a saddle mare which was blind. I rode her every day for several years. *She* never ran into any trees."

Leo sat staring into the unpleasant eyes behind the big glasses. Finally it sank in. The guy was sore about the horse in the story—nothing else. "Well," said Leo, "I never handled no horses. If you say it's so, okay."

Frankie was laughing. "Hey, Goldie boy," he said. "What was you saying?"

"I know lots of nice girls," Goldie said. "What you like—blondes?"

"I don't care, long as they're nice girls," Frankie said. "I ain't particular how they look." THE END



"I've always said if you can't say something nice about a person don't say anything. Which reminds me of our neighbor on the other side, she's the cleverest woman at deceiving her husband I've ever seen"

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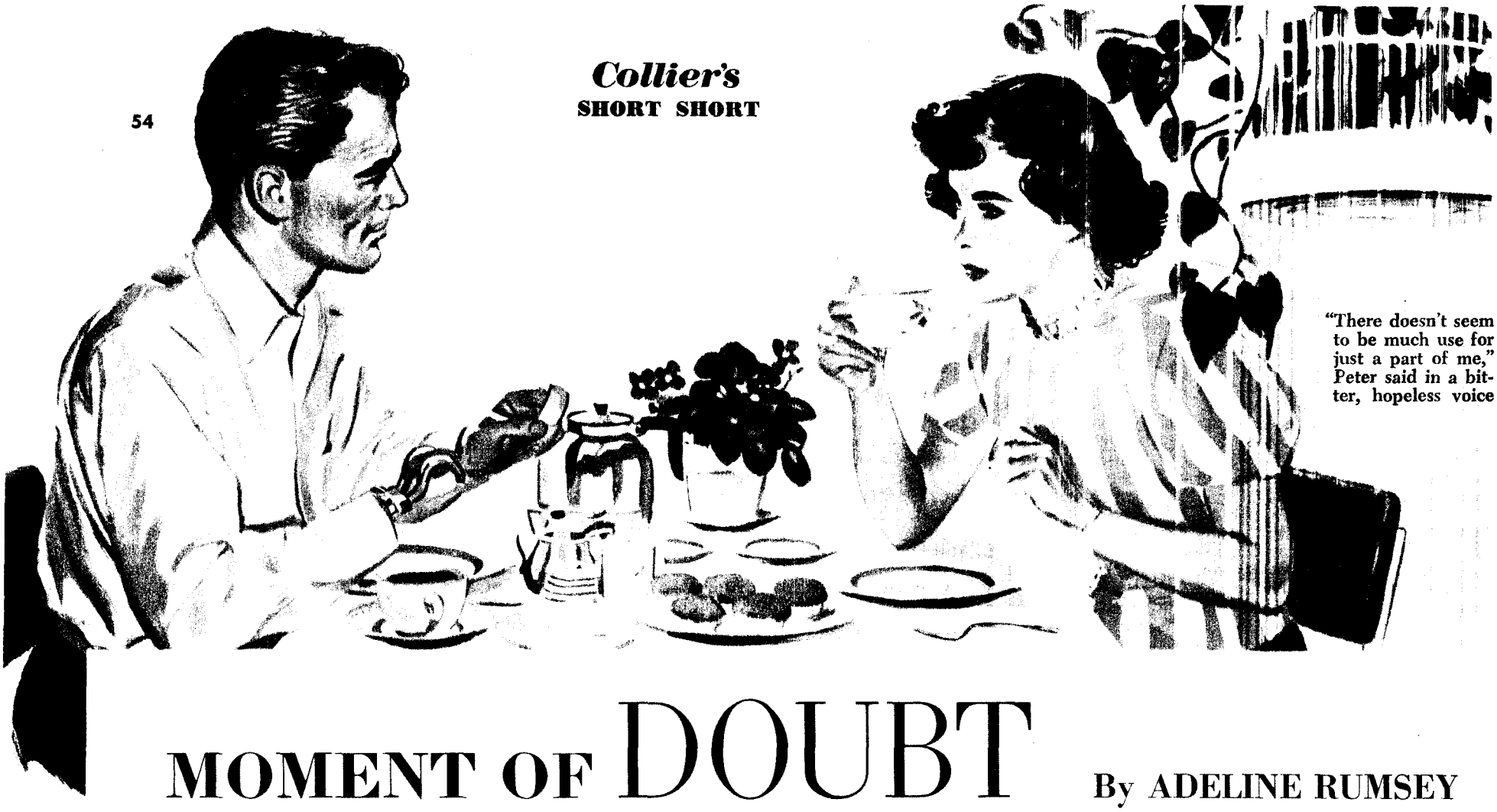

"There doesn't seem to be much use for just a part of me," Peter said in a bitter, hopeless voice

MOMENT OF DOUBT

By ADELINE RUMSEY

PETER took a muffin and broke it in half, handling it so precisely that hardly a crumb fell. "Mr. Decker was awfully nice about it," Peter said. "He could hardly have been nicer."

"If he had given you the job," Madge said, "that would have been a great deal nicer." Peter was looking at the muffin, buttering it with fastidious care. Madge could hardly eat, but she was glad that Peter seemed to have an appetite in spite of the disappointment. She was glad she had awakened early enough so that there had been time to make muffins and they could have this leisurely breakfast.

She had worked late the night before, getting out some important reports. In the early evening, she had found time to phone Peter to ask if he had got the job. He had said, "No," in a dull, flat voice, so unlike his usual warm way of speaking. And when Madge came home, it was close to midnight and Peter had already gone to sleep. This was the first time they had been able to discuss it.

"It seems that in that job," Peter said, "you spend a good deal of time meeting clients. A lot of the clients are elderly and rich, and they're apt to be—shall we say?—nervous. They're easily put off, you know." Peter was a good mimic and, though he changed his voice hardly at all, he was now doing a perfect imitation of a man groping delicately for words; a man trying hard not to say what he was actually saying. "Small things, small—ah—personal things are likely to upset them. And if they are upset," Peter said in his own voice, "they don't feel like investing nearly as much money." He looked down at the hook on his right arm.

"But Mr. Decker knew about your arm all along," Madge said indignantly. "You wrote him all about it."

"I know," Peter said, and he looked across the table at her blandly. "Can it have been something else, do you think? Did I neglect my daily bath—or use the wrong toothpick when Decker took me to lunch?" As he spoke, Peter reached up deliberately and smoothed his eyebrow with the hook. The words were light, but the voice was bitter.

"I hate him," she said. "I hate Mr. Decker."

"Don't hate him," Peter said. He reached over with his good left hand and covered hers. "I can see his point, Madge. Lots of people want to know how these things work. They don't quite dare look—but they can't quite help looking. Your friends get used to it. But meeting a lot of different people every day—I can see his point."

"I can't," Madge said. "And I still hate him."

"He certainly does believe in giving us boys a break, though," Peter said. "We certainly deserve a break, just like Decker told me in his letters."

Peter sat quiet for a minute. Then, without emphasis he said, "Did it ever occur to you that it might be a very good thing if I weren't here at all? There doesn't seem to be much use for just a part of me." Once again Madge heard the unaccustomed note of bitterness in his voice. It was worse than bitterness, really: It was hopelessness.

She forced a little laugh. "And what would I do without you?"

Peter looked up, smiling. He let his eyes rest on her pretty throat and the curves of her figure under her dress. "You wouldn't have any trouble finding another husband," he said. He reached for another muffin. "The way you cook."

Madge managed another little laugh and jumped up from the table. "You're an idiot," she said, "and I love you. But it's late and I've got to run." She put her hat on and came back to kiss him. "What are you going to do today?"

"I've got a couple of places to go," he said. "Nothing very hopeful—but they'll keep me out most of the day. Don't try to call me. I'll call you." He raised his face for her kiss, and for a minute she clung to him. Then she left quickly. . . .

"Don't try to call me . . ." Peter's words—a nagging echo—rang in Madge's head as she stared out of the bus window on the way to work. She shook her head impatiently, as though she might shake off the sudden panic her memory of the words aroused. Peter had had disappointments before. He always took them well. He took everything well. He had even taken the plane crash well—the crash in which he had lost his arm.

Madge had watched Peter with heartbroken wonder after he came out of the Army hospital. He had been a strong and active man—an athlete; but with patient humor he had adjusted his mind to the inescapable fact that he was now a man who had only one arm.

Peter had braved the glances of curiosity and pity in his search for a job; he had learned how meaningless pity can be. Peter didn't want pity. He wanted a job—and day after day he had met disappointment after disappointment. This latest disappointment was the worst. They both had been so sure the job was his.

How would Peter find the courage to go out today and start all over again? Again she heard his voice, almost as if he were with her: "It might be a very good thing if I weren't here at all . . ."

Madge sat up very straight suddenly. He had never said a thing like that before. *Don't try to call me. I'll call you.* But where was he going? He had no appointments that she knew of—no further leads. Her terror was like something solid inside her. Instead of the sunlight outside, she could see only one thing, and she could see it as clearly as though it were in front of her. She could see the small bottle with the red capsules in it—the sleeping pills in the bathroom cabinet. Peter still slept badly, and Madge had had the prescription filled only the other day. She could see the printing on the label: "To be used only under direction of physician."

MADGE stood up. "I've got to get off!" she called out, and yanked the bell cord and pushed her way to the door. "Please, I've got to get right away. I—I forgot something important."

"Can't open the door till I get to the bus stop, lady," the bus driver said.

She stood beside him, staring blindly out the window, through the long delay of a red light and two blocks of heavy traffic. And then when they were there at last and the bus driver opened the door, Madge did not move.

"On or off, lady?" said the bus driver.

"Never mind," Madge said. "I had it with me the whole time." She went back and sat down, clasping her trembling hands.

The memory of Peter's bitter voice had faded; and in its stead had come a memory of Peter's face: his strong, brave face that could smile after a hundred disappointments. She would not go back. There was no need to go back. She would not even call Peter up. He had said he would call, and of course he would. She would wait for his call. No matter what the day was like while she waited, she still would wait.

All they had left was her faith in him. She had to keep it. As long as she had it, they were all right. THE END

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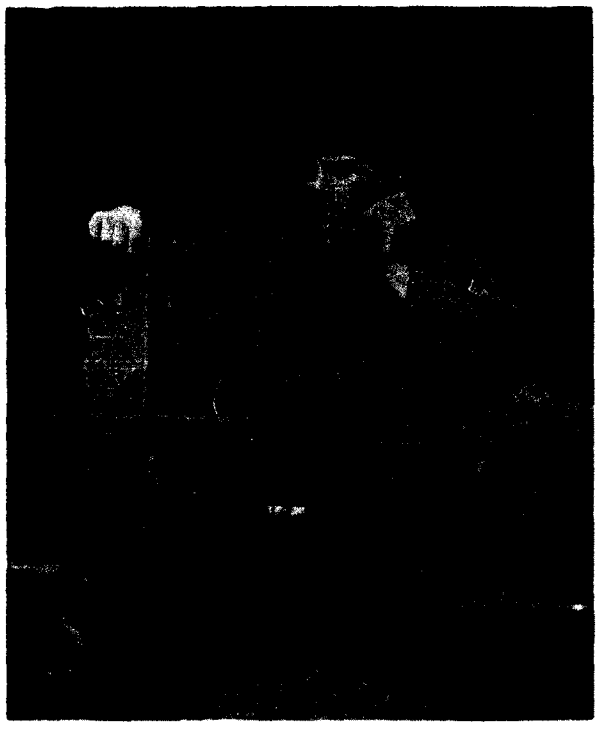

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The Legal Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"I'm sorry," Abigail said. "This is all too outlandish for me. I can't help feeling such melodrama vanished after the Al Capone era. Surely the obvious has occurred to him. If he kills you for not paying him the sixty thousand dollars, then he has ruined his chances of ever collecting a penny of the debt. You're worth even less dead than alive."

"Angel, you simply don't understand," Ben said. "I'm a man who risked a lot of money I didn't have, lost it, and calmly said I couldn't pay. That's extremely bad medicine for professional gamblers. The principle upheld in what is a partially illegal business is that a gambling debt is sacred and you never welsh. Another principle is that you pay off immediately. Suppose I don't pay and Kallen does nothing—and suppose nothing happens to me because I've welshed? That makes Kallen virtually helpless, and the target for anybody else who wants to risk money he doesn't have and forget the whole matter when he loses. Kallen can't afford to let me escape."

"Incidentally, why did you risk money you didn't have?"

"I was pretty fuzzled the night I dropped it. Also, I hadn't checked with Graves for a long while. I didn't have the least idea of how much I was spending, and I thought I had plenty." Ben shrugged. "And the usual confusion gripped me. I thought if I kept doubling up, I'd eventually win back what I'd lost. Kallen finally had to stop me by refusing credit; otherwise I'd undoubtedly have owed him a million."

"Well," Abigail said, "I'll continue to feel confident that he won't have you murdered. He only needs someone to talk with him cold turkey. I'll try the effect of sweet reasonableness on him."

"I have a curious hope," Ben said, "that you'll make it work. I even have the hope that you'll save me. I'm willing to be saved, honey—I give up."

"Why, that's lovely," Abigail said. "Wouldn't it be stupendous if I made a clean sweep?"

HE SAT staring at her, wearing a puzzled, indecisive expression. She smiled and lighted another cigarette.

"I'm willing to make a full confession, your honor," Ben said, "and I've a hunch I'd better do it right away. You see, that brush I had with the hereafter in the late World War converted me to opportunism in its final stages. I'm a guy with my eye entirely on the main chance. I never miss taking the easy way out. I'm untrustworthy and dishonest. I'm a bum, a jerk, a double-crosser. You couldn't trust me in an empty room with a hot stove."

"I like you," Abigail said.

"Honey," Ben said, "I ain't kidding. I believe every lawyer should know the true character of his client. Aside from the fee involved—which you'll probably never collect—I'm definitely not worth your trouble. I visit disaster on one and all without fear or favor."

"Right you are," Abigail said.

"Then it's understood?" Ben asked. "I'm a heel—I'm weak. Your luck won't ever be good around me."

"Agreed," Abigail said. "Only, what are you leading up to?"

"Nothing, I hope," Ben replied. "Absolutely nothing." His forehead wrinkled, and he avoided her eyes. "You strike me as a nice girl, A.J. You're obviously the type who shouldn't associate with me."

"Well, I promised I'd stick around," Abigail said. "I guess I'll keep trying with you for a while."

"Dames," Ben said. "You should see me with dames. I'm a kind of a Casanova with spurs, except I don't speak French and I'm more depraved. I'm a bad man, Abigail—the same stripe as those guys you saw in the picture trying to steal the railroad land from the settlers. Why don't you run for your life?"

"I suppose I'll have to," Abigail said, "if you grow much more insistent. Are you determined to get rid of me?"

"Don't ever get that idea," Ben said. "You're my everything."

He shoved himself gloomily from the booth, stood up, and waved to the waitress. She came over and assured him that Mr. Kallen had taken care of the matter of the bill.

"Come on, Abby," Ben said. "The night is young, but I'm old in sin. Let's go somewhere and pretend that I'm not busted in every way you can imagine." . . .

They returned to the hotel and inspected the gambling casino, where business was increasing. Ben examined the contents of his wallet.

"Cash on hand," he reported, "about five hundred bucks. Would you advise me on the legality of risking a little of this at the gaming tables?"

"I'm against it," Abigail said.

"Your opinion comes as a complete surprise to me," Ben said. "Shall we dance, A.J.?"

He seemed upset and nervous, and Abigail resolved not to argue with him. Following obediently, she entered a large room called the Chuck Wagon, which was filled with diners and dancers, musicians, entertainers, tobacco smoke and loud music. A headwaiter smiled in recognition of Ben, inclined his head in thanks when bills were pressed into his hand, and led them to a floorside table. A heavy, elderly mistress of ceremonies was singing, and a line of chorus girls was executing some simple steps.

A waitress came, and Abigail ordered a steak sandwich and a glass of milk. Ben fiddled with the menu and looked hopelessly at the show.

"Somehow," he said. "I wish I were somewhere else. With you, of course."

"I wonder," Abigail said.

"Could I have a drink?"

"I guess you'd better."

"A double bourbon in ginger ale," Ben said to the waitress.

"Why not be sensible?" Abigail said.

"A double bourbon in soda, then," Ben said.

Abigail smiled at him. Then the show began to engross her, and the smile lingered on her lips. She applauded vigorously at the conclusion of the number. The performers launched with unabated enthusiasm into a new routine. Ben gazed at his lawyer with something like astonishment.

"You enjoy this?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" Abigail said. "I suppose you couldn't really call this a vacation, but it's the nearest thing to one that I've had in years. I'm having a fine time."

THE performance ended in a surge of music. Abigail joined most of the other people in frenzied clapping. The perspiring fat lady and her girls took numerous bows.

Abigail ate her sandwich and drank her milk with relish. Ben had another drink unobtrusively. The orchestra, which had left the stand, came back and started playing.

"How about dancing with me, wild woman?" Ben said.

"I don't dance very well."

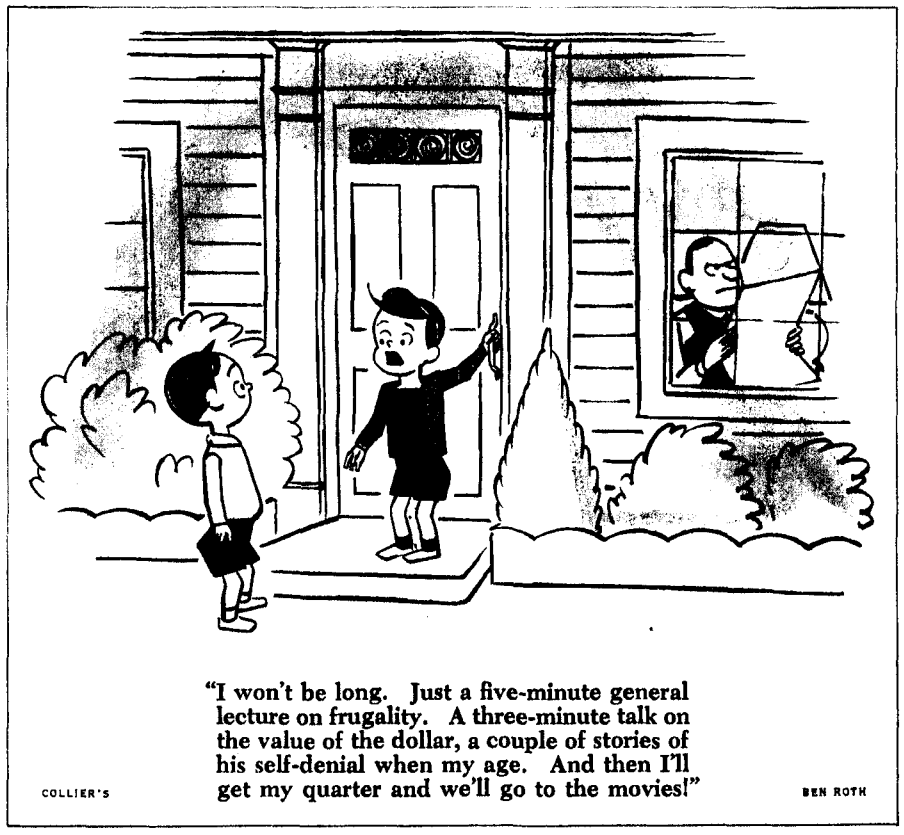
"I do, and I'll cover up for you."

His boast turned out to be a simple statement of fact. Though Abigail occasionally stumbled or failed to match his movements perfectly, his smoothness and skill camouflaged her every mistake. They seemed to float, and she tried hard to be graceful and relaxed.

"I'm not so hot, am I?" she said, and her voice was anxious.

"For an attorney," Ben said, "you're doing quite well. Incidentally, if our bodies happen to touch, we're not necessarily being immoral or embarking on the downward path. We're just dancing, you know."

She sank toward him and rested her head on his chest. His arms tightened around her. Her heartbeat stepped up, and an alarming conviction which up to now she had buried in the depths of her mind rose abruptly to the surface. There was no use further denying that she had been somehow crazily in love with Ben Castle from the moment she met him in the house in Bel Air. It was idiotic; and yet she was, from habit, too honest with herself not to face facts.



"I won't be long. Just a five-minute general lecture on frugality. A three-minute talk on the value of the dollar, a couple of stories of his self-denial when my age. And then I'll get my quarter and we'll go to the movies!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

"Abigail," Ben said, "do you have any brothers or sisters?"

"No."

"Parents?"

"Both dead."

They stopped during an interval in the music and stood facing each other. "You impress me as a lone wolf," Ben said.

"I suppose I am," Abigail said. "My mother died when I was an infant, and my father was very busy and preoccupied. He was a lawyer too; perhaps you've heard of him?"

Ben looked at her with a sudden odd embarrassment. Then he shook his head, indecisively.

Abigail hesitated. "He—specialized in criminal law and was very successful. It didn't give him much time for me."

"Here we go again," Ben said, and gathered her in his arms. "You were saying, A.J.?"

"Well, I spent my youth in various private schools, and the greater part of my vacations in girls' camps. I think that made me a lone wolf—no regular home and living among people you were bound to part with sooner or later, and who forgot you the moment you were gone."

"Didn't you ever live with your father?"

"Only at the end," Abigail said, "during his last illness. The money was gone and I had to stay home."

"What happened then?"

"I quit college and got a job in an aircraft factory. Things began to brighten after that. I received good wages, and the girl working next to me became my best friend. Her name is Alice Norman. We share an apartment together."

"Alice Norman," Ben said. "Check. Go on."

ABIGAIL continued, "At the close of the war the aircraft business practically collapsed. Both Alice and I were out of a job, and since we'd saved some money, we decided to improve ourselves. Alice attended a beauticians' school, and I studied law."

"Always been your ambition, eh?"

"Yes." She answered hesitantly. "Not the way my father practiced, though. Not criminal law."

Ben was dancing at the edge of the floor near their table, and he suddenly stopped, eased her into her chair, and sat across from her. He gave her a cigarette.

"There's a missing link in this recital of yours," he said. "As they say in my business, where's the love interest? Or don't lawyers have any weaker feelings?"

"They have them," Abigail said, "but they are well concealed. I never had to bring mine out of hiding."

"One more question," Ben said, "and the interview is over. How are you doing in the practice of law?"

"I'm starving to death," Abigail said. "Women are a drug on the market."

"In the legal profession, you mean, I trust," Ben said. He dropped his chin in his hands and studied her for a moment. "Abigail, you've got a funny face and practically no sophistication."

"I know it," Abigail said. "But I can learn."

"I do not intend to misinterpret that remark, so help me," Ben said. He swiveled in his chair, searching for the waitress. "Check, please!"

They walked out in the lobby, Abigail puzzling over Ben's abruptness. Jack Hall came along, thoughtfully flipping a silver dollar.

"Hi," he said.

"What's new?" Ben asked.

"I lost a buck in a slot machine," Hall said. "Now I'll have a glass of beer, and my evening of dissipation will be concluded."

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"Excuse me a moment," Ben said. "I want to talk to them at the desk."

He walked hastily off. Hall watched him go, yawning and rubbing his chin.

"I'm actually a lawyer," Abigail said. Believe it or not."

"Did I say you weren't?"

"No. You looked it."

"Honey," Hall said, "you seem like a nice little kid, and for reasons best known to yourself you're in the wrong town with the wrong guy. However, you're still on your feet and you're sober. That's more than I expected. It gives me the courage to offer you a little advice. Am I out of order?"

"I'm listening."

"Beat it. Get out of Las Vegas. Drop the cowboy. Go home to Mother."

"Aunt Alice, in my case," Abigail said, and smiled.

"Aunt Alice, then," Hall said. "A girl's best friend is her Aunt Alice. This may appear more glamorous, but it's the bunk. And don't tell me you've come up here to marry the cowboy—they always give me that."

"No, I haven't," Abigail said. "That's right."

Ben returned. He didn't look too happy, and yet he was obviously trying to give the impression of great cheer.

"I was afraid life was getting dull for good old Abigail," he said, "so the hotel is sending around a car I can drive myself. I'm going to show her the sights."

"Oh?" Hall said.

"Sights?" Abigail said.

"The desert by moonlight," Ben said. "Boulder Dam. Lake Meade. You just name it."

"You haven't heard the latest development," Hall said. "Miss Furnival was just saying she wanted me to give her a ride back to town right away."

"What?" Ben demanded.

"I'm afraid you misunderstood me, Mr. Hall," Abigail said blandly. "I meant tomorrow, not tonight."

"Tomorrow, was it?" Hall said. "My mistake, Miss Furnival. Excuse me."

"And I'm still a lawyer," Abigail added.

Ben glanced at them sharply, took Abigail's arm, gave Hall a shove with his free hand, and walked off. They waited in front of the hotel, and presently a man brought a convertible and lowered the top. Ben helped Abigail settle herself.

"I judge Jack was trying to protect you from a fate worse than death," he remarked.

"That's what I gathered," Abigail said.

"He's a thoroughly conventional aviator," Ben said. "Sooner or later up here, I find him trying to convert my companions to a better way of life. So far he has failed completely in his missionary work."

"He didn't rescue me," Abigail said.

"Neither of you has a thing to fear," Ben said. "Believe me."

THEY rode across town and went up the broad highway toward Railroad Pass. Ben drove very fast, and the warm wind raked Abigail and tousled her hair. The stars bounced crazily overhead. She laid her head back on the cushion and laughed in her exhilaration.

Rolling through the winding pass, they arrived at Boulder City, which appeared quiet and dark. "Boulder City," Ben announced. "Government property. No liquor or gambling. Everything on a high plane."

"I like it," Abigail said.

"I knew you would," Ben said, "and I forgive you."

Soon he was able to show her the great blob that was the lake, shining palely in the light of the waning moon. They passed through a series of cuts, descended a grade, and then a view emerged which caused Abigail to sit up and catch her breath with emotion.

"Isn't that the darnedest thing you ever saw?" Ben said. "Defies the imagination, doesn't it?"

He stopped the car and they got out. Abigail stared at the dark lake, the rocky peaks of the mountains, the incredible massive sweep of the great dam, and the captive Colorado River hammering through its rocky canyon hundreds of feet below. In her ears were the sounds of singing wires, the hum of generators, and the soft boom of falling water. The immensity of what she saw robbed her of the power of speech.

"It's funny," Ben said. "You see them running around down in Las Vegas in the fashion of a bunch of crazy, aimless ants, drinking, gambling, wasting money and time. And still this is what the same people—or the same kind of people—do when they're not taking a rest. Think of the things that went into this—the plans, the brains, the hopes, the money, courage, lives, sweat and unselfishness. No man could ever claim it as his. It's too big. You could only be a part of it."

BEN rested his elbows on the broad parapet and looked down into the gorge. Abigail leaned beside him. After a moment he turned and caught her in his arms. She did not resist him. Her eyes closed. He kissed her very thoroughly, as she had confidently expected. When he released her and she opened her eyes, she had to take a deep breath.

"I knew you'd be good at it," she said.

"This is so beautiful," Ben said, with a trace of irritation. "Let's not louse it up. I—"

"Kiss me again," Abigail interrupted.

"No, wait," Ben said. "This is madness. I love you."

"Then why not kiss me again?" Abigail asked.

"Because we have to stop and think," Ben said. "Kissing you on dams brings in its train a whole series of consequences. We—"

"There are no consequences," Abigail said. "I love you—I've loved you from the first moment I met you. I wanted to love someone for a long while, Ben. Now that it's happened, I'm not interested in any consequences. I don't expect promises or guarantees, or an assurance that I'll be happy forever. It's enough that I'm with you tonight."

Ben took a step away from her and cleared his throat. "Am I to take that as an indication that—that resistance will be at a minimum?"

"You have grasped the situation in its entirety," Abigail assured him calmly.

"I'll be darned," Ben said.

"Do we have to stand here and talk?" Abigail said.

"Yes, we do!" Ben said. "This is no laughing matter. For instance—"

"As this is my only night," Abigail said, "I'd rather not waste a moment in further debate."

"No, you don't!" Ben said. "I will not countenance any propositions. No vulgar intrigues for me. No sordid little adventures on back streets. I insist on honorable, legal matrimony or nothing."

Abigail reached out a hand, placed it upon some millions of tons of concrete, and steadied herself. "I beg your pardon?"

"I'll put it as plainly as I can," Ben said. "I want you to become my wife—in two words: Mrs. Castle. Will you be mine, and so forth?"

"No, no," Abigail said. "This is impossible. I'm dreaming. I thought I was consenting to my own ruin!" She laughed unsteadily. "I'd made up my mind to it. I was resigned."

"Go on," Ben said. "Dramatize yourself. I'll give you five minutes to reach a decision. After that, the offer is withdrawn."

"My goodness," Abigail said. "I accept! But I—I—"

"You've made me the happiest man in the world," Ben said, and hastily grabbed her hand. "Come on. We'll have a long

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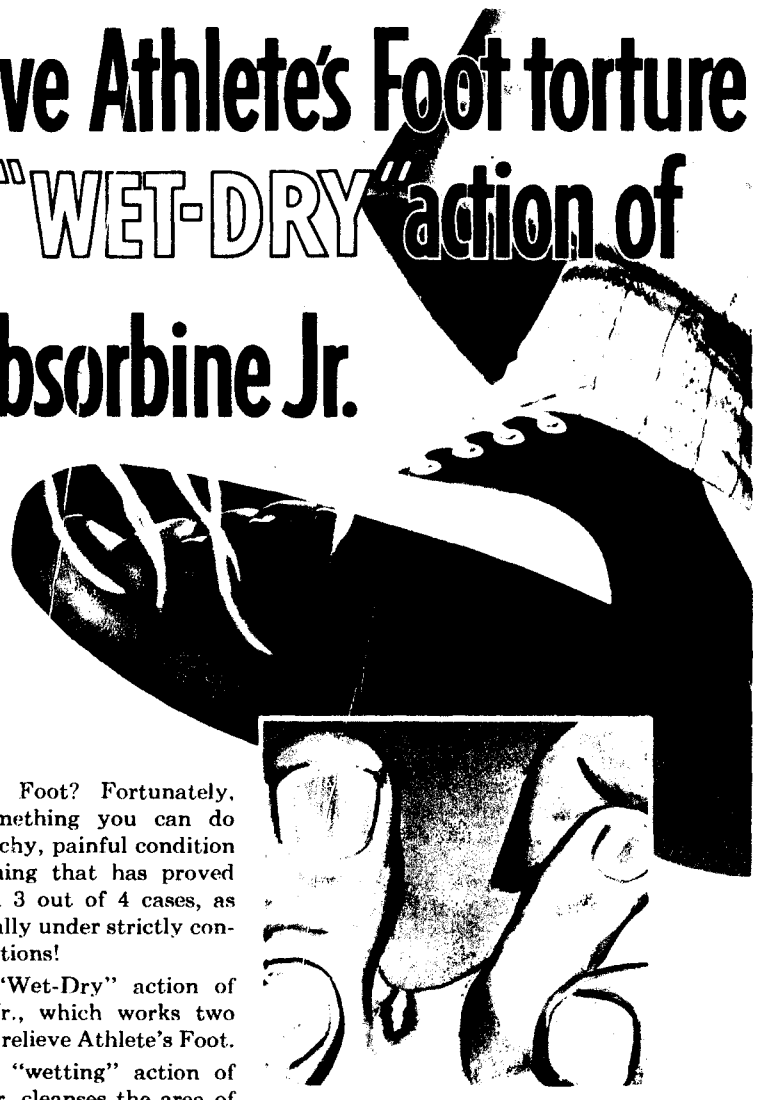

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engagement—as long as it takes us to return to Las Vegas and get hitched."

"I would like to kiss you again," Abigail said. "I think I'm going to faint."

"Not now, please," Ben said. "Here comes a guy in a jeep—a forest ranger. You may be out of season."

THEY were back in Las Vegas by two-thirty in the morning. Ben drove slowly along the street, watching the signs. He had to stop for a red light, and he clashed the gears when the car started up.

Presently, a small, dark house caught Ben's eye. Above its front porch was a brightly illuminated sign which read:

ROSEBUD, INC.
WEDDINGS—DAY OR NIGHT
SPECIAL RATES FOR COMPLETE CEREMONIES
MRS. JOE BAYWATER, PROP.

He swerved to the curb and applied the brakes.

"The house is all dark," Abigail protested.

"Relax, Abby," Ben said, and in his unsteadiness accidentally blew the horn. "What can we lose by trying but our freedom?"

He helped her out, and they went up the walk together. On a porch pillar was a sign indicating the night bell. Ben pressed the button. Somewhere in the recesses of the cottage an extremely loud warning sounded.

Lights flashed on inside. A dome above them in the porch roof began to glow in a soft shade of red. Mrs. Joe Baywater came tearing through the doorway. She was a stout, broad woman, attired in a scarlet and blue sun dress; her expression was genial, her hair mussed from sleep; her thick legs were bare, and her feet encased in worn slippers. In color and general outline, she rather resembled a souvenir cushion that had recently been used in a pillow fight.

"Good evening!" Mrs. Joe said, in hoarse tones. "What'll it be? Name your poison, folks."

"We want—" Ben began, and stopped in confusion as he realized Abigail had also said, "We want—" and had been equally unable to finish. Mrs. Joe rose to the occasion.

"Your happy, loving faces explain everything," she said. "You've hit the right spot, kids. Come into my office."

Her office was lodged among the living-room furniture, and consisted of a roll-top desk, an ancient typewriter that should have been in a museum, and a pile of dusty newspapers. She guided Abigail to the desk, slammed up the cover, seated her client in a swivel chair, cleared a space on which to put a printed form and thrust a pen in Abigail's nerveless fingers.

"Fill this out, honey," she said. "My, you're a chick couple!"

Abigail dabbed with a handkerchief at the moisture on her upper lip, set her teeth, and grimly concentrated on supplying the state of Nevada with her age, nationality, date of birth, mother's maiden name, etc. Ben stood and gazed helplessly at Mrs. Joe, who instantly understood his need.

"How about a little shot, brother?" she said.

Ben nodded energetically. She brought a bottle of bourbon and two water glasses, and poured them each three fingers.

"Your bride need a jolt?" she asked.

"Doesn't drink," Ben said. He lifted his glass. "Here's mud in your eye."

"Love and kisses," Mrs. Joe said, and tossed hers off without blinking.

Abigail completed the form and signed her name. She rose. Under Mrs. Joe's direction, Ben took Abigail's place in the swivel chair. Then she stood and looked helplessly at Mrs. Joe. The latter pressed a cigarette upon her, had one herself and held a match to them.

"Burn a little of the weed, darling," Mrs. Joe said encouragingly. "It always helps to loosen you up. Known this guy long?"

"Uh—since yesterday afternoon," Abigail said, with unintentional honesty.

Mrs. Joe's bushy eyebrows remained perfectly steady. "Nothing like love at first sight. He looks like a cowboy, dear."

"Uh—he is," Abigail said. "He works in the movies."

"Not a bad racket, I hear," Mrs. Joe said. "More guys ride the range down there than here."

"I'm through," Ben said, and popped erratically from the desk.

Mrs. Joe gathered the forms, checked them briefly, and traded her slippers for a pair of scarlet wedgies. "I'll hustle the papers over to the night man at the courthouse," she explained. "After that, we're ready. What kind of a deal did you folks have in mind?"

"Just a legal tying of the knot," Ben said. "A justice of the peace—"

"Okay," Abigail said. She turned toward the groom anxiously. "Are you mad at me, Ben?"

"No," Ben said. "Only excited and surprised. We'll need a best man and a ring."

"I can furnish both," Mrs. Joe said.

"The ring's enough, thanks," Ben said. "A.J., I'll give Mrs. Rosebud—Mrs. Baywater, I mean, a ride over to the courthouse, and help her take care of the odds and ends. You stay here and hold the fort. Give Jack Hall a ring at his hotel. Tell him to dress and join us here as fast as he can."

"How big a deal do you want?" Mrs. Joe asked. "Bridesmaids this time of night will cost you fifteen bucks a head. I can also provide spectators at around seven dollars per person, an old dignified guy to give the bride away, and even a bunch of choristers if their parents will let them get up. How about a reception with champagne afterward at some night club? By the way, the Wagon Wheel chapel has a six-horse stagecoach that will deliver you to the wedding and take you on your honeymoon without extra charge."

COLLIER'S — "Wow, that sand is hot" — VIRGIL PARTCH

"Wait," Abigail interrupted. "No. It has to be a church wedding."

"Church?" Ben said. "Why?"

"Because I told my roommate I'd insist on it," Abigail said. She noticed his puzzled look, and added, "The one I told you about, the beautician. Alice Norman."

"Alice Norman," Ben said. "Oh." His eyes narrowed. "Do you mean to say you had this wedding planned before you left Los Angeles?"

"Certainly not," Abigail said. "How ridiculous! We simply happened to be discussing marriage as I was leaving, and she had me give my word—"

"Very interesting," Ben said, and frowned.

ABIGAIL looked at him humbly. "A pure coincidence. I can't properly explain now. . . ."

"Let's not have an argument before we're married, huh?" Mrs. Joe said. "The kid wants a church—she gets a church. I'm used to these emergencies."

"I'm not," Ben said.

"I got a friend," Mrs. Joe said, "a starving reverend out at the end of town where the sagebrush starts. He appreciates my throwing him a little business, and he'll come on the run, I know. I'll pick him up when I leave the courthouse. Of course, we can't use his church; his congregation might object, and anyway it's practically a barn. But the Wagon Wheel Inn has a fancy Western chapel they keep on a sort of yellow alert, and I'll notify them. Okay?"

"No!" Ben said. "No bridesmaids, nobody to give the bride away, no choristers, no reception, no champagne, and no spectators."

"And no stagecoach with six horses," Abigail said. "But—flowers?"

"Sold," Mrs. Joe told her. "I know a florist who will open up for a small profit. What's your preference, honey?"

"Anything," Abigail said distractedly. "Anything at all." She happened to observe a clock on the wall and gave a start. "Oh, dear. I'm already late for that appointment with Harry Kallen. Should we postpone the wedding, Ben?"

"No," Ben said. "Harry will have to wait."

"Harry Kallen?" Mrs. Joe said. "Why not kill two birds with one stone and invite him to the wedding?"

"Definitely not," Ben replied. "One of the birds killed would be me, and it'd be a bullet—not a stone."

"I have to talk to Mr. Kallen alone," Abigail said. "I'm my—my future husband's attorney."

"Ah?" Mrs. Joe said, and proved herself a woman of the world by exhibiting no surprise whatever. "Well, it seems that we are organized. Come on, cowboy."

Ben started out with her, blowing a kiss to Abigail. A powerful tremor ran through Abigail's body. She rushed after them, grabbed Ben's arm, spun him around, and confronted him tensely.

"Listen, Ben," she said. "Are you sure you're doing the right thing? Maybe I'm not the woman for you, even though I think I am. You've got to consider the situation realistically. I'm not beautiful or witty or gay, and I'm broke. I'm no bargain any way you consider it. Aren't you being carried away by a temporary infatuation? I—I want to treat you fairly."

Ben turned pale, and stared at her. Mrs. Joe, hitherto unshaken, was unable to prevent her jaw dropping.

"You're a lawyer," Ben said, with difficulty. "That's enough for me. You're the one who ought to back out, Abby. In fact, you're nuts if you don't. I'm broke too, and I drink and run around with dames. I'm an unstable character. I owe money. Leave me, darling, and I'll only respect your intelligence the more."

"No, no," Abigail protested. "You're wonderful, Ben. I'm the flop in this combination. I—"

Mrs. Joe recovered her composure. "So neither one of you is the answer to a maiden's prayer," she said soothingly. "What's the difference? People expecting perfection never do get married."

"She's right, A.J.," Ben said. "People can stand anything."

"All right," Abigail said. "I love you. That's all I can say."

"That's enough," Mrs. Joe said, "and that's all you need to say—that and the simple words, 'I do.' Let's get going, kids."

THE moment they were gone, Abigail felt as if she were coming down with chills and fever. Her eyes were misty and her head was ringing. She was terribly happy and somewhat sick to her stomach.

Sitting at the roll-top desk, she searched in the telephone book, found the number of the Pastime Club and gave it to the operator. A man answered. He said Harry Kallen wasn't immediately available and that he'd take a message.

"I'm A. J. Furnival, attorney at law," Abigail explained. "I had a three A.M. appointment with Mr. Kallen. Due to circumstances—uh—practically beyond my control, I can't meet with him until later."

"Furnival?" the man said. "Oh, yeah. You come by when you can, honey. Harry will be here until six or seven o'clock in the morning."

"Thank you," Abigail said. Then she called Jack Hall at his hotel. There was a delay while he was roused, and when he did come on, he was practically incoherent. Abigail had to repeat her name twice.

"Now I get it," Hall said. "The little lawyer. What's the matter?"

"The cowboy says for you to come over here immediately."

"Where's over here?"

"Where am I?" Abigail said. "Wait a minute." She rummaged on the desk, discovered a business card of Mrs. Baywater's, and gave him the name and address. A silence ensued as Hall digested that.

"Rosebud, Incorporated?" he said. "Mrs. Baywater? This is a great time of night to be playing practical jokes on honest workingmen. Are you sober?"

"Dead sober. I'm the future Mrs. Castle. You're the best man."

"Mrs. Castle! Best man!"

"Please don't repeat everything I say!"

"You're loaded!"

"I am not loaded!" Abigail said loudly. "We're going to get married, and Ben says you have to be here."

"Married!" Hall said. "I beg your pardon. That I got to see. Don't make a move until I get there. Here I come."

Abigail sat nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. Eventually, the night bell sent her tumbling to her feet, and

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she opened the door. Hall came in and seized her by the shoulders.

"Holy Moses!" he said. "Is it true? You're not drunk—you're going to marry him?" He shook her to emphasize his words, and she gave an involuntary nod.

"Don't do it," Hall said fiercely. "I've known the guy a long time—he's no good. He's been no good since the war. Probably he's kidding you, Abigail. Or he has an angle. He's after your dough or something you can do for him."

"I'm in love with him," Abigail said.

"What's that got to do with it?" Hall demanded. "Take my word for it, honey, you—"

THEY heard footsteps on the front walk, and he stopped talking and released her. Mrs. Joe and Ben entered with the minister. He was a shy, balding man, thin, in rusty black, with shaving powder shining on his cheeks. Mrs. Joe introduced him—Reverend John Dill of the Community Church. He shook Abigail's hand, and smiled and blushed.

"I'm very happy for you, Miss Furnival," he said. "Things done on impulse and instinctively are often the best for us. Most of our true impulses, I am sure, are directed toward beauty and good. Mr. Castle has told me you've only known each other since yesterday."

"Yes," Abigail said. "Something hit us very hard."

"The most important something in your life," Dr. Dill said, and looked genuinely happy. "May it be blessed, and may it never fail you. I am a believer in the old saying that marriages are made in heaven."

"Excuse me," Mrs. Joe said. "I hate to interrupt, but time marches on. We're set with the county recorder, and the chapel is waiting. The flowers are on the way." She held up a brassy object for their observation. "Here's the ring—I always carry one with me. I'll give it to this guy. He's the best man, isn't he?"

"By far," Hall said, accepting the ring from her. "Which is what I just finished telling the bride, except that she won't listen." He put his arms around Abigail protectively.

"Very funny," Mrs. Joe said. "But let's not get into any of those wedding jokes in front of the reverend."

Abigail observed that Hall was looking grimly at Ben. Both wore poker faces.

"You seem enchanted, Jack," Ben said.

"I want to talk to you outside, cowboy," Hall said.

They went through the doorway together, jostling each other a little. Abigail glanced timidly at Dr. Dill. He smiled again. "My dear," Dr. Dill said, "you mustn't look worried on your wedding day."

"I won't," Abigail said feverishly. "I'll forget I'm dumb."

Ben returned alone, carrying a huge bouquet of roses. In his lapel was a single bud. He gave the flowers to Abigail. "The florist arrived," he said. "Long-stemmed American Beauties for a girl without long stems."

"Or American beauty," Abigail said.

"I know you wish a few moments alone," Dr. Dill said. "I'll wait outside."

The telephone rang. Abigail started for it, and was intercepted by Mrs. Joe.

"I'll get it, honey," she said. "You smooch with the cowboy."

"Jack says I shouldn't marry you," Ben said. "He's in quite a state."

"Yes, I know," Abigail said.

"It seems," Ben went on, "that if I do you harm or break your heart, I'm to have my brains beaten out. Jack has grown fond of you, he says. How can you grow fond of a person in the space of a few hours?"

"Well, how can you?" Abigail asked. "I have, and Jack apparently has. How about you?"

"That's different," Ben replied severely. "I'm an eccentric."

Mrs. Joe hung up the phone. "That was the Wagon Wheel chapel," she reported. "The cops got the organist an hour ago for drunk driving, and he can't raise any bail. I lined up a piano player from the Chuck Wagon Room. Is that satisfactory with you kids?"

"Perfectly," Ben said. Abigail nodded.

"Do you want the wedding march?" Mrs. Joe said. "Or a number that's a little snappier?"

"A number that's a little snappier," Ben said.

"The wedding march," Abigail said.

"Make up your minds," Mrs. Joe said.

"The wedding march," Ben said.

"That'll make Doc Dill happy," Mrs. Joe said. "I'll be with you as soon as I fix my face and put a hat on." She rustled out. Ben inserted a forefinger in his collar and irritably loosened it. "Could I have a drink prior to starting the march down the middle aisle?" he asked.

"No," Abigail said.

Mrs. Joe came trotting out again. She had on a lacy hat, and her face was done in bright new colors. "Here we go, kids," she said cheerily. "Off to Buffalo. Down to the sea in ships. Into the wild blue yonder."

"Off to Buffalo," Ben said.

"Down to the sea in ships," Abigail said.

They went through the doorway, firmly gripped by Rosebud, Inc. . . .

The sun was rising over the rim of the eastern mountains as Ben parked the convertible at the side of the Pastime Club. Abigail raised her left hand to shield her eyes, and the reddish light glinted on the brassy band encircling her third finger. Long blue shadows still lay upon the bed of the desert, and the dawn wind was cool. She drew a deep breath with parted lips. For an instant an alarming, poignant happiness and new joy in living threatened to choke her. In spite of her better judgment, she had drunk a glass of champagne following the ceremony. It still bubbled within her, and her mind was crowded with enchanting images. She was Mrs. Ben Castle. She was married, and the process hadn't hurt a bit. She had stood up heroically and said the right things and not shed a single tear. She had been kissed by the groom, by Jack Hall, by Dr. Dill, by Mrs. Joe and by the piano player from the Chuck Wagon Room.

ABIGAIL'S future existence was settled. "Look at the dawn, Mr. Castle," she said. "It's a good omen, isn't it? We're moving into a fresh world—all new. I feel as if I had been born again."

"Do you?" Ben said. His expression was uneasy.

"I'm in love," Abigail said. "I'm young. I'm somebody's wife. And I'm going slightly crazy. Oh, my darling!"

"Oh, my dear lawyer," Ben said.

"Oh, my God!" Hall said, from the back seat.

"Please kiss me, Ben," Abigail said. "It's all right. We're married."

"Certainly," Ben said. "At your service. But I do wish I had a cup of coffee to settle my stomach."

"Have you considered my stomach?" Hall said. "Why can't I catch a taxi and go back to bed? I can't stand your conversation any longer, Abby. I'm a charter pilot—not a courier for honeymoons. I'm not making a dime extra while I listen to this junk. I'll quit if you don't let me out of here."

"We're not on our honeymoon yet," Abigail said. "There's business to be done first, and for reasons I needn't go into I'd prefer to have somebody with Ben while I am inside. Stay with him that long, Jack, and I promise we'll take you to your hotel at once."

"You've got to promise to stop that incessant necking, too," Hall said.

"All right," Abigail agreed. "But the moment we're alone, everybody had better look out." She smiled at Ben. "Wait for me, bunny."

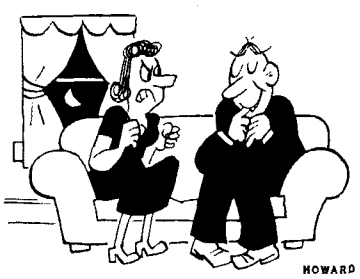
"Oh, yes—uh—angel," Ben said.

"Make it brief, angel," Hall said. "I'll take care of bunny."

The Pastime Club was very crowded. All the gambling tables were in operation, and the bar had a line. The air was smoky and warm and clamorous with voices and the metallic chatter of slot machines. Abigail paused in the doorway to condition herself to the fact that she had some serious negotiating to do. Her present mood, she realized, was not ideal for calm reasoning with her husband's creditor.

She was immediately spotted by Ricky, who was sitting on a tall chair in

Picture Postmarks



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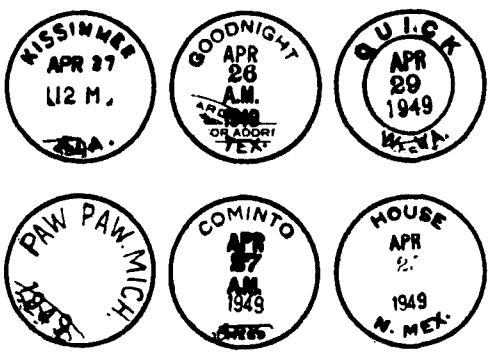

FROM MRS. L. C. BUCKLEY, CHICAGO, ILL.

KILL DANDRUFF germs* the way so many BARBERS do!

"I Always Use Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic Myself Because It Kills Dandruff Germs* On Contact"

says Emanuel Videtta,
Asst. Mgr., Terminal Barber Shop
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Barbers know *best* about how to treat scaly dandruff. And all over America, for 50 years, barbers have been singing the praises of Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic! They use it on their *own* hair. Report most of their customers insist on Fitch Ideal too. Here's why:

Fitch Ideal Hair Tonic, with massage, not only removes loose dandruff but actually *kills dandruff germs** on contact! Also relieves dry scalp.

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DO AS BARBERS DO- USE Fitch IDEAL HAIR TONIC

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the middle of a circle of tables. He dismounted, put another man in his place, and came over to her. His wizened old face was pale with fatigue.

"Finally got here," he commented. "Come on." He led her rearward to a tiny office. Harry Kallen was there, talking softly to another man. A huge black safe dominated one whole corner of the room.

"Here she is, Mr. Kallen," Ricky said.

"That's all," Kallen said to the other man. The latter went out.

Kallen rose from his desk to shake hands with Abigail. His attire was as immaculate as ever, and he betrayed no signs of tiredness. She saw he had been recently shaved.

"Hello," he said. "Have a chair." He extended a box of cigarettes to her, and she accepted one. "Drink?"

"Thank you, I don't drink," Abigail replied. She sat down.

"Still don't, huh?" Kallen said.

RICKY lighted a match for Abigail, and took the chair beside her. He watched Kallen respectfully.

"Shoot," Kallen said.

"Mr. Kallen," Abigail said, "as you know, I am Mr. Castle's attorney. He has engaged me to negotiate with you concerning the matter with which we are both fully conversant."

"Very nice way of talking," Ricky said approvingly.

"Yeah," Kallen said. "Go ahead, Miss Furnival."

"I believe in laying my cards on the table," Abigail said. "I shall have to speak frankly to you, Mr. Kallen. We are both aware of the questionable collectibility of gambling debts and the doubtful value of that note you had my client sign, presumably under duress." She lifted her hands and ticked off a point on one finger. "We are agreed so far, sir?"

"Okay," Kallen said.

"We arrive now," Abigail went on, "at an unpleasant aspect of the controversy. I refer to alleged threats conveyed to my client: namely, that unless he paid the debt and paid promptly he might suffer serious and even fatal consequences. It is alleged that those threats emanated from you, Mr. Kallen."

"They might have emanated somehow or other," Kallen said. "I'm not quite sure of the word. But I didn't threaten the cowboy. I never make threats personally. And I wouldn't try to go to court with that either, if I were you—it's not worth any more than the note the cowboy signed."

"That may well be," Abigail said, "but the procedure is unlawful and improper, and constitutes a legitimate complaint on our part. We could take recourse with the police."

"I could start smiling," Kallen said, "except I practically never do. Go ahead."

"That concludes point two," Abigail said, and allotted a finger to it. "Point three. As I understand it, the agreement between you and my client was that, lacking the money immediately, he would pay you on an installment basis. If such is the case, you have already violated the arrangement by demanding immediate payment. May I have a statement from you on that aspect?"

"I know he's busted," Kallen said. "And I know the cowboy—he'll stay busted and he'll never pay. I only agreed on that at the time because there was nothing else to do."

"Point three concluded," Abigail said, and ticked it off. "Allow me to give you the situation on our side as authorized by my client. We recognize the obligation in spite of its questionable legality. We are prepared to pay in full over a period of time, providing there is a complete absence of duress or threats during that period. To my mind, Mr. Kallen, you could not ask for more."

"Uh-huh," Kallen said.

"On the other hand," Abigail said, "should you continue to be unreasonable and obdurate, I shall advise my client to report your attitude to the proper authorities and regard the incident as closed. We will then confidently await whatever action you choose to take in the courts."

"I may smile yet," Kallen said. "Listen, shall we stop making jokes? I want my money. Even if I didn't, I couldn't afford to let the cowboy kiss me off. The threat about messing him up is unimportant. He's a Hollywood character, and those people are sensitive about their morals. They're especially finicky with Western stars. All I actually have to do is let this stuff get in the newspapers, and he'll be out of a job and starving to death in a month. Get it?"

Abigail thought for a moment. "I see," she said slowly.

"It's open and shut," Kallen said. He leaned across the desk. "I didn't notice that ring on your finger earlier tonight."

Abigail was suddenly conscious of an unlawyerlike flush. "I—I was just married this morning."

Kallen looked across at Ricky. The little man straightened in his chair. A silence fell, and the noises in the Pastime Club could be dimly heard.

"Well, there you are, Mr. Kallen," Ricky said.

"Yeah," Kallen said, and sighed. "I'll guess to who."

"I'm Mrs.—Mrs. Ben Castle," Abigail said.

"Congratulations," Kallen said. "You resemble your old man, Mrs. Castle."

"Talks like him, too," Ricky said.

"Did you know him?" Abigail asked.

"Pretty well," Kallen said. "I owe him a couple of favors."

"So do I," Ricky said.

"He had kind of a bad end, didn't he?" Kallen said. "The booze got him, didn't it?"

"Yes," Abigail said. "It was very bad. Let's not talk about it."

"I only saw you two or three times when you were a kid," Kallen said. "I guess he was trying to protect you from the kind of thing he was doing. You were a nice kid as far as I could tell."

"I can remember," Ricky said.

"I heard about his dying broke," Kallen said. "Probably you had a pretty tough time. I should have remembered and stepped in, but everybody forgets everything."

"I wouldn't have accepted any help," Abigail told him.

"How about now?" Kallen said.

"What do you mean?" Abigail said.

"You know what I mean," Kallen said. "Do you love this guy Castle?"

"Yes," Abigail said. "Yes, I do."

"Okay," Kallen said. He rose from the desk. "That's that. Nice of you to come by."

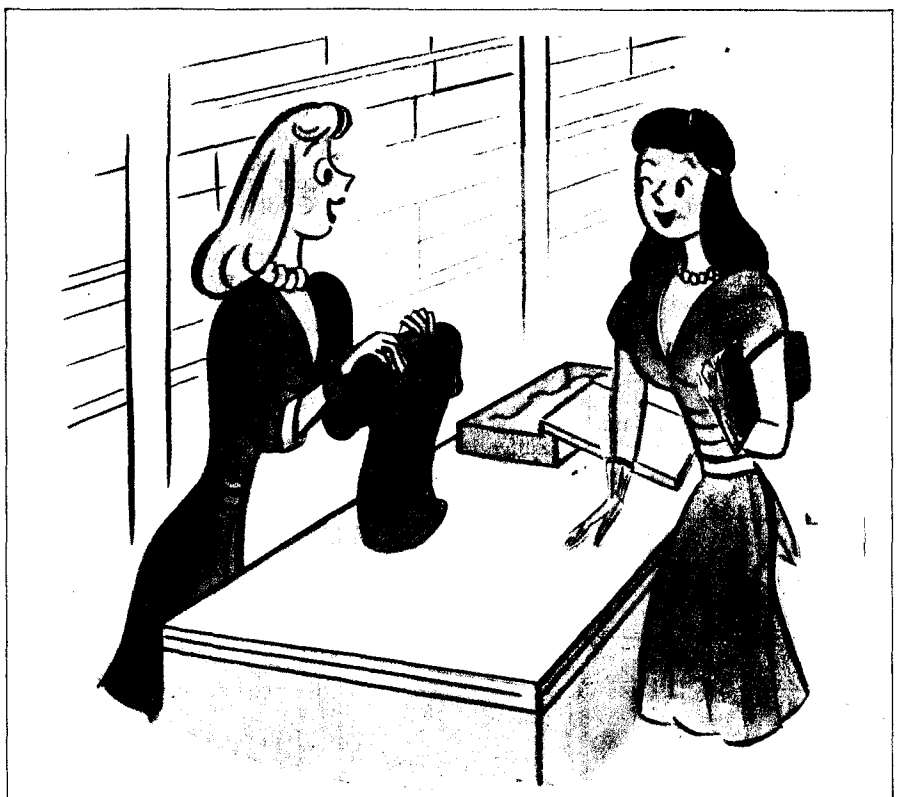
ABIGAIL stood up. Her knees were turning to water, and a dreadful blackness was invading her head. She swallowed with difficulty in her dry throat. "But—but I can't—" she began.

"You don't have to," Kallen interrupted. "You don't have to do anything. I'm doing it."

"That's nice going, Mr. Kallen," Ricky said. He pushed himself from the chair and opened the door. Abigail stood rooted in her tracks. Kallen looked at her with his opaque humorless eyes. He seemed to get an idea.

"Is the cowboy waiting outside?" he said.

Abigail nodded.



"This sweater will give you a fresh look—and so will your boy friend"

COLLIER'S JACK MARKOW

"I want to speak to him," Kallen said.

They went out through the gambling room, walking fast. Abigail stumbled once on the thick carpet, and Ricky took her elbow. Ben and Jack Hall were leaning against the front fender of the car and smoking. They straightened to their feet as the others approached.

"Good morning, cowboy," Kallen said. "I hear you're married. Congratulations."

"Thanks, Harry," Ben said. His face was wooden, his voice almost a whisper.

"I made you a little wedding present," Kallen said, "and you don't need to be grateful. You ought to know why."

Ben said nothing.

"There's a little string attached to it, though," Kallen said. "Take real good care of Mrs. Castle or the deal's off. It's off in spades, see?"

"All right," Ben said.

"I hope you're not absent-minded, cowboy," Kallen said. He glanced casually at the others. "Have a nice honeymoon—all three of you."

"Good luck," Ricky said.

Kallen turned around and walked inside, Ricky at his heels. The red light flooded down on the desert. Abigail was deathly white, and her hands were cold. Ben looked at the ground. Hall stared at both of them.

"You knew," Abigail said. Her voice wavered eerily, and she fought to control it. "You knew beforehand, didn't you?"

"Yes," Ben said.

"How did you know?" Abigail asked, hoping she would not cry.

Ben did not answer at once. Then he said slowly, "Graves told me. It was Graves's idea. Graves said your old man helped Kallen beat a rap—and that Kallen would do anything for Vincent Furnival's daughter."

Abigail stared at him. Even yet, she was not quite sure she understood. "You married me for that reason, Ben?" she asked. He looked uncertainly away from her. "Answer me, Ben," Abigail said. "Is that the way it is? You don't really love me? You only did it because—" She had to stop and swallow again with agonizing slowness. "You were simply trying to protect yourself—weren't you, Ben?"

The tears were very close as Abigail waited for his answer.

"I was," Ben said, "but—"

"Now I get it!" Hall said. "This double-crossing jerk has had an angle from the first! He married you to soften up Kallen so he wouldn't knock him off for that gambling debt."

"Oh, shut up," Ben said.

"Well, you're fixed," Abigail said. "It worked. You're sixty thousand dollars richer."

"I don't entirely get it," Hall said, "but put up your dukes, cowboy. You're going to collect on that pasting I promised you."

Abigail stepped between them hastily. Ben kept his eyes lowered and didn't bother to raise his hands.

"No assault and battery," Abigail said. "Nothing unlawful. There's enough trouble already."

"I'll murder him!" Hall said.

Ben raised his head and looked at Hall sardonically. "You heard my lawyer," he said.

"Jack, please," Abigail said unsteadily. "For my sake. You're liable right now to charges of assault. Don't add battery to it."

"I'd love to add battery to it," Hall said.

"I can't stand much more," Abigail said. "Do you want me to cry?" Both men eyed her apprehensively. By a tremendous effort of will, she managed to restrain tears.

"I want to go home right away," she said.

"With or without the cowboy?" Hall asked.

"He—he might as well come along," Abigail said.

"Thanks," Ben said.

HALL glared at Ben as Abigail climbed into the rear of the convertible. An elderly man with red eyes and a whisky breath emerged from the Pastime Club. He nodded cheerily when he passed them.

"Nothing but bad luck," the man said. "Cleaned. Wiped out. What a night!"

"Sit in front, Jack," Abigail commanded.

Hall hesitated. Ben slid under the wheel. "What a night!" he commented. "As the man said."

"Suddenly I hate him," Abigail said tragically.

"I hate him too," Hall said, "but I'll sit with him."

He got in the car, and Ben started the engine. "In my own defense," Ben said. "I would only like to say—"

"Go to hell," Abigail said.

"One more remark," Hall said, "and you'll spend your wedding morning without your teeth."

They drove off to the airport.

(To be continued next week)

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When a Feller Needs "Your Unseen Friend"

Yes, Willie certainly needs a "nickel"... a five-cent piece to pay for his best girl's bottle of pop.

* *

But if he were in Ecuador it could be a "sucre" or in Hyderabad a ¼ "rupee." In older days it might even have been the "threepenny-bit" of an Irish lad or the 5-satang of a Siamese. And lots of other names in other places. For coins made of Nickel, or one of its alloys, have been adopted by more than 100 governments.

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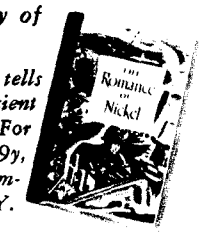

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Attractive Nuisance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Milton sighed and sat beside her, leaning against the barn. "Miss Mather, following the war I struck out vigorously for myself. My shingle was out for three years. The only business it brought in was when it fell on a passer-by's head. He sued me."

"Good try," she said. "I knew you weren't a gigolo at heart."

"I had developed a compulsive twitch at the sound of an ambulance bell when I met Mrs. Vincent. There was something about her that appealed to me instantly."

"Okay, so she can throw you a little business. Look at the other side. Little Broderick, by an earlier marriage, goes with her, you know. Mendel will give you odds that Mrs. V. will drop more of the same."

Milton's face darkened. "It will be my proud privilege, when I become his father, to warm Broderick's seat regularly."

She stood up and paced back and forth on the grass. "Milty, we Yankees are an independent lot, as you know if you have seen our publicity releases. Like Ethan Allen, we go it on our own, the hard way." She looked at him sternly. "It's not too late to join the Yanks, Milt."

MILTON stood up in his turn and sighed. Shaking off an impulse to stare fondly at her, he said, "It's far too late. I'm committed to marrying Kathy and to a career that will no doubt consist largely of driving poor lovely women of independent spirit from their homes into the snow. Good day, Miss Mather."

"Sit down, Milty."

He sat.

"I could have married money, once. But the guy was genetically wrong and a jerk to boot. So I borrowed over my ears, went to work, and now I have a going farm."

"Wonderful," Milton said earnestly.

"At the moment, it is going to pot. But once I get the right man, I will be able to swing it."

"Ah."

"There is room for a good lawyer in town here, Milty. And you could milk the cows and clean out the barns between cases."

"It sounds idyllic," he said, "but—"

She sat close beside him. "It's a tentative offer, Milt," she said. "You appeal to me. Do I appeal to you?"

Milton gulped once, then achieved the simplest statement of his legal career.

"You do," he said. In a moment he had taken her in his arms and was kissing her soundly.

He was warmly engaged in this occupation when he heard the stamp of horses' hoofs in the barnyard, and the rattle of the hay wagon.

He drew away from her and said, "That's my bus. We'll speak of this again. Your proposition is attractive."

She sighed happily. "Mendel was right. Ethan Allen was right. Genetics and independence."

"I'll speak to Kathy," he said. "We'll drop the suit."

"Before you go," she said, "leave me a brief description of your forebears—height, weight, color of hair, and so forth. I'll draw up a chart, just to be sure."

The hay wagon was full when Milton climbed aboard. He stretched out on top of the load, set his brief case aside, and felt wonderful. The wagon rocked along the rutted road.

The old man said, "Heard you're thinking of setting up a legal office in town."

Milton sat up. "That's true, but—"

"Heard of a man wanting to sue another man down the road a piece," the old man said. "Might mention your name, if I knew it."

"Milton Ramsdell—and that's mighty friendly of you."

"No trouble."

"There's just one thing," Milton said.

"What's that?"

"It seems to me that people around here hear a great deal about things right after they happen or even before."

The old man turned around and grinned. "Didn't have any telephone company out here until just a while back. A person gets to hear pretty good without it, if he just listens right."

"I'll keep you in mind if I ever need a private eye," Milton said, and returned happily to his bed of hay. Contemplating the changing patterns of the branches that stretched overhead, he found his mind drawing pretty analogies about the changing patterns of life. On an impulse, he reached out and sailed his Homburg into the bushes beside the road. . . .

Kathy Vincent was waiting on the lawn of her vigorously restored colonial house when Milton swung down from the wagon. She was a tall handsome brunette whose manner, even in repose, was inclined to be crisp. Behind her stood a twelve-year-old lad of evil aspect whose arm was in a white sling.

Milton dutifully kissed Kathy's cheek. Broderick stuck out his tongue at the young lawyer, who responded in kind.

"Well, darling," Kathy said, "is she ready to settle out of court?"

"What?" Milton said. "Oh—you mean the attractive nuisance thing?"

"Certainly," she said, her eyes watchful. "You did speak to Miss Mather about it, I trust."

"Of course," Milton said. "However, the whole thing now seems a little more complicated than it appeared at first."

There was a short, pregnant pause during which Broderick idly kicked Milton's shin.

Kathy said, "So I heard, darling."

"What's that?"

"I heard that complications had set in," she said. "Somewhere south of the barn."

"Oh," Milton said.

"Broderick happened to return to the scene of the crime."

"Ah," Milton said bitterly.

"Sit down, darling," she said.

Milton sat. Kathy stood before him, forcefully calling to mind the position of a prosecuting attorney before a recalcitrant witness.

"Darling," she said firmly, "as I see it, you are feeling very much the bird in the gilded cage."

"Now, Kathy, I— How did you know that?"

"Word gets around," she said. "I suppose you see this Mather girl as the exemplification of all that is free and independent."

"Kathy," he said, "what do you know about Ethan Allen?"

"He was a Green Mountain boy," she said, "but not much greener, I should imagine, than some city boys I know." She took a short turn on the well-clipped lawn. "Doesn't it occur to you to wonder where the independent Miss Mather got the money to start up her farm?"

"Borrowed it."

"Where?"

"From a bank, I guess."

Kathy shook her dark head slowly and significantly. "That's not what I heard."

Milton felt a strong sense of annoyance at the extent of his fiancée's information.

She said, "I will give you this briefly and to the point. You have been had."

"I have?"

"It is generally known around here that Miss Mather owes her farm, and a certain amount of allegiance, to an older man of some means who has been taken in by her bucolic charms."

"I can't believe that—" Milton said, springing to his feet.

She shrugged. "You've heard me speak of Wayne Carter?"

"The local millionaire?"

"Not a million, but close enough to be cozy. It should be easy enough for a lawyer to find out whether or not he's financing your blond pioneer."

"I wouldn't think of checking on it," Milton said weakly. "I—"

"Why not ask her yourself?" Kathy said. As she spoke, a battered old Army weapons carrier roared up the driveway and stopped. "Come, Broderick." She turned and walked into the house, and Broderick followed, tongue rampant. Milton didn't have the heart to reply.

Dully, he watched Barbara climb out of the weapons carrier and approach.

Barbara said, "I worked it out, Milt. It's a natural."

"What?"

"Our Mendelian table. If we have four children, the odds are that at least three of them will be tall, blue-eyed, strong and intelligent."

"That's fine," Milton said. "What do I do now? Ask Mr. Wayne Carter for your hand?"

"Who? What?" Her round blue eyes narrowed slightly.

Milton drew a deep breath and said, "Just tell me one thing, Barbara. Is Wayne Carter financing your farm?"

"Certainly. No bank would touch it."

He released his breath slowly. "Miss Mather," he said quietly, "we are suing you for $5,000. I hope Mr. Carter is good for it."

"Wait a minute, you two-bit pettifogger," the blonde said. Her eyes were blazing. "Do I understand you to imply that Wayne Carter is—that I am—"

"I may have sold out, Miss Mather," Milton said, "but the terms were honorable. I make no pretense to the mantle of Ethan Allen. I—"

The blonde swung a short right to Milton's jaw with stunning effect. Digging wells is an unexcelled muscle builder. By the time the lawyer's head had cleared, Barbara had climbed into her weapons carrier and was backing out of the driveway.

Milton yelled, "And I don't believe a word of your Mendelian theory!"

"Communist!" she shouted, and was gone in a cloud of dust.

Milton found Kathy in a deck chair on the lawn. He smiled at her weakly.

"There, there, darling," she said. "I forgive you."

"Thank you, Kathy," Milton said dully. "I think I'll go up to my room."

"That's a good idea," she said coolly. "I'll send you up a piece of bread, darling, and you can put in some time studying which side of it is buttered."

LATE that afternoon, the insistent ringing of Kathy's party-line telephone woke Milton from troubled sleep. In his dream, he had been ordering Barbara and four children out of a strange farmhouse into the teeth of a Vermont snowstorm. Three of the children had looked exactly like Milton. The fourth had resembled Broderick and had been belaboring Milton about the shins with a shovel.

The young lawyer stumbled downstairs and lifted the receiver of the old wall set. The operator's voice was repeating a message apparently intended for all the subscribers on the line.

"There's a fire goin' on in the Mather barn. Fire on the Mather place. Barbara Mather's barn is caught fire."

"Fire!" Milton yelled. He slammed down the receiver and started to run. He had been around the hills of Vermont long enough to know that a fire in the

The Viewing Public

DICK STROME

CONVERSATIONALIST

• This type is generally a member of the female sex, bless them. One is watching one's favorite comedian who is saying, "That reminds me of the fireman who thought he'd visit his cousin in Peoria, so he—"

"I have an aunt in Peoria," pipes up the conversationalist, "and everybody on my husband's side of the family says she's crazy but the poor, dear thing is just lonesome, you know, because she lost her husband twenty-three years ago and she isn't the type who mixes, you know, and so she lives all by herself all of the time and naturally one gets to doing little things, you know, that seem rather strange to other people but it's just because she's so much alone all of the time and I've often said to her why doesn't she just get out and sort of mix with other people and maybe she'd feel happier and get adjusted more, you know, and people wouldn't go around saying the things they . . ."

—PAUL RITTS

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ack country was a community affair. here was no fire department for miles. leighbors turned out at the emergency ing on the phone and did what they ould.

He snatched a small hand fire extinuisher from the wall over the kitchen tove and dashed out to the garage. Cathy's car was gone. Milton sprinted own the driveway, turned into the road nd went into the long-legged lope that ad once placed him third in intercol-egiate cross-country competition.

By the time he saw the first long spirals f smoke rising over the trees in the near listance, Milton knew that his college lays, and his wind, were a long way ehind him. He was gulping air with uiet desperation when he swung off the oad into Barbara Mather's dooryard.

HER barn was a boiling, tumbling mass of flame. Dried hay and timbers seasoned over the years had blazed ike tinder and were shooting towers of ire skyward, hopelessly out of control. A dozen neighboring farmers had ormed a bucket line from the old well to Barbara's house and were pouring water over the roof in a fevered effort to keep the fire from spreading to the house.

"Come to watch, have you?" a voice at Milton's elbow said. It was the old man of the hay wagon.

"Like . . . to help," Milton gasped.

"Good. The old well's near dry. Need a tall skinny fella like you to get in the new one."

"No water in there," said Milton.

"Barbara hit some this afternoon. Throw away your squirt gun and come on." Darkness was falling as they crossed the yard to the site of the new well. The fire raged on uncontrolled, throwing fantastic leaping shadows from the struggling figures on the bucket line. Before his breathing began to approach normal, Milton found himself knee-deep in icy water in the new well, in a round opening about three feet across. The top of his head just reached ground level.

"All right down there?" the old man said, handing him an empty bucket.

"All right," Milton said. When he bent down to fill the bucket, his rear hit one side of the well, nudging his head into the other side. He handed the water-filled bucket to the old man who passed it along out of sight and lowered another empty to Milton. Bending again, the lawyer found that the double bump from rear to head was inescapable.

After fifteen minutes of dipping water, Milton would have taken an oath that his back was broken in two places. The buckets kept coming and his head bumped the side of the well with dizzying regularity. I am probably dying to save that millionaire's investment, he thought hazily.

"Heard you ain't openin' a law office in town after all," the old man said, as he sat at the top of the well.

"You heard right," Milton grunted. His head bumped the side of the well again, releasing a shower of sparks in his brain.

"Too bad," the old man said. He accepted a full bucket and handed down an empty.

"How's the fire going?" Milton asked vaguely.

"Burnin' good," the old man said. "Think we got the house saved, though."

"That's good, I guess," Milton said. His head was going around in swift, tight circles. Every now and then the well seemed to tip over on its side, and Milton wondered absently why they couldn't just pour the water out instead of dipping it.

He was aware that the old man was chuckling. "Heard you said some pretty complimentary things about me," the farmer said.

"Ah," Milton said in bleary triumph. "This time you heard wrong. I never said a word about you."

"Heard you did," the old man insisted. "Carter's the name. Wayne Carter."

Milton dropped the bucket he was lifting, drenching himself in cold water. He pointed a finger up at the old man.

"You?" he said. "You're the millionaire?"

"You heard wrong," Carter said. "I ain't got nothin' like a million."

"But you—I mean, you wouldn't—I mean, after all!" Milton shouted.

"I'm eighty years old," Carter said. "Goin' on eighty-one."

"But I thought—" Milton said. "I heard—" His head spun around and around.

"Son," the old man said, "listenin' to rumors around here is kind of like usin' one of them dial telephones. You got to learn how. You can't expect to sit down and turn a dial without knowin' how and get the right answer right off."

"But Barbara told me—"

"Sure, I put up the money," the old man said sharply. "Got most of my money by knowin' a good investment when the bankers couldn't see it. That girl's got spirit."

"If she only had a man on the place," Milton said. "Mr. Carter, I—" A familiar voice broke into his consciousness.

"It was that little stinker!" he heard Barbara yell. "Broderick Vincent! He was smoking corn silk out back of the barn and started the whole thing!"

"Guess you could sue Mrs. Vincent, if you had a good lawyer," the old man said. "Fella down in the well wants to see you, Barbara."

A lovely blond head, smeared generously with soot, appeared over the edge of the well.

"You!" she shouted. "Get off my property!"

Milton's head cleared suddenly. "Mr. Carter," he called, "if you will help the young lady down here . . ."

"Hey!" Barbara said.

THERE was a short scuffle and in a moment she slid feet first into the well, pinned close beside Milton.

"He pushed me!" she said.

"Barbara," Milton said, "I made a terrible mistake. I—"

She was struggling to free an arm in the cramped space of the well. "If I could only get one good swing at you," she said. "Just once more—"

"Listen," Milton said firmly. "I am apologizing. I want you to marry me. I can even milk a cow."

She stopped struggling and looked up at him. "How about the man who is keeping me?" she said. "The millionaire."

"I heard all about that," Milton said sheepishly. "We met. Barbara, I've been an awful jerk."

She sighed. "Well, that part's all right, I guess," she said. "That's not hereditary. You did that all on your own."

Kathy Vincent's face appeared suddenly at the top of the well. "Milton," she said sharply, "come out of there at once!"

Milton looked up calmly. "Madam, go away," he said. "We are suing you for $10,000." He felt a pair of strong slender arms around him and looked down again.

"Can I still join the Yanks?" he said softly. "I need a good woman before I can make a go of it."

A long, happy sigh escaped her. "Habeas corpus, counselor," she said. Milton's mind translated rapidly and he took the proffered body in his arms. The well spun around once more as he kissed her and then it settled down firmly.

"There's just one more thing, darling," he said.

"What's that, Milt?"

"I guess I'm going to be maintaining an attractive nuisance for the rest of my life," he said. "My problem is: Can anybody sue me?" THE END

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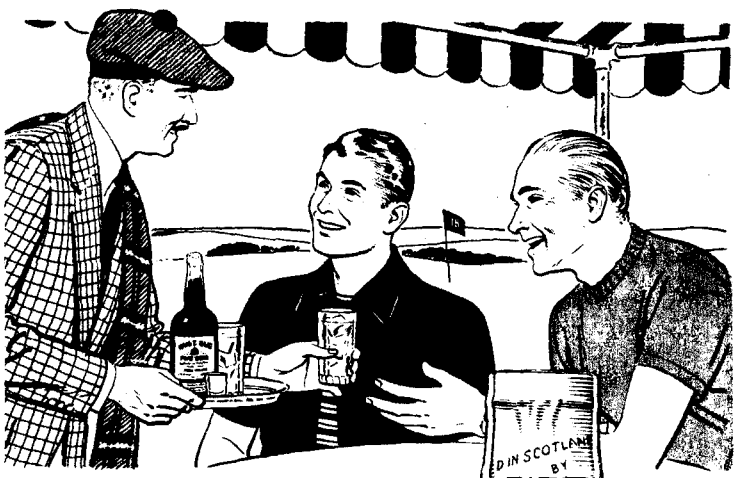

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Voyage of the Pagan

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

Then came the grimmest day since the hurricane. I sat for hours in the cockpit studying the makeshift chart of South Sea waters that I had scratched in the wood of the cockpit floor. I was sure I had overshot Samoa. The nearest land now was Fiji, 600 miles southwest, three weeks' sailing time.

"Fiji or bust," I shouted hoarsely, as I trimmed my mended sails to hold me on a new course.

From that moment my most burdensome concern was the weather. The threat of another hurricane hovered in the offing. This was the hurricane season and I was in the heart of the hurricane country. Pagan and I could never outlive another big storm.

I remembered a mosslike growth that had sprouted on Pagan's leeward side during the long traverse from the Galápagos. I went on deck and examined it closely. In color it varied from light to dark green; it was hairlike, growing about an inch long in the thickest spots. I scraped off a fistful, chewed it, and then swallowed. It tasted like grass sprinkled with salt. It didn't ease my hunger but it eased my mind.

Seaweed Salad with Hair Oil

I thought of the remaining half bottle of hair oil, and I tried a light sprinkling of it on another handful of the weedy stuff. With a slight stretch of the imagination it had a saladlike taste. In a few hours I finished all the moss there was.

I was sitting on deck just at dawn when a small white sea bird slanted across the bow. I flipped a pellet toward it, more as an afterthought than with serious intent. Bird and missile miraculously converged. A puff of feathers flew up, and the victim was mine.

What I did next has been unbelievable to me ever since. Crazed at the thought of food again, I tore the head from the body and in the same motion thrust the pulsing stump into my mouth and drank every drop of the blood. I was an animal that had made a kill; and as an animal will, I went at it tooth and claw. When it no longer yielded a drop, I bit the delicate neck off and chewed it up.

Before I knew it the greater part of the bird was gone. Even then I couldn't stop. I bit wolfishly into the mass of feathers, tearing at whatever met the tooth; whether it was bone or feathers didn't matter. Not one bone of the fowl's body escaped the mill of my teeth.

Two days crept tediously past. I trolled my fishline as usual, day and night, but in vain.

Then one morning as I came on deck I saw a ship, hull down, knifing directly across my bow. It was a big freighter. I had joyful visions of being towed to Samoa for food and rest. I could see myself provisioned anew and setting out all shipshape again—for Australia, and Mary.

The freighter was footing it fast. I scaled the unsteady little mast that I had constructed from my old boom, and blinked my flashlight. I shouted like a madman. But the big ship swept on.

Suddenly I thought of a signal fire. I threw a shirt and some paper into a bucket. I lighted it and carried it onto the forepeak. It sent a smoky column 30 feet into the air.

The ship didn't see the signal, and kept going. I watched helplessly as it blurred in the distance and dropped below the sky line.

Next morning I put an "S O S" on both sides of all my little makeshift sails. Since there was no paint, I used pitchy stagnant oil from the disabled engine. I also painted the distress letters on foredeck, cabin top and cockpit, in case a plane should fly over.

It was about this time that the more noticeable effects of starvation appeared. I noticed my wristbones first—they were popped out like golf balls. Veins looked like miniature molehills. Elbows were gaunt, biceps like eggs. Large bony knots stood for my knees. But my feet and ankles had swollen to twice their normal size. They were so heavy that moving about the deck was laborious.

Day after day after day of sore trial crept past. Mostly, I slept or talked to myself. Then came the inevitable morning I had long dreaded, when I took my last sip of water, with hundreds of miles to go before I could hope to find land.

I soon devised a scheme to condense fresh water from salt. Taking a small oilcan with a spout, I filled it with sea water, fired the primus and set it on to boil. Steam began coming from the spout. If I could trap that steam, I would have fresh water.

I rigged a sheet of tin curved so that the steam would strike it and give off the yield, if any, in a dish. Eventually a drop fell; I blotted it up with my dry, swollen tongue, and waited for the next.

In an hour my Rube Goldberg apparatus netted me a tablespoon of water. I held doggedly on. By noon I was worn ragged but my mouth was no longer dry.

"This I don't understand. When it's full he closes the door. And then, pretty soon, he opens the door and different people walk out"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

At Last—the Rain!

I got along on this difficult water supply for two days. Then, unexpectedly, rain came. I heard it beating on the decks. I spread my woolen blanket over the deckhouse and cleaned the dirt from the cockpit.

The squall worked directly over me. Large drops hosed down the boat. I washed the crusted salt from my skin, hair and beard. I drank hoggishly of the water standing on the decks, scooping it up with my hands.

When the blanket was saturated, I squeezed it over the bucket. I had time to wring it three or four times before the squall passed—a half gallon of water. There was another gallon in the cockpit. A gallon and a half of water! I felt like a king.

I immediately put myself on a ration of a pint a day, although it seemed almost wasteful to drink so much.

There followed four days of dead calm. Twenty-two days had passed since I had tasted my last morsel of food. It had been 47 days since the hurricane. And the closest land, according to my estimates, was still ten days away. That was the sober tally I made, scribbling it into the front page of my Bible, so it could live to explain in case I didn't.

A slight swell was rolling from the south, suggesting wind somewhere near by.

Over the rail I saw a large sea turtle scratching at the hull with a discolored flipper. I felt I shouldn't risk my small store of energy in a hopeless contest with him. But I kept thinking of all the meat and blood he could provide. I threw judgment to the winds; the fight was on.

I crept astern and found my fish spear. I jabbed at him three times, but failed to penetrate his shell. The effort had me puffing. As a last resort I put my spear aside and tried to pull him aboard by my hands.

I got both hands under his shell and strained to raise him to the deck. With a few whisks of his flippers he broke away, nearly pulling me in. I teetered on the railless deck edge, kicking for balance, fumbling disconnectedly. If I fell in I knew I would sink like a rock, fleshless and bony as I was.

I finally won the scramble for my balance by throwing myself flat on the deck. As I slid back aboard I ran my knee against the fish spear. Sitting up I found that one of the rusted forks was imbedded an inch under my knee cap.

I pulled the spear point out and watched a single drop of black blood emerge. I couldn't afford to lose that drop of life; I wiped it off with my finger and smeared it on my tongue, and watched for more. None came. I lay back on the deck, too tired to stand.

When I got up the turtle was gone. I went below and tried to sleep. My knee throbbed. Every joint and muscle in my body hurt.

Twenty-four hours later the knee was so badly swollen that once, after I got on deck, I couldn't bend it enough to go below again. That night I had to sleep in the cockpit, in pulsating agony.

Sometime during the night an urge struck me, and I followed it. In circumstances like mine, what else remained but that last unfailing resource—the Great Captain? Desperately I closed my eyes in prayer, and with clenched hands appealed to Pagan's real Captain the Captain of all ships.

I awoke in the morning and looked across the bows. I couldn't believe my eyes. For there, not three miles away was a green island.

I could only stare at it. I didn't shout or wave my arms; too many disappointments had dulled my senses.

A Welcome Isle of Somewhere

What land it was, I didn't know and didn't care. It was land. According to my questionable calculations I was more than a week from anywhere. It made no difference to me whether it was Timbuktu or Shangri-La. It was land!

The island was about seven miles long, surrounded by a formidable coral reef half a mile offshore. Inside the reef was a deep lagoon. I was racing against time. Pagan hadn't been pumped in four hours, and now I must save all my remaining strength for the struggle to get ashore.

Down the full length of the coast I ran, without finding any opening in the reef. I dared not go farther. Once past the island I could never work back; the current was too strong for my improvised sails. Moreover, my boat was difficult to maneuver because I had a bulky 40-foot length of broken mast lashed at an angle across the deck; it dragged in the sea whenever the deck sloped.

The end of the island was now only 100 yards off. There was no alternative but to wreck my boat on the reef, in a last effort to save my life.

I was dressed in Army khaki. I had combed the salt from my beard and arranged my bothersome hair, now long as a woman's, in a knot under an old cap. My feet were too swollen for anything but stockings. My bulbous knee was wrapped in blanket stripping.

I kicked the helm hard down and raced bow on toward the exposed coral. Pagan caught the swell of a roller and rode into the jagged wall, crashing stem to. One of her planks broke and water gushed in. She settled by the bow and I was sitting up to my pockets in water. The next impact threw me overboard, and the sea somersaulted me into shallow water. I backed away onto a hump of prickly coral.

Behind the reef, the calm lagoon dropped to a depth of nine fathoms. I fell asleep where I sat. Hours later, when the rising tide woke me, the reef was almost covered.

Through thigh-deep water I struggled back to the broken wreckage, searching for the rubber life raft. But it had been caught beneath the wreckage and ground into the coral spikes.

I looked appraisingly at the broken 40-foot mast, still in its lashings. Knife in hand I hacked away at the binding until the big stick worked loose. I helped the sea drive it across the reef. When it reached the lagoon I climbed on its heavy end, straddling it, floating on it. My arms and legs were dangling in the water, my head and chest resting on the hard curved surface.

I planned to paddle with my hands, to guide the mast across the half-mile lagoon. But I was so completely exhausted that even as I lay in that precarious position, I drifted off into a drowsy half sleep.

I awakened when the mast scraped on the soft shore of a tiny alcove, overtowered by a beetling wall of volcanic rock. I rolled out of the water onto the

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white sand, slumped into its inviting warmth, and fell asleep.

But the tide was still rising. It roused me when it blotted out the beach, and forced me to climb painfully up the 20-foot cliff face. Again I went to sleep—this time in a hollow of lava rock.

I was surrounded by an inhospitable jungle, pathless and tangled. For two days I lay there, munching a few leaves and nabbing a couple of small land crabs. I was a total wreck, unable to move more than a few feet, and getting steadily weaker. My bad knee was turning black, and coral poisoning that I had picked up on the reef was festering in a dozen places.

When I tried to walk, my feet were so heavy I had to lift them from behind the knees with my hands to get them over even a small rock or hummock. I found a stick and tried to throw it into a clump of green coconuts 20 feet overhead; my shoulder muscles were so flabby that my arm came out of its socket and fell limp at my side.

Came the third day ashore. As morning lengthened I heard sounds on the beach below. Looking down from my perch I saw three small native children racing excitedly about, screaming in high glee over the fabulous treasures they were finding in the wreckage that had washed across the lagoon.

I leaned over the ledge, intending to shout. Nothing but a weird, uncontrollable gurgle rattled forth. The children looked up. They saw a ghastly specter that shook them with terror. Dropping all they had collected, they ran away screaming.

Hours dragged by. It was midafternoon when there were shouts, and an outrigger broke into view carrying six boys. I hailed them. They stared incredulously at me from 30 yards away.

The Village Chief Arrives

My perch was in a bad location for them, especially since I was too feeble to co-operate with their rescue efforts. I was now so weak that I couldn't stand, couldn't even raise myself from the prone. The boys tried hard to reach me, but they failed. However, they hung around and kept trying; and just after nightfall reinforcements arrived—three outriggers, with the village chief in charge.

He was a mighty man, well over six feet, and stockily muscular. Torchbearers lighted a path for him to the pocket where I lay.

He spoke soothingly, his voice husky and full of understanding. He lifted my 80 pounds of bones with his powerful arms, carried me gently over the ledge and handed me down to the deck of a boat.

As stanch oarsmen rowed, my benefactor came and covered me with a sheet of tapa cloth. I clamored for food and drink; he offered me a baked sweet potato and a pot of native tea. I nibbled at the food and took a sip of the tea.

I knew I ought to go slow on both, after my long fast. But the sight of food overwhelmed me, and suddenly I abandoned all caution. I bit huge chunks out of the vegetable and washed them down with great gulps of warm tea. Then I leaned back and closed my eyes.

When I came to I was in a thatched hut, lying on a woven mat spread over a mattress of coconut leaves. The chief's wife, a motherly woman, leaned solicitously over me.

She knew that a starved man shouldn't eat or drink as I had. She shook her head gravely at my gaseous, expanded stomach. It was swollen so badly the stretched skin burned, and my breath came in short gasps. She knew I might die from the food I had wolfed so hungrily, and the tea I had rashly gulped.

With a long callused finger she probed far down my throat, turning and upsetting my stomach, freeing it of the unchewed lumps of heavy food and the flood of liquid. She put her hands on my stomach, pressed gently and firmly till the gas had been expelled and my breathing was normal again.

After that I sank into a 36-hour coma. I didn't awake when she fed me occasional little potions of a balm of coconut milk, poulticed my knee with native herbals, and anointed the spots that were aflame with coral poisoning.

At last I opened my eyes. Una, the chief's wife, was still there, tending me. She brought half a shell of coconut milk and a hot broth of fish and breadfruit—with a raw turtle egg the size of a Ping-pong ball. Her husband propped me up from behind as she fed me slowly, bit by bit.

It was difficult to chew and to swallow. My jaw muscles tired and gave up after a few motions. My throat muscles were equally unreliable. I soon learned I could eat only by taking a long rest between tidbits. After a short try at eating, it was almost an hour before my jaws were ready to munch, or my swallowing machinery could work again.

After several days of this slow convalescence, the villagers began trooping in for a look at me. The hut was often filled to overflowing. They sat around cross-legged, watching me searchingly, always friendly and sympathetic. Every day they would bring me some of my belongings, washed ashore from the Pagan.

I wondered about them. What race were they? Where was I, anyway? They were coffee-colored, clean, healthy, powerfully built, congenial. I couldn't identify them with any land I had seen in my Pacific travels.

I spoke to them in English, French, Spanish, without result. Eventually I learned that I was on Tuvutha, one of the easternmost of the Fiji Islands.

From sign language and guesswork, I found that the island was visited three times a year by a copra schooner, its only contact with the outside world. The boat would not come again for three months.

My general condition improved slowly but steadily. After a week I could walk to the door with a cane and sit there in a chair, looking over the village square, enjoying the sunshine and my growing circle of friends. I couldn't sit for very long—my bony shanks made it too painful. Even in bed my bones hurt me; and that condition lasted until I got them thoroughly upholstered again with muscle and flesh.

The village had a sort of schoolmaster-pastor whose vocabulary included a handful of English words. Through him I told my story, little by little, to the villagers. They were keenly interested.

Men Born to Love of the Sea

The islander is strictly a seaman at heart. For the island in a sense is a ship perpetually at anchor. The sea is ingrained in his life. All things that happen at sea are of moment to him. His respect for a good seaman, or an achievement of seamanship, is unlimited. He measures a man by his prowess at the helm.

It was ten days before I was strong enough to begin to think about the next step in my pilgrimage. The month was now November, and the island's copra schooner would not be along until mid-January.

I suggested to the chief that one of his well-manned outriggers might take me to the next island, 40 miles away. He vetoed the idea, partly because it was the hurricane season, partly because I would be no better off at the next island.

Then I proposed hoisting a distress signal that might be seen by passing ships, if any came along. This he agreed to help me do. We took the top off a prominent coconut tree on a conspicuous hill, and over the foliage hung the ragged remnants of my mainsail.

One day not long after, a ship was sighted, far off on the horizon. It saw our signal and came in to investigate. Although it was just a 45-foot copra boat, it meant everything to me.

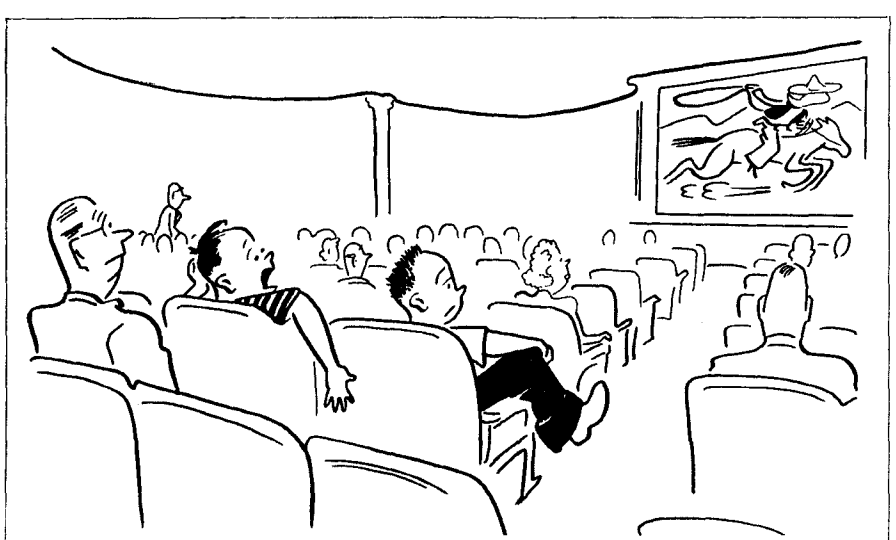
I explained my predicament to the captain and asked him to take me with him. His English was fragmentary, but when he understood what had happened and what I wanted, he welcomed me with open arms.

I went back to the hut for my scant luggage. My battered old blue suit was hanging ready for me. With the chief's help I slipped into it and put on my seedy white shirt and a clean pair of socks. I walked out into the village square, where all the islanders had gathered. There was nothing to do but say good-by and go quickly.

The next few minutes were tough. How does one say good-by to people who have saved his life and been exemplars of kindness and generosity? The best I could do was a simple handshake all around. I felt as if I was somehow doing them a wrong by leaving.

The copra boat got me halfway to Suva, main city of the Fijis, in a week, then transferred me to another boat that completed the trip. At Suva I was able to send a cable message to Mary, and after a few delays I thumbed a ride on an American bomber. Eventually it landed me at the Sydney airport.

I was the first one off the plane. And then I saw Mary. I remember her coming toward me, and I believe I moved to meet her. She was in my arms. My perilous voyage, my struggles and hardships, had not been in vain. They had made a thousand dreams come true. All that mattered now was that I was home—home from the sea. THE END



"Here's where we came in again; shall we go this time?"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

INTERNATIONAL

James Roosevelt has his eye on the governorship of California

Roosevelts in Politics

The name of Roosevelt is going to figure in American politics for a long time to come, if the voters wish it. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt has been performing an absolutely outstanding service for her country and for the world as a regular member of the American delegation to the United Nations General Assembly. Now two of the Roosevelt sons have waded into national politics, and it would be fanciful to suggest that they are not going to swim.

At the age of thirty-four, F.D.R., Jr., has taken a seat in Congress as representative of the Twentieth District of New York. His was a significant and splashy victory which showed him to be a resourceful and energetic campaigner.

The first Roosevelt son, forty-one-year-old James, having been Democratic state chairman in California for several years and having been elected Democratic national committeeman July, 1948, now has his eye on the California governorship.

Both boys have jumped into the midstream of American politics. A California governorship could be the springboard to almost anything, and a seat among 435 congressmen is obviously not the limit of F.D.R., Jr.'s, vision for himself. There is the possibility that the younger Roosevelt will be running for the New York governorship in 1950.

Should Governor Dewey determine to remain in public life, that would add up to a sprightly brace of political contests with two Roosevelt sons running simultaneously against the top two Republican nominees of 1948: James vs. Earl Warren in California and F.D.R., Jr., vs. Thomas E. Dewey in New York!

A famous name undoubtedly has helped numerous politicians get a start. But there is little evidence in history that a distinguished name has *kept* a man in office or propelled him to the top. After their first elections, James and Franklin, Jr., will be on their own.—ROSCOE DRUMMOND, *Washington Bureau Chief, Christian Science Monitor.*

Liberal party and its trade-union affiliates straw-bossed by Ben Davidson. Much of the volunteer strength of the Alamac came from the International Ladies Garment Workers Union; the Hat, Cap and Millinery Workers Union; and other A.F. of L. groups.

Headquarters 4, about a dozen blocks to the southwest of the Hotel Alamac, was C.I.O.-PAC headquarters in Transport Hall, opened to us by Mike Quill's Transport Workers Union. His men and those from the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, the Utility Workers Union, the United Auto Workers, the National Maritime Union, and the Retail and Wholesale Union all worked out of here.

Former Rivals Pull Together

Everything considered, our organizational unity was incredible. Our coalition was made up of groups which had not always been in agreement. The Liberal party had fought the Democratic party in local races. C.I.O.-PAC and the Liberal party had often been in opposing camps. Some of the unions now working together had scrapped in bitter jurisdictional fights. But now they pulled together and did an amazing job.

For the vast majority of our workers this was, as it was for me, a first political campaign. We learned and we learned fast. We had to, because we had no time. In 10 days we had to put a new party on the ballot; in 30 we had to win a Congressional race.

Most Americans are a little frightened about walking into a strange apartment house, ringing the doorbells of people they don't know and asking them to sign what looks like a frightening legal document. We briefed them as well as we could and, in teams of two, our canvassers went out.

But mostly, our campaigners learned by themselves. They learned that it's better to work an apartment house from the top floor down, that you never argue with voters opposed to your candidate (time is precious and there are friendlier people down the hall). They learned that if the elevator man won't take you to the floor you ask for, there's always a staircase which you can climb while he's taking someone else up. And they learned that you can't call on people after 9:30 P.M.

And while they learned, they got signatures to our Four Freedoms petitions. After three days (or rather evenings) of our drive, we had twice the necessary 3,000 signatures. In six days we had more than 12,000. And when the deadline for filing came around, we presented the Board of Elections with 25,630 signatures for the Four Freedoms party!

Then the political climate suddenly changed. Our opponents sat up and realized that they had a fight on their hands. The political writers, who hadn't given us much of a chance, began to concede that the election might be close. Everybody had a feeling that there had been a turning point in the campaign.

For us, a new phase opened. We had now to carry our fight on the issues to the voters on every street. It was time to step up my own campaigning. We had to make our general canvass to find our voters. And Election Day was less than three weeks off.

From the very beginning I was determined to meet personally, or at least to be seen by, as many of the voters of the district as I could humanly get to in the short time that I had. I soon learned that the phase "running for Congress" means just that. Believe me, I ran. My daily schedule usually went something like this. I would get up at 8:00 A.M., shave and dress, then have a breakfast conference with some of the key people working with me in the campaign.

On a typical morning, these people would sit in: Charles Horowitz, who co-ordinated all the various groups; Bob Blaikie; Alex Rose; Bob Straus, a magazine publisher and former New York City Councilman, representing the special committees; Lou Harris, one of Elmo Roper's public-opinion analysts who ran the Greystone operation; Milton Stewart, former New York ADA director, who was our trouble shooter and trade-union liaison; and John Stillman, vice-chairman of the New York Young Democrats, who handled my personal daily schedule.

We put a high premium on individual initiative. These meetings were more like bull sessions than staff conferences. Nobody gave orders; each of us would report on his own part of the campaign and then we would all make suggestions for the next steps.

By 10:00 A.M. I was out meeting the voters. Each day I would take a long walk down one of the main arteries that run through the district. I got so that I knew every crack in the pavement on Amsterdam Avenue, Broadway, Eighth Avenue, Ninth Avenue, Tenth Avenue, Central Park West and Riverside Drive. All in all, I must have walked 100 miles during the last four weeks of the campaign. Fortunately, I really like politics, which means that I really like people.

I would walk into a butcher shop, introduce myself to the owner, then talk to the women about the cuts of meat they were buying and the prices they were paying. During these walks, I found out plenty about the problems of small businessmen and consumers.

On Saturday and Sunday afternoons in the spring, the people of the West Side stream out to the Riverside Drive parks which line the banks of the Hudson. That's where I spent my week ends. People were gracious and warm. Often they would talk about my father and mother; more often they wanted to know where I stood on some issue.

These morning walks usually lasted about an hour and a half, after which I would either drop in at my law office or at the Greystone. At either place I would try to catch up on my mail and telephone calls. Around lunchtime I would usually meet one of our sound trucks in the downtown garment center, part of which is in the district. There I would talk to hard-bitten union workers and businessmen.

A Candidate's Busy Afternoon

After lunch on a typical day, I might make a transcription for a radio broadcast or a television appearance. By three-thirty to four o'clock I was out along Broadway or one of the other main streets again. In an hour I could usually be seen by anywhere from 500 to 1,000 people. Often I would make a sound-truck appearance in the late afternoon near some big housing project or shopping center.

With all the good-willed volunteers in the world, campaigns still cost money. Rents and printers bills have a way of piling up. In the late afternoon I sometimes talked with my financial committee, headed by Orrin Lehman, or with some potential contributor.

As the evening came on, the tempo stepped up. I usually got to a meeting of trade-union workers at around six o'clock. They would be people who were delaying their dinner for politics and I always tried to be on time. After that, I would have my own dinner at one of the major restaurants in the area. Then, usually two or three sound-truck appearances followed in widely separated parts of the district.

Between 9:00 and 10:30 P.M. there would always be one or two big union, business or fraternal group meetings. Between 10:00 and 11:00 P.M. I would make a special effort to stop in at the Alamac and the Greystone from which most of the volunteers were working. They would be sitting around resting their feet and I would usually rest mine while we exchanged experiences. Between eleven and twelve my aides would drop in with last-minute news. Midnight or shortly after found me in bed —and I always slept soundly.

My assistants were exerting constant pressure on me to do more and more personal campaigning. They argued, and they were right, that the best antidote to the smears about me personally was to have people in the district meet me. But I was only one of several thousand persons presenting our case to the voters. The arena in which the "battle of ideas" was fought included the newspapers, the radio, the mails, thousands of homes and the streets.

Messengers Under Suspicion

It was in the publicity department that we had what may have been a major "security break." In the very first days of the campaign we could not understand how Tammany headquarters could reply so quickly to our blasts released to the press. We suspected that the messenger service which had offered to do our work was owned by a Tammanyite. Apparently our press releases went to the newspapers all right, but only after Tammany headquarters had seen them! We were suspicious enough about it to change our messenger service and to redouble other precautions.

Independently of one another, different groups in the campaign made good use of the mails. And, like our major opponents, we plastered posters wherever we could.

We tried to have large cards put in the windows of all the stores. But merchants cannot afford to be politically partisan. Most of them let us put our cards in, but placed them alongside the Tammany candidate's. On at least one occasion a Tammany stalwart followed one of our girls down the street and took each of our store cards out of the windows into which she put them.

Leaflets and cards by the hundreds of thousands were distributed by our street squads. Every street meeting we held had two or three "leafleteers" attached to it. But our best system for leaflet distribution was at subway exits. The transport workers told us exactly how many people used each subway exit during the rush hours. From six to nine in the morning we could distribute 40,000 pieces of literature at the subway alone. Nor were there any brass hats in this operation: TWU President Quill himself and other union leaders were out there at dawn waiting for the thousands of subway users. Afternoons we organized teams of students for the five-to-seven home-going crowds.

We never found out how successful our literature was, but there were plenty of ingenious ideas about spreading it around. Retail clerks in grocery stores offered to put our leaflets into order bags. Laundry workers offered to put them in returning bundles. For the last 10 days of the campaign we bought advertising space in all streetcars and bus lines running through the district.

Early in the campaign Morris Novik, a radio expert, and Milton Stewart

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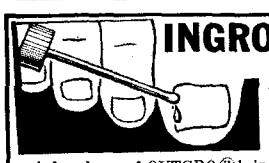

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planned our windup radio effort. Several of the participating groups contributed local radio time and each night at least one well-known personality would appear with me to discuss the issues in the campaign. Some of them were Tallulah Bankhead, Melvyn Douglas, Chester Bowles, Bob Sherwood, Drew Pearson and the distinguished Negro leader, Dr. Channing Tobias.

But the most dramatic part of the campaign was our street meetings. We began with two sound trucks and wound up with five. At first we had the streets to ourselves, but when the opposition saw what was happening they, too, came out in force. Several times little fights broke out among the partisan onlookers.

Although we often drew great crowds, we learned not to be worried about it when we did not. As soon as our speakers began, hundreds of windows would fly up and whole families would listen from surrounding apartment houses. On the streets, as everywhere else, we made a special effort to appeal to women. Each meeting had at least one woman speaker who stressed the problem of the housewife. Because the polls were to be open from six in the morning until seven, we placed great importance on women voters. Many men, we guessed, would come home too tired to go to the polls, while their womenfolk would have had the whole day in which to vote.

We knew that we had won the campaign in the streets when it reached its climax in a monster motorcade the Saturday night before Election Tuesday. More than 100 cars arrived at carefully planned rendezvous points at about seven-thirty. Then, in an old-fashioned torchlight procession with flares burning and horns going, they toured the whole district and wound up at the biggest meeting we ever held. The press estimated that 10,000 people were there.

Apparently the Tammany forces tried to improvise a rival motorcade. As it approached our sound trucks, one of our speakers realized that its blaring horns would drown out his talk. He turned to the crowd and announced, "We will observe a two-minute silence while the Shalleck funeral cortege goes by."

Heckling Their Own Speakers

Again and again our speakers proved that they were more than a match for the opposition and its hecklers. Some of our boys found that the hecklers helped to build up a crowd. Thereafter, when Tammany forces forgot to send hecklers, our boys heckled our own speakers!

Whatever means of communication we used, what we said was much the same. We never attacked our opponents by name (it would have been free publicity, and we had no real quarrel with them as individuals). Our attacks were reserved for the forces behind them, the groups which they represented whether they liked it or not. We hit the half-underworld ties of Tammany, the underground leaders of the American Labor party, and the platform of the Republican party. We plugged away in defense of the Truman Fair Deal program and tied it in with the needs of the local district.

For example, I recall speaking in a public school which had been condemned 50 years before, but which was still in use. It was easy to dramatize the need for federal aid to education in such a setting. On each issue—housing, civil rights, Social Security, help for small business, repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act—we nailed the President's national proposals down to the impact which they would have on the 20th.

My personal campaign and the battle of ideas which we won were necessary parts of our over-all drive. But the real heart of our strategy—and the undoubted major cause for our victory—was our canvassing operation. It was here that our campaign drove home the lesson that a political revolution is taking place in America.

Three thousand citizens of New York City, most of them young and without experience in politics, gave up their social life, their home life, their studies and even their work to join in our campaign. They did not do it for money. They did not do it for the prospect of pay-off jobs. They did it because of deep personal convictions about the future of liberal democracy. They had won for us the first great victory of the campaign. We needed 3,000 signatures to get the Four Freedoms party on the ballot; they got us 25,630. Our second victory was indirectly theirs also. We won that when our opposition came out to meet us on the streets to debate the issues. Because of the great number of signatures which we filed, all of our opponents concentrated their rhetorical fire on us.

Regardless of whose sound trucks you listened to, it was the Liberal-Four Freedoms candidate about whom you heard. Needless to say, this played right into our hands.

In the drive to get petitions signed, our volunteers realized that the tide of the campaign was with us. They met very little antagonism and this pleased all of us. But a note of overconfidence began to be heard among our workers.

At one point we were seriously concerned about their widespread assumption (one month before Election Day) that it was "in the bag" for us. We did not have the worry long. Tammany's leaders helped us out. They were so bowled over by the number of petitions we filed that they lost their heads. For want of something better to say, they accused us of paying our canvassers $8 a day. No falsehood could have been better calculated to outrage our young people.

Then came the charge that there was widespread fraud in our petitions. Again, our canvassers were furious. They redoubled their efforts. Tammany helped us along is this way on several occasions.

We finally posted a bulletin board in the Greystone Ballroom labeled "THE OPPOSITION." There we put all the phony charges that were thrown at us and all the inflated claims of victory made by the other sides. At the bottom of the board were the words "OUR ANSWER—MORE WORK." Among the stories we posted there were the accounts of the two lawsuits filed against us. One was Tammany's effort to invalidate our petitions and the other was the Republicans' effort to keep me from voting in the 20th. The first suit was finally dropped and Supreme Court Justice Aron Steuer found for us on the second.

All of this helped to keep our volunteers on their toes. After the petition drive was over we set to work to canvass systematically as many voters of the district as we humanly could. By the time Election Day rolled around, *two out of every three registered voters had been canvassed personally by one of our workers.* This kind of coverage is virtually unprecedented.

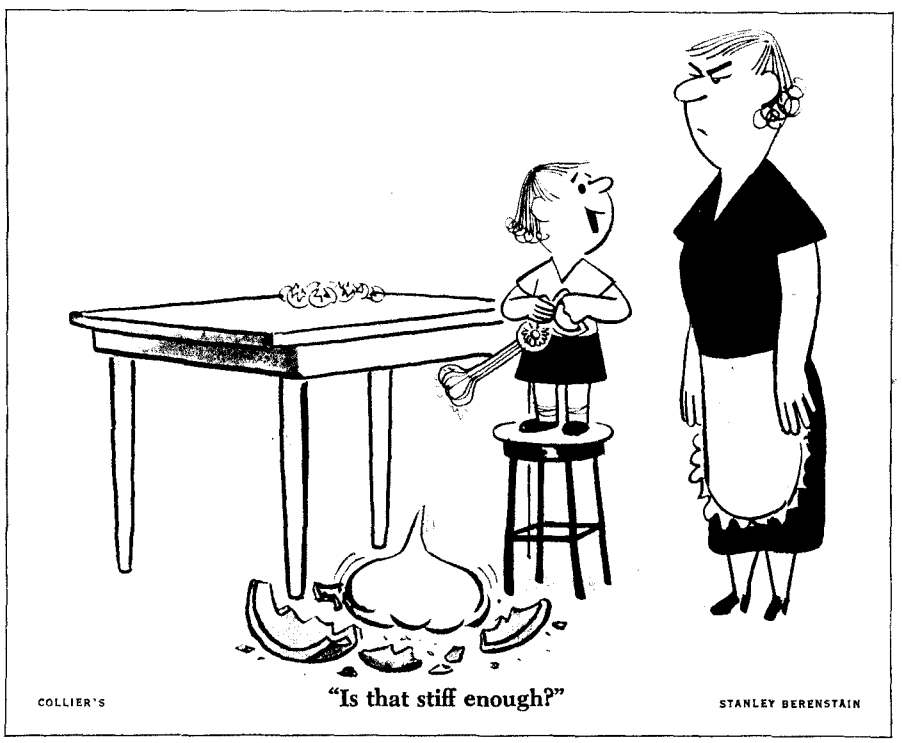
Plans for Getting Out Vote

Our canvassing operation had a simple goal: to ask as many people as possible, "For whom do you plan to vote on May 17th?" Each canvasser carried a list of registered voters who lived in the buildings to which he was assigned. This list was turned in every night. All voters "Committed to Roosevelt" were marked with a plus; all opposed with a minus; those not at home were marked with a zero; and those undecided with a question mark. Every "plus" voter and every voter who had signed one of our petitions for the Four Freedoms line was put on a master prospect list. This list was to be the key to our whole Election Day effort. We wanted to run a "Get Out the Vote" drive which would be pin-pointed to get out *our* vote.

Canvassers were also supposed to note whether a voter needed, because of illness, to be driven to the polls. Young mothers were asked whether they would need baby sitters so that they could vote. Wherever they found that a voter on the registered list had died or moved, the canvasser made a note of it. The names of these people went on a "Challenge List" of voters whose eligibility to cast ballots would be contested at the polls. We were not going to lose the election because our opposition was voting tombstones or "floaters," an old Tammany trick.

Our goal was to check every voter three times. He was to be seen once during our general canvass to learn his views. Then in the last four days of the campaign he would be contacted if he were for us. During this call he was given a card with a picture of the voting machine on it and arrows pointing to our lines. On the other side of the card was the address of his polling place. The voter was asked to put this card in his wallet, or her purse, and bring it to the polls on the following Tuesday. Our final canvass took place on Election Day, when we wanted to be sure that we pulled out all of our voters.

All in all, our canvassers covered at



COLLIER'S "Is that stiff enough?" STANLEY BERENSTAIN

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east 80,000 voters in four weeks. At he close of our general canvass on the Thursday before the election, our own estimate of "Sure Roosevelt Voters" was almost 40,000. Most of the other 40,000 voters had said that they were undecided. At this point even our most pessimistic leaders conceded that we had a 'fair chance to win." The fact that our final vote was just over 41,000 proves that canvassing is the key for any political operation.

It is, moreover, a tremendous testimony to those wonderful people whom our opponents laughed at as "amateurs."

Those to Whom Credit Is Due

It is impossible for me to express adequately the tribute which they deserve from me. I have intentionally mentioned the names of a very few of the thousands who worked so hard. It is less to give credit to them than to give credit to the thousands who worked with them, and whom I cannot here name. Watching these people, most of them youngsters, would have been a good cure for anybody cynical about the future of democratic self-government.

These people carried weight with the voters because their idealism and their selflessness were beyond doubt. The tired hacks of the opposition made a poor impression indeed, by comparison. Here, as elsewhere, was proof that we are experiencing a revolution in American politics. Decent people are coming out of their homes to break the monopoly on big-city party organizations formerly held by irresponsible clubhouse loafers.

Again and again our canvassers outwitted adversity. The manager of one residential hotel refused to allow any political activity. Our canvasser discovered that half of the hotel guests spent their week-end afternoons in a solarium on the top floor. For two week ends running he registered at the hotel at his own expense and spent his afternoons sunbathing—and canvassing—in the solarium.

Tammany accused us of "importing" canvassers from other districts—and then promptly tried to do just that. We didn't have to import anybody. These people *wanted* to work. On at least one occasion several shamefaced students ran into the professor whose class they were cutting. Their faces beamed when they discovered he was cutting too. Instead of dating, young couples went out canvassing. Parents got baby sitters on a *weekly* basis, and came down every night for a month. About 50 people took vacations from their jobs to campaign.

All of this effort led up to the climax —Election Day. And all of it would be wasted if we failed to do two things on Election Day: (1) bring out the vote and (2) keep our rambunctious opponents from stealing the election.

What had we forgotten?

That was the question that worried us night after night as Election Day approached. Each of our workers had his Election Day assignment. We had "Committed Voter" lists and "Challenge Lists" in duplicate for every election district captain. Each precinct had a "Get Out the Vote Team." Every polling place had two watchers for the Liberal party or two for the Four Freedoms party.

Each headquarters had a staff of trouble shooters assigned to it. We had teams of lawyers studying election laws so that we could defend our rights. Automobiles and drivers were on tap all day, along with baby sitters for those who would need them. We arranged to take sandwiches and coffee around to our workers and watchers. We had cards ready to be distributed at 4:00 P.M. on Election Day reminding those who had not voted yet that the polls closed at 7:00 P.M. Our street squads were lined up for a last push.

Still we worried and worked to iron out every kink. One of my aides always describes the end-of-the-campaign frenzy by referring to "the Stuffed Tiger, the Six Hearses and the Thousand Umbrellas." In an effort to squeeze everything possible into the last days he had at one time or another tried to get our administrative staff to order these things —a stuffed tiger, a coffin and a thousand umbrellas.

The first two were for the motorcade. It was his idea to symbolize our fight against Tammany by trailing a stuffed tiger in a coffin at the end of our parade. He even had our staff trying to find the coffin which had been used to celebrate the downfall of the Hague machine in New Jersey a few weeks before. He finally vetoed his own idea, but only after our staff had ordered not only the stuffed tiger but no less than six hearses. They wanted to be sure.

And then came Election Eve. He continued checking the weather forecast and kept hearing, "Showers Tuesday." In dread of a small turnout, he pleaded with our administrative staff to "beg, borrow or rent" a thousand umbrellas for our canvassers on Election Day. Fortunately, they remembered his previous escapade and quietly sabotaged the order. Luckily for them—and for all of us—the weatherman was wrong. Election Day was clear.

Weird schemes were proposed and rejected. Somebody wanted to get the Tammany headquarters' phone numbers so that we could tie up their communications system on Election Day. Proposal vetoed. But, wait a minute! If we could do it, why couldn't they? A special battery of phones was brought in, with no phone numbers stamped on the dial. Every captain was given his "headquarters phone number" at the last moment, along with strict instructions not to give it out to anyone. Many of these things I didn't know about until long after the polls had closed. Unnecessary? Maybe, but our boys were taking no chances.

On Guard Against Frauds

At four separate briefing meetings, every watcher and worker learned the election laws and the construction of a voting machine. They left those meetings with their teeth on edge, determined to prevent a single fraudulent vote. In a close election, we figured it would take only from 50 to 100 "floaters" or "repeaters" voting in the name of dead people or people who had moved to do the trick. If we had to lose we were ready for it, but we weren't going to be "counted out."

Our campaigners received their Election Day assignments three days beforehand. And at 4:30 A.M. on May 17th more than 400 people (almost 10 to each of the election districts to which Tammany assigns two) showed up for breakfast—a quick one on the house. Exactly one person, our check showed, had overslept. Election Day breakfasts are almost a New York political tradition. But for most of these people it was a new experience. The atmosphere was pretty much like that of a predawn invasion in the Pacific. Captains rounded up their teams and the dispatchers, like amphibious-craft operators, took them to the polls.

Throughout the day we received reports of the shock that the Tammany workers expressed at three things: the scrappiness of our watchers; the number of our workers; and the fact that they were working for nothing!

For once, the professionals complained of being bullied by the poor little amateurs. Our people battled tooth and nail over every point of law. Every voter got his legal three minutes in the polling booth. Voters in New York must sign a registration book so that their handwriting may be checked against the signatures which they wrote when they registered. The first signature is supposed to be covered up to discourage impromptu forgeries. But they never are. Our people insisted on it, which led a veteran Tammany watcher to exclaim, "I had to wait 25 years to see them actually covering up signatures in the book."

A Republican watcher carried a batch of invitations to a G.O.P. ball, which he wanted to pass out to the voters. "No soap," said our watcher. "You're electioneering for your party in a polling place and that's illegal."

A Leader Gives His Orders

Tammany leaders who had come to regard polling places as their private domains got short shrift. One leader swaggered into his polling place and yelled to his watchers, "Remember, the Four Freedoms party is illegal! Challenge every Roosevelt voter!"

He got the shock of his life when our official watcher, a year or two out of law school, yelled right back, "Officer, throw that guy out of here or arrest him!" He left.

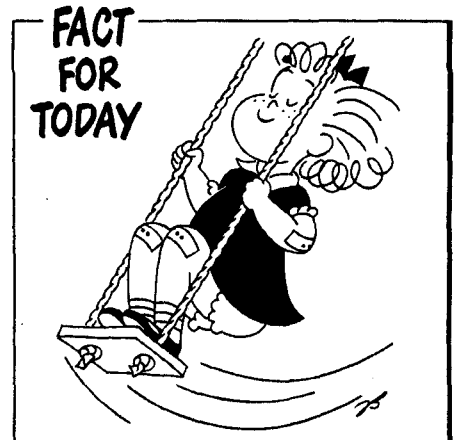
After I had voted at 6:00 A.M., I spent the day quietly in my apartment except for several tours of the four headquarters and the polling places. It was during those tours that I heard some of these stories. One told about our "leafleteer" who was charged by a Tammany captain with violating the law by working within 110 feet of the polling place. Calmly, our lad went across the street, bought a tape measure and marked off the 110 feet in the presence of the Tammany captain and the police, after which he stayed scrupulously on the other side of his mark.

Never before had the polls been watched with such care. If more than 10 votes were stolen that day, I would be very much surprised. Election Day proved again that canvassing is the keystone of political action. More than 80,000 people poured out to the polls. Even we had guessed at about 65,000. In district after district, we later found, the number of "Committed Roosevelt Voters" was almost identical with the number of actual votes cast. Each of our voters was checked off at the polls, and at 4:00 P.M. a final "mop-up" operation was begun to bring the evening voters out.

At 7:00 P.M. the polls closed. Then came a few tense moments for all of us. I was back in my apartment waiting for returns. Each of our four headquarters had my private number, which the boys had dubbed "Shangri-La." At each headquarters a big scoreboard was set up, while weary canvassers waited for their watcher-buddies to dash in with the tallies from each election district. Within a half hour we knew we had won—overwhelmingly, and with a clear majority. The 20th had chosen its new congressman. THE END

Next Week

THE SECRET BOSS OF CALIFORNIA



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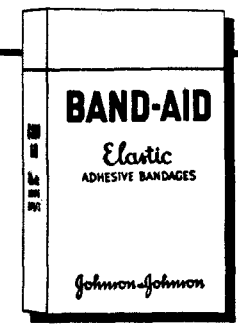

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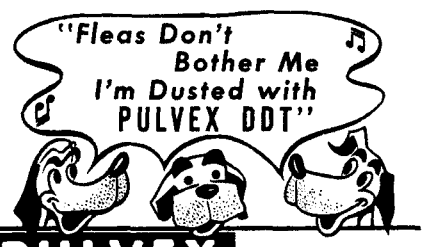

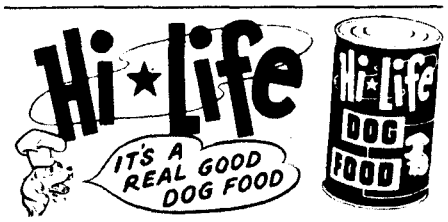

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Then There Was Light

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

key, sir," Sergeant Abdullah explained. "We found it on the body."

"You have questioned him?"

"He is in flight. When neighbors forced the door, he shook off those who sought to detain him. He is very strong. I should tell you Ali is afflicted. He is blind. Also—" The sergeant significantly tapped his head.

"There is a kindlier expression. It is said the mentally sick are touched by God. Did he say anything to the neighbors?"

"He was incoherent. Only one word was clear, 'Cold.' He repeated it many times, sir."

"A body is cold. What happened after he fled?"

"A man named Hassoon brought a light and went in. There is no electricity and the premises were in darkness. Hassoon found Ghalib on the floor. This was around his neck."

He gave Chafik a short length of thin wire, looped to make a crude garrote. The handgrip was a tailor's spindle, still rolled with thread.

"A poor medium for fingerprints," the Inspector said. "But the wire is interesting. It comes from a musical instrument."

"From the killer's *rubeyba*—"

"I do not yet know a killer. There are few threads in my hand as yet, and until I hold all of them I cannot weave."

Abdullah drew himself up, a dark shadow towering over the Inspector, a jinni bearing a rich gift. "Sir," he announced, "I have the honor to report the discovery of the *rubeyba*. It was on the floor near the body. Also I have identified the owner, none other than Ali."

"Wherefore you accuse him of fratricide," Chafik said reprovingly.

"The instrument is stringless. The string was around the neck of the deceased. Only Ali and his sister-in-law were in the house. Clearly strength was needed to hold the victim and twist the garrote. The woman is not overstrong. Therefore—"

Chafik raised a manicured hand to check the harsh voice. "Enough! The simplicity of your reasoning is dangerous to the man you accuse. I will see the witnesses in this case, now."

THEY went into the shop, and the Inspector curved his right hand in a salaam to the shrouded body and the silent woman who crouched beside it. Her face was hidden by the folds of a rusty black gown, but her ringless hands, once shapely, told a story of drudgery.

A man stood at the tailor's workbench, and Chafik noted the stoop, the tired, weak eyes behind thick lenses, the helpless way he picked up a partly finished garment, looked at it and dropped it again. The threadbare background was his background. He was a humble, futile, middle-aged man with neither a past nor a future.

"This one is Izar," explained Sergeant Abdullah.

Chafik thought: The world is full of humble Izars. A spark of hope touching them goes out because their souls are damp. . . . Aloud, he asked, "You are regularly employed here?"

"I do piecework, sir—"

"You worked late last night? You say it was midnight when you left?"

"My master let me out. The bazaar watchman will tell you—"

Sergeant Abdullah interrupted, "There is corroboration. The watchman states he heard the door being locked behind the witness."

The Inspector nodded. "Had your master enemies?" he asked Izar.

"He was a kind man. A very kind man. But he wished to open a new shop on Al-Rashid Street. He was very good to me." The tailor began to cry, the tears enormous behind his glasses. Then he dried his eyes with his sleeve, and said, "There will be trouble." Timidity was in his voice, in his weak eyes.

"Explain."

"This coat—" Izar fingered the garment on the workbench. "The Englishman who ordered it will be very fierce if it is not finished. May I be permitted—" He indicated a threaded needle.

"Continue with your work," Chafik said kindly, and looking around the shop, added, "but it is dark here. You need light. Where is the light your master used last night?"

Izar pointed at a cheap oil lamp on a shelf above the bench. "But it must not be used in daytime," he warned, hastily.

The widow of Mohammed Ghalib spoke for the first time. "Oil is thirty *fils* a liter," she said in a voice that expected nothing. A fold of her *chadur* had fallen back; her revealed face had a remnant handsomeness, but drudgery had angled the cheeks and emptied the eyes.

Chafik said, "Oil will be a police expense," and wondered at the reaction of the mind to grief, the need to escape in lesser troubles. It was a fact he had often noted and particularly with people who walked a tightrope of insecurity.

The lamp on the shelf was new, and the glass reservoir two-thirds full. The Inspector put a match to the burner, but the wick did not catch, and he saw it was turned down. "When was it filled?" he asked the woman.

"At sundown," she answered without interest. "My man ordered it filled. There was work to finish."

Chafik took an envelope from his pocket, stood it against the glass, and creased it to mark the level of the oil. Then he turned up the wick and lighted the lamp. The gathered shadows fled, and Izar, with a murmur of pleasure, picked up his work.

"Bring me the *rubeyba* by which you condemn a man," Chafik told Abdullah.

The instrument resembled a banjo. The stem was two feet long, and at the end was a small, shallow box. There was a projection at the base grooved for a single string, which passed to a peg in the neck of the stem. This simple native instrument was played by twanging the string with the flat of the thumb, while the fingers of the other hand changed the tension and gave a range of five notes, all in minor key.

AFTER he had finished examining it, the Inspector took the *rubeyba* to the woman. He squatted by her side, careful of the creases in his trousers, and said, "Amineya, widow of Ghalib, you identify this?"

Her face was again covered, but an eye peered through the head folds; it was as dull as the voice, which answered, "It belongs to the Afflicted One. All he does is to sit and play all day, making his songs," the listless voice complained.

Chafik felt a wave of claustrophobia, made by the small airless shop and these two airless beings. He thought: It is stark and depressing, like a fragment of Russian literature. . . . "Ali kept the *rubeyba* in the shop?" he asked.

"If it was found here, he dropped it. He even sleeps with it, as a child with a puppet."

"Do *you* believe he killed your man?"

Amineya turned up the palms of her work-worn hands, which lay in her lap. "Who else? He was dangerous—"

"That is an accusation, Madame. Why was he dangerous?"

"Because of me—"

Chafik thought: So she does not see herself as a drudge, but neither does a blind man see. . . . Aloud, he said, "Your man knew?"

"I told him many times. It was not decent the way the Afflicted One touched me, using the excuse of blindness."

"Has he always been blind?" the Inspector asked.

"Yes. We slaved to keep him." The dull voice again took on color of complaint. "He took our subsistence. In that, too, he was dangerous."

"You mean," Chafik said, remembering what Izar had said, "that providing

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COLLIER'S

"I disappeared right after lunch and no trace of me has ever been found"

JANE SPEAR KING

for Ali took the money needed for your man's fine new shop."

Amineya was silent. Finally she answered, "We were well here. A roof, food—that is surely enough—"

"I do not understand."

"My man wanted to put the little we have in a big establishment. He might have failed, and then we would have lost everything." The plaintive voice added with agony: "It is terrible to be poor, not to have a single coin to hold. And now —now—" The voice stopped, and she began to rock.

CHAFIK watched her, and felt compassion. The card index of his memory, which never failed him, filled in the information. He knew she had been raised in abject poverty, the youngest of many demanding stomachs. She had found escape in marriage with Ghalib, a good, kind man several years her senior.

"A few more questions," the Inspector said gently. "You saw your man lock the door behind Izar?"

"I heard him lock it. I had gone to rest in the upper room. He called he was going back to work."

"And after that you heard nothing?"

"Nothing until the Afflicted One hammered and raved. Then—"

Chafik interrupted. "It is not necessary to pass the gateway of that sorrow. Were there any visitors last night?"

"Hassoon, our opposite neighbor, came at sundown to say the prayer, as always. He knows I make coffee at that hour."

"Your lamp was lighted?"

"We have to light it when Hassoon puts out his light. It is electric, and we do not need the lamp until he closes his shop." She spoke with a trace of anger.

Chafik straightened. "God comfort you, widow," he said. Then, abruptly, he opened one of the shutters and stepped into the cheerful bustle of the bazaar.

He said to Sergeant Abdullah, who joined him, "I will see you later at headquarters. Meantime, press the search for Ali." . . .

A timid sun had broken through the monsoon clouds when Inspector Chafik entered his office on the second floor of C.I.D. headquarters, shortly before noon. He put a bulky package on his desk, then went to a drawer in one of the filing cabinets walling the room, and took out a pair of burnished shoes. When he had changed and put the muddy shoes out of sight, he rang for Abdullah.

"What news of Ali?" he asked.

"None yet, sir. But unless the river has taken him he cannot escape. The embrace of the river," the sergeant added thoughtfully, "would be kindlier than the hangman's noose."

Chafik said, "All is clear to you. Myself, I fumble in the dark."

He stripped the paper from the package he had brought and held up a cheap oil lamp. "I bought it in the bazaar," he said. "The Father of Thieves who sold it asked twenty *fils* extra for the oil. We settled for ten." The Inspector rubbed his slender hands with satisfaction.

"Sir, such a lamp is used only by the very poor—"

"I am not blessed with riches," Chafik said mildly, and bent over the lamp.

He turned up the wick, lighted it, replaced the chimney and adjusted the flame until it was clear and bright. As an afterthought, he took out the envelope creased to the measure of oil in the lamp in Ghalib's shop, and leaned it against the glass reservoir. Then he looked at the papers on his desk, and said, "There is much work here. I must forgo lunch."

"But it is midday." The sergeant strove to keep anxiety from his voice. "Surely you do not need a lamp, sir? The day has brightened. There is light—"

"On the contrary, I seek light."

Chafik pushed the lamp to a corner of his desk, wiped a trace of oil from his hands, and nodded dismissal to his bewildered assistant.

FOUR hours later, when Abdullah returned, the lamp was still burning, although the sky had cleared and the room was flooded with sunshine. The pile of reports had diminished, and the ash tray at Chafik's elbow was heaped with butts.

The sergeant said, "Sir, permit me to interrupt. We have Ali. He was found wandering abroad, a beggar in appearance, and as there are many blind beggars in Baghdad, he escaped notice."

"You have questioned him?"

"His mental condition makes that impossible, sir."

At a nod from the Inspector, Ali was brought into the room. He wore a ragged, mud-stained gown, and a wisp of turban. He had no shoes. When his arms were released he squatted on the floor and his face turned to the warmth of the belated sunshine.

It was a strange face, neither young nor old. The eyes were wide open and unblinking; their expression was one of tenuous beauty, a soft shining, as if they looked at something that gave happiness. The tender mouth smiled.

Chafik said, "You have brought me a blind fawn." He touched Ali's shoulder and asked very gently, "Brother of Ghalib, why did you run last night?"

There was a metallic rattle as the man moved, and he turned an ear to perceive the handcuffs on his wrists, then shook them deliberately to listen again to the rattling chain.

"What happened?" Chafik tried again. "Why were you frightened?"

The chain on the handcuffs continued to jingle, and the Inspector shook his head. The remote place where Ali's mind dwelled could not be approached by the direct road of interrogation.

"Remove the handcuffs and give him his *rubeyba,*" the Inspector said.

WHEN the instrument was placed on the blind man's knees, he felt it doubtfully, then fondled it with such joy that Abdullah was moved to say, "He is as a child. May the Compassionate One forgive him."

Ali's seeing hands again touched the *rubeyba,* and this time joy died and his face puckered. "There is no string," he said in a hurt voice. "No music. No music—" He bowed his head and rocked the instrument as a woman cradles a baby.

Chafik said almost in prayer, "May I be forgiven this macabre experiment," and took up the garrote which had ended the life of Mohammed Ghalib. He removed the tailor's spindle which had been used as a handgrip, then put the wire in the blind man's hand. He waited for reaction.

Ali's seeing fingers hooked the wire over the projection at the bottom of the sound box and wedged it in the split peg at the end of the stem. Then Ali tuned the instrument, plucking the string until C minor sounded true and pure. Finally he propped the *rubeyba* on a knee, and in a moment Inspector Chafik's office rang with an arabesque of notes.

Ali checked the twanging string and lifted his voice to the key of the prelude. It was a lark's song in a high sky. He sang of the desert and of the Bedouin; a ballad of a warrior's love, of death in battle and a maid's weeping. Ali cried with her, and the *rubeyba* sobbed under his deft fingers.

When he sang he was articulate, and it was strange; this was no written song repeated parrotwise. The blind troubadour searched for a new note, improvised again, this time about the bazaars of Baghdad, the life of the labyrinth of covered ways.

What his eyes lacked his ears had abundantly, and all he had heard went into the story of the song. And again he was articulate, coherent.

The lilting voice faded, and Chafik said casually, "Sing of your brother. Tell us the tale of Mohammed Ghalib."

Ali frowned, and a shadow dimmed the shining in his wide, unblinking eyes. He plucked the string almost with violence, making strident sound that echoed through the corridors of the building; then his voice blended with the instrument in a lament:

"Shameful the mean one, ever demanding,
Shameful the shut hand, ever grasping,
Shameful the grudged bowl, the empty cup;
Blind am I, but still blinder my brother,
Blind to the mean one, blind to the weak one,
Blind to—"

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His hand swept the string with a harsh sound. The *rubeyba* crashed to the floor as he sprang to his feet and shouted, "Cold! Cold!—" and beat with his fists against the wall. The escort closed to restrain him.

Chafik said sharply, "Be gentle. He needs a doctor's care."

When they had taken the man away, the Inspector sat with elbows propped, chin on his clasped hands. It was now evening, and the lamp peopled the room with strange shadows.

Presently Chafik intoned in the voice of a sleepwalker, "It is woven. The design is hideous—"

"Permit me, sir." Sergeant Abdullah switched on the overhead lights. "There is need for brightness. I am unnerved by what we have witnessed."

"I am unnerved by what I know." Chafik looked at the clock on the wall, then at the lamp. The level of the oil was below the crease in the envelope, and he said, "Six hours. A rough estimation, but it suffices."

"Sir?"

"The lamp has burned for six hours. It is the final thread." Chafik covered his eyes, and when he spoke again his voice was weary. "He is to be watched. The watchers must be clumsy. He is to know they are there. He must have no rest. He will soon be broken—"

Abdullah said mechanically, "To hear is to obey. But permit me to express disapproval. This poor man, Ali, has suffered enough."

Inspector Chafik swept up his papers, thrust them into a cabinet and slammed the drawer. "Who speaks of Ali? The man I mean is Izar," he said harshly.

IZAR squatted at the workbench in his late master's shop, busy with shears cutting cloth to a pattern. His eyes behind the thick-lensed glasses were swollen from lack of sleep; a lid twitched continuously, and he kept rubbing it with his knuckles.

A man watched the tailor from across the narrow way, a man whose dark clothes and black *sidarah* gave him an obvious air of authority. He was always careful to turn away when Izar looked up, as he frequently did. It was the psychology of creating fear, the pretended indifference of a cat to a cornered mouse. The game had lasted three days, and the man wondered if the tailor would end in the river, as others had done. He lighted a cigarette, walked briskly away, then made an abrupt turn and came back to his post.

At the intersection of the Souk of the Tailors and the Souk of the Dyers, Inspector Chafik rested his lean shoulders against the wall and occasionally peered around the corner. His view included the shop, the man who worked and the man who watched. He was nervous, and showed it by the way he twisted his signet ring.

He said to Sergeant Abdullah, whose ramrod back refused the comfort of the wall, "I confess there is a thrill in the hunt. I feel like a man with a gun when the driven partridge rise. God forgive us both!"

When he looked again, the Widow Amineya was in the shop. She was examining the work on the bench and had thrown back the head folds of her robe. Her tired face was hard with anger and her voice rose shrilly.

"Worthless one! You have cut the cloth beyond the pattern. Am I to be ruined because of you? Must I find another to run my business?"

Izar's shoulders bowed under the weight of epithets, he made weak protest, was silenced by the fury of Amineya's tongue. When the woman went away, he drew his sleeve across his forehead and peered fearfully at the watcher from under his arm.

Chafik said, "The time has come to pull the trigger," and beckoned to one of his people, who wore the rags of a Kurdish porter. "Tell them to take the woman to my office," he instructed the men. "I am unfortunately absent, so she is to be released with apologies shortly after arrival. Also inform Achmed he may leave his post. He has a nice skill, which would have given joy to Torquemada," the Inspector added.

He rested his back comfortably against the wall and waited.

TEN minutes later the messenger returned and reported, "Sir, the woman has been removed. Only Izar is on the premises."

The Inspector nodded and peered carefully around the corner at the shop in the Souk of the Tailors. The watcher had gone, and Izar had stopped work. He sat on his heels, his back stiff with tension, his head turning, his eyes on everyone who passed. When he was sure he was no longer watched, he stood up, took the lamp from the shelf above the bench, and went quickly into the back premises.

Presently, Chafik and Abdullah walked up the bazaar. It was the hour of *magreb*, the sundown prayer, and here and there the devout crouched in ritual, unembarrassed by the public place and the glare of the unshaded electrics.

"Johnny Anderson bought me a soda last week—all for myself!"

COLLIER'S GERALD GREEN

Ghalib's unshuttered shop was a dark hole in the thick walls. Noises came from the upper room, the splintering of wood, the sound of furniture dragged across the floor. Clearly, Izar was in too much of a hurry for caution.

The stairway was steep and narrow, but Chafik went up with the quiet of a cat. He stopped at the top, an outstretched arm holding Abdullah back. The door was ajar; the lamp on the floor threw its beam to the vaulted ceiling, made grotesque shadows on the walls. The room was strewn with the wreckage of emptied drawers and chests; even the pallet on the bed had been ripped, the straw scattered.

Izar was on his knees prying up the tiled floor with an iron bar. Several wedged tiles were out and he was working at another. He lifted it, sent it skittering across the floor, then attacked another. This time he dropped the bar and plunged his hands into a cavity. He took out a small box secured with a padlock and smashed the lock with a frenzy of blows. Frenzy was fear, fear became panic, and his hands fumbled as he began stuffing bundles of green dinar notes into his pockets.

Inspector Chafik threw wide the door and said in a chiding voice, "Izar! Izar! What shame to steal the widow's mite—"

The man, still on his knees, turned slowly. For this moment, the frustrations of a threadbare life, capped by the end of all hope, bred courage in the man who had been born timid. He groped for the iron bar, catapulted to his feet and lashed out, shrieking with despair.

Chafik side-stepped, caught the man's wrist, gave a backward thrust, a twist, a quick pull. Izar screamed with the pain of a dislocated shoulder, and before he could change the weapon to the other hand, was brought to the floor by Sergeant Abdullah.

"A man's head is not a football," the Inspector reproved his assistant. "And this is not a widow's mite," he added thoughtfully as he peered into the box.

His ready ear picked up an alien sound, and he turned quickly. In the doorway stood the Widow Amineya, staring at the wrecked room, the groaning man, the open box and scattered money.

"What is this thing?" she asked uncertainly, and went on in the familiar voice of complaint. "Why did you have me taken to your office and not be there? Why—"

"Madame," said the Inspector. "Madame, if I had been in my office this man would have robbed you."

The work-worn hands clutched at the flat bosom. "Robbery?" she repeated. "You take Izar for robbery?" Amineya swayed, pressed to the wall to steady herself. Then she sobbed hysterically, "My money! He would have taken my savings—" And she whirled on Izar and beat him about the head and shoulders with the flails of her forearms.

Chafik said quickly, to restrain her, "The money is safe. We will jail this man. A thousand apologies, but I must ask you to accompany us to make the charge." He bowed the woman to the door.

SHE moved obediently, then stopped and looked at the lamp on the floor. "Nobody has need of it," she said with a return of the old listlessness. "It is shameful to waste oil—" She crossed the room and bent to turn down the wick.

Inspector Chafik said softly, "Oh, excellent housewife! Oh, most careful of women!" And he stripped the silk from his voice as he rasped, "Yes, Madame, watch the *fils*. Grudge the lighted lamp, as you grudged it to the corpse of your husband the night you used Izar's hands to kill him!"

There was no sound in the room. Even the heavy breathing of Izar had stopped. The man and the woman watched Inspector Chafik with paralysis of terror. He had the likeness of a hanging judge.

As a judge he spoke. He said, "It was necessary for Hassoon the neighbor to bring light to the shop. Yet a tailor does not work in darkness; neither does a dead man rise to turn down a lamp, nor does one who is blind, who has never known light. But this lamp had been turned out. I was puzzled by the quantity of oil in the reservoir; had it burned to the hour when Ali raised the alarm, it could not have been two-thirds full. I made a test with a lamp of the same pattern, Madame, and found the used oil would only give six hours of burning. You lighted the lamp at sundown, as you told me, Madame, and sundown was shortly before six o'clock. Therefore, at midnight the lamp was turned out. At midnight Izar left."

The woman said shrilly, "The thief killed my man. Izar the thief—"

"Madame." Chafik was gentle. "You were careful to tell me your man called to you *after* he had locked the door. And we know it was locked behind Izar by the evidence of the watchman. But your man was already dead. *You* locked the door, Madame, and put the key back on the body. It was then, with fatal economy, you turned out the lamp."

He shook his head disapprovingly, and continued: "This monstrous crime was conceived in a cesspit of poverty. I have your record. You grew up in poverty, with a fear of poverty that became crazed. There was money to handle when Ghalib took you to wife, and it became your obsession to save. How mean you were, Madame! Ever demanding, grasping, grudging the bowl, the cup. So Ali sang about you—and how rightly—"

"You believe a crazy one, a blind one—?"

CHAFIK spoke harshly. "Not so blind as his brother. Ghalib did not know you created poverty to fill your hidden box. And when he wished to take the risk of increasing his business, you were afraid, Madame. Afraid of losing your savings, but his mind was made up. He was walled against your pleading; and walls are deaf to plotting—"

The Inspector swung to the crouching man. "Ali sang of you, Izar. You, the weak one, to whom life has given nothing. What a temptation when the woman pleaded, 'Do this, Izar, and nevermore work for a master. You will be master, Izar!' " Chafik dropped his voice and continued, "I see her there behind you in the shadows, in her hand the string she had taken from Ali's *rubeyba* while he slept, surely drugged. In your hand she put the string when you rose to leave. And she pointed. Surely she pointed—"

Izar shouted, "I did not want to do it! He was a kind master. I did not want to do it!"

"You will confess later before witnesses," Chafik said. "Confession is demanded by our Moslem law. This time, I shall not use the silent watcher who drove you to steal the widow's mite. You hoped to buy escape. From me you might have escaped, but never from God."

He wheeled again to the woman. "Amineya, self-made widow, I might have had pity for you if it were not for what you have done to this man, who would have lived out his humble life without violence. Above all, I am without pity for what you would have done to Ali, the Afflicted One, the Singer of Songs, whom surely the angels tutored. Ali, who, waking and finding no string to his *rubeyba*, ran to the brother who loved him, and touched a body, and cried, 'Cold!'—"

Inspector Chafik paused. Then he said in a sibilant voice, "All was very dark for Ali when his *rubeyba* string was found around his brother's neck. But then—Blessed be the Compassionate and All-Merciful!—then, there was light."

THE END

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Cool Reading for August

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

and hop about in icy rooms. By flipping a switch, the scientist in charge produces snow, sleet or wind, or starts a treadmill which records the energy a man spends walking in these conditions. There are also twin copper statues which, loaded with instruments, reproduce and report exactly what happens to a man as the thermometer goes down. The officials there say that no warfare of the foxhole type can be carried on under arctic or antarctic conditions.

Clothes which give the best protection against cold consist of several thin layers, the theory being that the air spaces between each covering act as insulation. The Army provides an arctic uniform with from four to five layers; more would make a man too bulky to move with ease.

Over his cotton underwear an arctic G.I. wears a long-drawers outfit made of cotton and wool, which, experience has shown, is fully as warm as one of all wool. An ordinary woolen OD shirt and a sweater that buttons up about the neck follow. Then a parka with an inner pile is added. Worn over the parka *and* the trousers is an additional jacket and trousers of tightly woven cotton, or so-called windbreaker material. Trick suspenders capable of holding up two pairs of pants go with the outfit.

In subzero weather your hands, feet and face are the most vulnerable parts of your body. The Army has designed special shrinkproof socks with Turkish-towel bottoms for the feet. Over these go two pairs of ski socks, then felt innersole mukluks. Over all this go pacs made from leather and rubber. The hands are covered with woolen mittens with felt linings. Covering these are cotton mittens that continue up to the elbow, acting as windbreakers. In bitter cold the outer shell will have a pile on the back, not for warmth, but to enable the wearer to rub his face and keep circulation going.

Almost as important as the clothing itself is the knowledge of how to use it effectively. The Army gives an elaborate course of training, complete with films, posters and leaflets. The main thing is to keep clothing dry and clean and not get overheated. Dirt in cloth impairs its insulating quality. Opening one's collar helps to prevent overheating.

Perhaps the most useful and most dramatic item for arctic wear yet devised is the Schnozzle, a rubber mask which fits over the nose and mouth. The soldier breathes through a cylinder, four inches long, packed with metal wool. This somehow warms the air before it enters the lungs. The mask, which is chamois lined, also prevents loss of heat from the face.

An interesting item in the experimental stage for preserving body heat is a rubber vest equipped throughout with quarter-inch holes. Worn next to the skin its purpose is to reduce perspiration.

Frigid Zones Challenge Man

When you consider that there are thousands of acres in the temperate zone awaiting development, all this preoccupation with special equipment so that man can live in the frigid wastes seems a little absurd. But that is the way with human nature. We have conquered the tropics. Now, the cold challenges us. Still, I cannot help recall Russell Owen's description of living at 70 degrees below:

"One can feel the heat draining from the body as if it were a fluid. It is as if the vitality were running out and there was no way of stopping it. Outdoors at 70-odd degrees below the freezing point, your face feels as if it were being branded with a hot iron. Knees encased in woolen underwear quaver involuntarily. Feet tingle painfully and become numb. One yearns for warmth whatever the source of the warmth may be."

Yet the coldest spot in the world is neither at the North nor at the South Pole, but a place in Siberia called Oimekon, some miles below the Arctic Circle, where the temperature is often 100 degrees below. In our own hemisphere, Fort Good Hope, on the Mackenzie River in Canada, is the most frigid spot, with a record of 79 below. In summer, Oimekon grows and ships oats and barley. Fort Good Hope produces potatoes, cabbages and other vegetables.

Which only goes to show, and prove, the indomitable spirit of man. THE END

BUTCH

"No, George. I said get the baby a glass of water, then see what the noise is downstairs"

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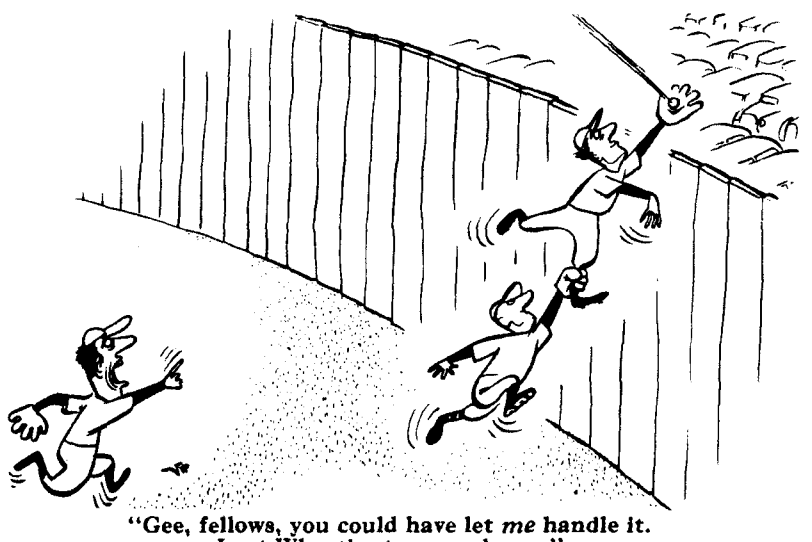

"Gee, fellows, you could have let *me* handle it. I eat Wheaties too, you know."

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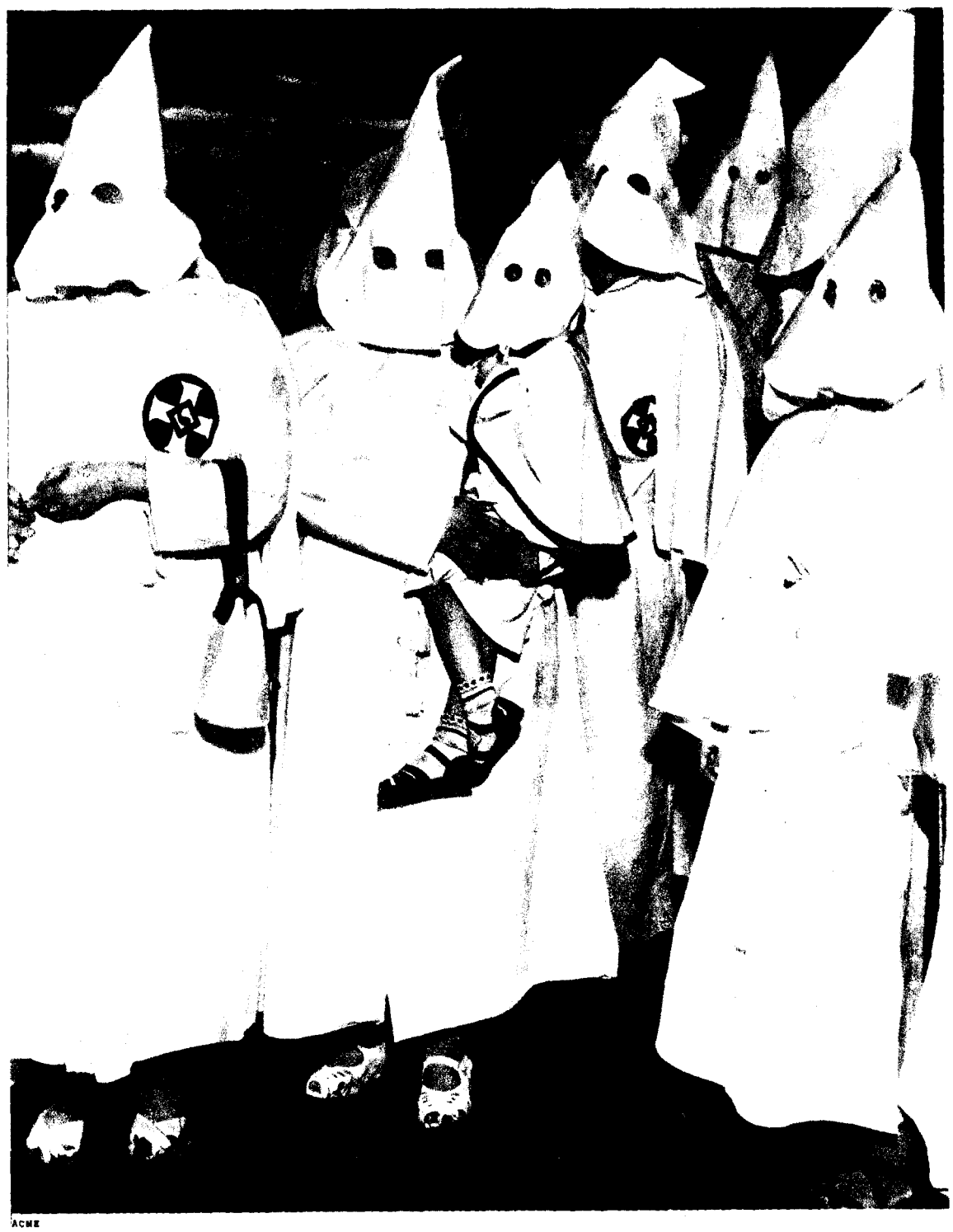

ACME

And These Are the Children of God

THIS IS A PORTRAIT of the present and future generations of America's would-be Master Race. It is a shocking picture, and a revealing one. For the masks cannot hide the minds of this stupid woman and her pathetic child.

The mother who swaddles her child in this shameful garment has also weaned her on the poison of bigotry. Of that we may be unhappily certain. The little girl already knows that she is a member of the self-anointed.

She has been taught that the self-anointed are superior people. She has learned that Negroes, Catholics, Jews, foreigners and meddlesome Yankees are an alien tribe which is somehow in league against them. She knows that these aliens are to be mistrusted and feared and sometimes "put in their place."

The little girl hears a great deal about God and the Constitution and Americanism when her mother takes her to the gatherings of the hooded hoodlums. She listens solemnly to the mumbo jumbo of the Ku-Klux ritual, for she has been taught to revere and believe it all—the blasphemy, the foul hypocrisy, the childish nonsense.

But there are some things that the little girl will not learn beneath the fiery cross or at her mother's knee. She does not know that her father and his fellow Klansmen are frightened bullies who do not dare act openly or alone. She does not know that they run at night in cowardly, faceless packs to terrify or strike down a defenseless victim. She is not told that they flout the law in the name of law and order and pervert the Constitution under pretense of defending it.

She must be told these things, and soon. For this child is a symbol of the continuing threat to American progress, freedom and strength that the Klan represents. Unless the Klan is unmasked and stamped out now, she and thousands of other hooded youngsters will grow up to perpetuate the poisonous philosophy that they have already inherited. This is not a job just for the South, or for the authorities, or for the schools. It is a job that can only be done properly if it is backed by an aroused public opinion.

We cannot be complacent about Klanism any more than we can about Communism. The Klan is not dying, it is growing. Twenty-five years ago it flourished in an atmosphere of indifference until it became a serious threat to our democracy. It can be again if we persist in turning our backs to it while we concentrate all the fire of public indignation on the extreme left.

Sun-tan Addicts

AS THE VACATION SEASON approaches its peak, this department has been thinking about the number of man-hours that must be expended each summer in cultivating the short-term tan.

We watch the boys and girls from this office take off for a well-earned holiday in the open. We know that others are doing the same thing in thousands of offices, stores and factories all over the country. And we are sure that most of them will devote a good portion of their holiday to a patient, perspiring effort to roast themselves to as rich a mahogany brown as time, weather and pigmentation will permit. We wonder if it's really worth it.

Getting a tan in a couple of weeks—less travel time and cloudy days—is quite a feat. The vacationer must immobilize himself (or herself) for hours on end. He must take precautions against a painful, incapacitating burn. At best, he must endure such minor mortifications as oppressive heat and persistent insects.

Time was when all this discomfort was not a social necessity. A coat of tan was once the badge of the outdoor workingman, and snobbery neither admired nor coveted it. You don't have to be ancient to remember the days when ladies carried parasols, and little country girls wore sunbonnets and submitted to buttermilk baths to ward off sunburn and freckles.

Then, the coat of tan appeared at the other end of the economic ladder as a symbol of opulence and leisure—even as the off-season or Miami Beach tan is today. Its wearer stood out as a person who could afford to spend his summer days in or on the water, at the tennis club or on the golf course. But now, everybody seems to feel obliged to acquire a tan, even if he has to spend most of a short vacation doing it. It's not a question of deception.

The short-term tanner doesn't try to pass himself off as one of the idle rich. Even though exposure to sun and fresh air may be beneficial, he doesn't pretend that ten days of it is going to keep him healthy for the next 50 weeks. In short, the short-termer's sun bathing is rather a matter of ritual than of reason.

If there is any reward for all this effort, it comes when his vacation is over. He and other office tanners compare their color as if they were comparing golf scores or a day's catch of fish. And the one whose shade happens to be the darkest is likely to be a little hard to live and work with for a few days.

It's no more of an accomplishment for a person to turn brown in the sun than it is for a roast to turn brown in the oven. But you'd think, from the way some short-term tanners act, that a toasted epidermis was a mark of superior physique, intelligence and moral character.

Incidentally, the author of this complaint doesn't tan. Dammit, he just burns and peels.

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